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THE CAVALIER.

A Romance.

By LEE GIBBONS,

STUDENT OF LAW.

Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest. GRAY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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v. 1.

TO MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

C—— G——, Esq.

MY DEAR C——,

I HAVE, for the last three months, been an inhabitant of the little town of Chapel-en-le-Frith, situate in the Hundred of High Peak, one of the most mountainous and most romantic tracts in the Derby Hills. You well remember our journey, a few summers back, into Wales, and how delighted we were at the sight of those stupendous mountains, which appeared (like the Alpine rocks) to be the cradles of Freedom, and monuments of Independency. The hills of Derbyshire are, to my mind, incomparably more magnificent, although they may not, perhaps, exceed those of the principality in magnitude; but the latter are, for the most part, well wooded; whilst here, from Mam Tor to Kinder Scout, and Eccles Pike, you scarcely see a tree of any

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girth or altitude. This very peculiarity, which, in the eyes of most, would give a decisive advantage to the Welsh scenery, is the very charm which causes my predilection for that of the Peak. It is the very circumstance, that Kinder Scout and Mam Tor are more sterile and more gloomy than the mountains of North Wales, which inclines me to think them more grand and majestic. They stand alone in awful wildness, unsheltered by aught, save the canopy of Heaven, and their dark huge forms are laid before the observer at one view, without any break or interruption of forest or thicket. When on their tops, you might well imagine you were in the desert; you may look around and see nothing but moss and sky. Kinder Scout, of which the old rhythm says,

“Chinley Churn an’ Kinder Scout,
Are the highest hills about,”

is a mountain, not only of immense height and terrific wildness, but is also of vast extent, for its huge back bears away towards Yorkshire, and joins that

chain of hills, which, running through the north of England, is connected with the Cheviots. So high is its apex, that when you are upon it, you seem to be above the elements of this world ; and I have heard it related, by persons of credible authority, that it is no uncommon thing for the sun to be shining in a clear atmosphere on the top of Kinder Scout, when, in the vallies below, a thunder-storm is raging with great violence. It is indisputable that you may frequently see clouds come sailing up the valley, and attach themselves to some point of the rock, where they hang until the sun or wind disperses them. These are, however, sure forerunners of rain in the vallies, and with great complaisance act the part of running footmen to inform the farmers of Madame Rain's near approach—a warning never disregarded. I am told that summer is not the time to behold this scenery in all its majesty, and more especially for those lovers of the romantic, who, like myself, prefer the naked

barrenness of a desert region, to any appearance of shelter or cultivation. “ Winter,” say some of my friends here, who have not only visited the Welsh mountains, but also the Alps and Appenines, the Pyrenean and the river Po,— “ Winter is the season for beholding the Derby hills in their sublimity ; the warm aspect of summer softens down their rugged features, and covers them with a purple bloom, whilst the snows of winter, falling on their unsconced heads, make them show as desolate and cheerless, as they are wild and extravagant. To the Welsh mountains,” they continue, “ these hills are as the Alps to the Appenines, the Cordilleras to the mountains of Carpathia : these are bleak, desert, vast, and inhospitable ; those are large and majestic, but sheltered with wood, and cultivated where cultivation is admissible.”

The word Derby is derived from *desabri*, unsheltered ; and in sober truth, never had country a more fitting appellation.

Having thus given you some general

idea of this savage scenery, (though fully to appreciate it, you must behold with your own eyes,) I will proceed to detail to you, somewhat particularly, a few events of a romantic cast, which have occurred since my residence here. Blair, his Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian, attributes the superstition and conceited credulity of the Scots Highlanders to their inhabitancy of a mountainous and romantic country ; and corroborates his hypothesis by the examples of the mountaineers of other nations, who are every way as full of conceits, and as addicted to the marvellous, as his own countrymen. I was inclined, before my visit to this place, to think his proposition fanciful ; but, I assure you, I no longer have a doubt of its correctness. The common people, in all countries, are sufficiently foolish and credulous ; but here, not only the shepherds and husbandmen are slavishly bound in the trammels of superstitious fear ; but people of superior habits and knowledge of the world are

wedded to the opinions and belief of their forefathers. I was somewhat astonished at being told, one day, by a gentleman of considerable property, that if I were to put my ear to a fissure in a rock near Castleton, I should hear a peal of bells ringing, as if for church, when, to my own knowledge, there is no peal within many miles of the place. On expressing my wonder at this singular phenomenon, (for you must know I was too polite to express any doubt of his veracity, though I had my own thoughts on the matter,) he told me, that what he had related was one of the least marvellous aberrations from nature with which the High Peak abounded. I may, at some future time, furnish you with a full, true, and particular account of the many stories told me by this gentleman; but at present I should be scant of room, and you must therefore stay your appetite with the sop above.

I had not been more than a week at Chapel-en-le-Frith, when a very worthy and learned gentleman took me with him

to Bradshaw Hall, formerly belonging to the notorious John Bradshaw, lord high president of that illegal assembly which condemned our first Charles to the block. My friend, although no admirer of the president's latitude of principle, has still some kind of veneration for his honesty and independence; both the which he preserved against all the arts and power of the usurper Cromwell. As we neared the old mansion, which stands on a beautiful elevation, overlooking one of the sweetest scenes in Europe, my friend and I stopped to breathe ourselves, and to enjoy the lovely view which spread itself before our sight.

"You will see few finer landscapes than this is," said he; "though we must confess it has been much adorned by the establishment of the reservoir, and therefore all this beauty is not entirely natural."

"Is not this piece of water a natural lake?" replied I.

"By no means," cried my friend. "It was made by the proprietors of the Peak

Forest Canal, and serves as a reservoir to supply their navigation.” *

“ It is a matter of little moment,” said I, “ by what means, or for what purpose, this water was created : here it is ; and every one must acknowledge it adds materially to the beauty of the scene.”

“ Why, Sir,” cried my friend, (turning on his heel, and leisurely pursuing his walk, I followed of course,) “ Dr. St—k—f, professor at the university of ———, in Germany, who has favoured us with his company for a few days, assured me, on his honour, that in no part of Europe had he seen a more beautiful landscape. There was a scene, indeed, which might equal this one, and that was in Switzerland, where he had lately travelled.”

“ In Switzerland ?”

“ In Switzerland ; but certainly not beside Mont Blanc or the heights of Jura.”

* This account I afterwards found to be erroneous : our readers will perceive, in the course of the following pages, that a lake did there exist nearly two ages before this period, although it might have been deepened and extended by the canal proprietors.

“ I should fancy,” cried I, “ it must be one of those scenes so well described by Rousseau, in his *Nouvelle Heloise*.”

“ It includes a view of the lake of Geneva,” replied my friend ; “ but I have not read any of the works of Rousseau ; they are unbecoming a serious reader, or a good man.”

“ The composition is delightful,” said I, wishing to extract his reasons.

“ Say no more : it is a bad topic,” answered my friend.

By this time we had arrived at the house, which my friend entered without ceremony ; and we found the farmer, (who now occupied it,) and his wife, just risen from dinner. After the usual salutations, my companion said, “ Well, farmer, I’ve brought a friend of mine to look through the old house.” *

“ He’s mighty welcome,” replied the farmer. “ Walk in, walk in, gentlemen. It would seem as though this house were of great value, by folk wish-

* In the following pages, the exterior is very fully described.

ing to see it; but an Mr. I—rw—d would build me one about half the size, it would be as good agen to me.”

“ You are not short of room,” said my friend, smiling.

“ No, no; I tell ye,” cried the farmer: “ I’ve rather too much. It’s the room I complain on: it’s meet like an old castle, wi’ long landin’s to each lot o’ chambers; an they’re as wide an’ as high as so many bairns. But come, gentlemen, follow me, an’ it like ye.”

He then led us through the hall, (which had been converted into a kitchen), and along a zigzag kind of passage, which brought us to several large rooms fronting the reservoir.

“ When I came here first,” said the farmer, leading us into one, “ the doorways into ’em were not high enow to let a man in without stoopin’: they had rounded tops, an’ great heavy frames, ornamented wi’ carved work. So ye see, as they were old-fashioned, I took ’em down, an’ had these square doors put up

i'th' stead ; an' they look ten to one better than t'others. Beside, t'others were like the papish church carvin', an' I've no kindness for any thing o' the sort."

My friend turned to me, and smiled: I returned his glance. The farmer observed not ; for he was busied in brushing away the dust, with his pocket-handkerchief, from some old framed woodcuts of naval battles, with which the sides of the antique chamber were hung, and which he, no doubt, thought much more worthy of scrutiny and observation than the whole house put together.

" I remember th' day," pursued the farmer, " when we came first into this house. It had been then shutten up for no one knows how long. My wife axt me to try if I could open th' door o'this room, but I'd no sooner put my shouther to't, -an' forc'd it back o' th' hinges, but I was knock'd flat o' my back by somewhat rushin' out upon me."

" Indeed !" said I, in expectation of something wonderful. " What could it be?"

“ Why,” cried the farmer, “ would ye believe it ? it was a flock of owls. The room was full on ’em, an’ no doubt they’d bred there for twenty years an’ more ; we found a matter o’ three score every day, for weeks after. The house was like th’ place where yer grand gentlemen keepen brids. I thinken they ca’ it an avery.”

“ An aviary,” said my friend. “ But you have cleansed it now, farmer ?”

“ Oh, ay, ay,” answered he, “ we have not an ullart i’th’ house. Ye may find a stray brid i’ the bairn happen, for they’re cute in catchin’ varment, an’ we let ’em stay on that account.”

We quitted this room, and peeped into another adjoining, which was its counterpart. Thence, through a number of twisting passages, the ends of which, like those at Stoke Pogeis, might lead to nothing, we came to the bottom of a flight of stairs, which did lead to the upper rooms of the mansion. The stairs were broad enough to admit the ascent of two horses abreast ; and the materials of which

they were formed were quite solid enough to sustain such a burthen ; in fact, they were of English oak, and seemed to have been constructed for the purpose of bearing a greater weight than the fine ladies, and finer gentlemen, of modern times. If we consider well, the onus of a man clad in complete armour was no feather, and required a power of strength in the composition of house-building, which those of modern fashion want. But to pursue our investigation : we ascended the stairs, and at their head was a kind of square gallery or guard-room (choose ye whether), the ceiling of which was fretted and relieved after the fashion of Queen Elizabeth's time. But instead of the compartmental figures, usually executed in relief, the ornaments were of a kind entirely puritanical, and showed at once that the builder of the mansion was one of the reformed church, according to the strictest sense of that term. Beneath the ceiling, all round the gallery, ran a broad moulding, upon which were

carved, in conspicuous characters, two grave proverbs.

“ Love God and not gould.”

This filled one side of the parallelogram, and the three others were occupied with the following versification :

“ He that loves not mercy,
Of mercy shall miss ;
But he shall have mercy
That merciful is.”

“ By my faith, farmer,” said I, “ you ought to be the most humane man alive, having such a warning as this staring you in the face as you go to bed every night, and as you get up every morning.”

“ Why, ay,” he replied, “ I thought much on it when I first came ; but I don’t see it now, save when gentlemen like ye come to put me i’ mind o’t a bit.”

“ This gallery,” said my friend, “ is a pretty piece of antiquity, and is deserving of some pains in the preservation.”

“ Oh ! bless you,” cried the farmer, “ my landlord thinks as much o’t as I

should of a peck o' gowd. He had it branly white-washt as ye see, an' bid me ta'e care that the letters had no harm come by. It's my belief he wad not sell this place, for as much as would get him twice th' lot o' land, an' a new house i' th' bargain; for he talks about some old fellow that liv'd, the Lord knows how long ago; for whose sake ye see he's fond o' th' spot."

"I should imagine," said I, "since the place is of so great antiquity, that you might at some time find objects cotemporary with the first inhabitants."

"Oh! have ye never heard, Mr. —," cried the farmer, "that a big silver cross was found i' diggin for marl? It was a matter o' half a yard long, an more than a pound i' weight; — ay, an' mony other things I know not the names on."

We now examined the chambers, (each suite of which had a gallery or anti-chamber to itself,) and they were, indeed, very lofty and roomy; but their very extent, as it was but ill-defined by

the wretched quantity of light admitted through the narrow windows, served but to render them more comfortless. The anti-chambers were still darker, and more gloomy, for they were without windows of any kind, and had, indeed, no light but what shot through the door-ways from the several chambers which opened into them. You may easily fancy the little light they had to spare could afford no extraordinary illumination, though each room contributed its mite. After we had taken a full view of every thing above stairs; and, I must confess, the only one worth naming was that of the scenery in front of the house, which we saw to great advantage from the chamber-window; we descended to the hall, and were about to take our leave, when the farmer said, “Stop, stop, Mr. ——, ye havn’t seen all yet: ye’ve long, I know, had a wish to see the vaults; but they were not fit to go into till lately; an’ th’ place we found behind th’ binn, ye never saw that.”

"Oh! I had forgotten, indeed," cried my friend. "We shall be under great obligations to you, farmer, if you can, without trouble, show us that secret vault you discovered some time ago."

"Trouble! it's no trouble, Mr. ——," replied our host; "but ye'll, may be, ta'e a glass o' my home-brew'd? The vault's but cowdish like."

"I don't care if I do," answered my friend; and I readily joined him. The good wife soon supplied us with a foaming jug of October 1810, which I must acknowledge was deserving of singular commendation. And we did justice to the hospitality of our landlord, by emptying it of its contents. We then went into the court-yard, where the farmer informed us, that at some period there had been four wings to the house, which had been built in the form of a cross; but some one had found it necessary or convenient to pull down the northern wing, which had destroyed its uniformity. The

entrance to the vaults was under the western wing ; and, assisted by a huge key, (of a fashion perfectly antique,) we made our way into the cellars. The farmer left us for a minute, and returned to the house to procure a lantern, with which he speedily rejoined us, and, by the light of the candle therein, we discerned a door at the further end of the cellar in which we stood. We passed on : the farmer pushed that door open with his foot, and we entered another vault, which was surrounded with binns for wines and liquors : these were of oak, strongly built, and appeared of very considerable age, for the worm was now in them, and in many places they had fallen to pieces. The farmer called our attention to a part of the cellar, where, upon the removal of the back part of a binn, which came out at his touch, we discovered a low door, impassable by any full-grown person but in a double posture. This door was ajar ; and the farmer leading the way, we followed.

On recovering an erect position, we found ourselves in a small square vault, floored and wainscotted like the parlours above : there were several articles of furniture, and, among the rest, a long sofa or wooden settle, fastened to the wall on one side, and several old stools of various descriptions ; but all bearing the marks of antiquity and decay. Upon the settle was a kind of mattress, covered with leather, which, upon examination, I found to buckle at the ends. I sat down, and found the seat by no means uncomfortable. Curiosity, or I know not what fatality, induced me to unbuckle the straps which fastened up the leathern covering of the seat-cushion, and it was with no little difficulty that I succeeded in withdrawing the tongue of the buckle, which was clogged up with rust. However, I did achieve the undertaking ; and I had no sooner opened the leather, than (believe it if you can) out dropped a bundle of papers closely tied, and indorsed “ The Cavalier.” “ Here was a discovery !”

thought I; and so I believe did our host, though not of the kind it proved upon examination; for by his solicitude and anxiety to get possession of the prize, I have a great notion he imagined it was sterling money. My friend, in whom the farmer had great confidence, untied the string, and exposed to our view a number of memoranda, written in a sort of ancient court hand, similar to that used by the lawyers when legal proceedings were in French and Latin; but, to our host's inexpressible disappointment, there was not the shadow of any kind of money. Not satisfied, however, but that there might be, somewhere concealed, he begged my assistance to draw off the covering of the cushion, which I readily afforded him; but all our further inquiries were without fruit; we could not, after a long time spent in the search, discover any thing more. At length we adjourned to the house, replacing the binn in statu quo, and locking up the door of the vault, which the farmer said,

at some future opportunity, he would thoroughly examine.

“As for those papers,” cried he to me, “ye’re welcome to ’em, on one condition.”

“And what is that, farmer?” I replied.

“Why, Sir,” returned he, “ye’ll doubtless read ’em o’er, an’ if ye should find any cue to th’ treasure, ye shall let me know’t.”

“With all my heart! a bargain,” cried I, giving him my hand. I accepted the terms, and the papers are mine.

I placed them in my pocket; we took leave of the farmer and his wife, and returned to Chapel-en-le-Frith.

No sooner had I gained the privacy of my chamber, than I drew the MS. from my pocket, and began, with avidity, to examine its contents. I found that it contained a kind of memoir of Colonel Charles Sydenham, son of Lord Falconridge, of Banner Cross in this county, a Cavalier engaged in the struggles of

Charles the First and his son, with his rebellious subjects ; but who Lord Falconridge was, or where Banner Cross was situate, I had never heard. At length, as I dived deeper into the papers, I discovered that what was Banner Cross formerly, is now Castleton, a little town adjoining the celebrated cavern of the Peak. The MS. contains many names which are not mentioned in Clarendon or the other historians ; but it also has others which are of no common fame. It took me the whole of that evening to regulate and peruse ; and I then perceived, that it did not give an entire history of the Cavalier's life, but only of several and separate eras in which he was personally engaged ; and unfortunately these eras had no sort of connection with each other. However, whether fired by the difficulty of the task, or instigated by the desire of knowing more of the Cavalier than what the MS. revealed, or moved by that fatality which had led me to its discovery, I know not ; but I resolved to endeavour at its ar-

rangement in such a manner, as might fit it for publication. To this end, I have made many journeys, both on horse-back and a-foot; I have visited all the mountains and fastnesses mentioned in the MS.; I have wearied all the country round with inquiries tending to its elucidation; I have examined every part and parcel of the old Castle of Banner Cross (now Castleton); I have pertinaciously applied to the descendants of the president Bradshaw, many of whom are, in poor circumstances, spread over the country between this place and Marple in Cheshire; — in short, I have (to use a familiar expression) left no stone unturned, which could afford me any intelligence or satisfaction; and the result you will find in the pages following my letter. I am not, indeed, satisfied with the production as it stands; many and very formidable objections may be made to its matter, as well as its arrangement: the first and principal is certainly that of those immense gaps or intervals which intervene

in the process of the work. These intervals I have endeavoured to supply with such general traditions as my industry could gather; but I must confess there is much wanting in this particular, although, had I been enabled to have noted down the events of the Cavalier's life during the intervals, as particularly as the MS. recites them, the task would have taken me, I believe, the best part of my life, and at least one thousand volumes.

Another charge against us will be, that the whole story is a galaxy of battles, sieges, and skirmishes; "for which reason," our critics will say, "one might as well read the Gazette, and preferably, because there one has a list of the killed and wounded." And, indeed, this is a charge which I cannot well get over: the only excuse for it is, that the times in which Colonel Sydenham was an actor were days of "riot and misrule," blood and slaughter; and it would be impossible to give the memoirs of a Cavalier, without relating a few of

those engagements which, most likely, formed epochas in his life.

Again, it will be said that our MS., in making use of scriptural language so freely as it hath done, does not sufficiently regard that excellent maxim,

Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

Nay, some will say that I am inculpated, and that I am absolutely without respect for the sacred volume. But this latter charge (should such be made) I utterly deny ; for you, I think, will bear me out in saying, few are more penetrated with reverence and awe for real religion than I am, and that I would not willingly cast upon it the slightest mark of irreverence or disrespect. Moreover, it does appear to me, that the compiler of this MS. had no intention of ridiculing religion itself, nor, indeed, any sect thereof; but that he meant merely to show the real and unfeigned characters of the puritans of the commonwealth and protectorate. All the works, the sermons, the public harangues of that day, abound

with texts of Scripture; and we are informed, by more books of authority than one, that it was accounted unsaintly and unbecoming to speak but in Scripture phrase. It would, therefore, have been no easy matter to have held “the mirror up to nature” in this instance, without preserving that mode of phraseology, which, it cannot be denied, was ever uppermost in those times of hypocritical precision. I know of no other striking objections, except such as may be brought against the *dramatis personæ*; and they, as their lives are “on a cast, must stand the hazard of the die.” Whatever faults may attach to the arrangement of the work, are mine own solely, for the memoranda were in regular unbroken succession; and if there be any merit in the task of selecting heads for the different chapters, to me the praise is due. To the public I leave it to say, whether this work hath any merit at all, or whether it be damned by such a load of vices as render it a tissue

“ De longs sermons, tous couchés par ecrit,
De madrigaux, des chansons sans esprit.”

If Messieurs the Critics are of the latter opinion, you perceive I furnish them with epithets gratis. Undoubtedly the MS. might have fallen into abler hands ; but it is humbly submitted to the public, (to use the words of the learned editors of Peere Williams' Reports, and Cooke's Bankrupt Laws,) with “ hopes that the merit of the original work may not be lessened by my interference.”

With every sentiment of regard,

I am, dear C——

Your sincere friend,

and humble servant,

LEE GIBBONS.

*Chapel-en-le-Frith,
August, 1820.*

THE CAVALIER.

CHAP. I.

“ His was a race for valour thrice renowned :
Whene’er the British lion mov’d to war,
Whether embarked for that holy land
By blood of valiant knights made slippery,
Or nearer home the burly sport was rife,
With Edward or with Henry march’d they forth.”

Old Contention of Yorke and Lancaster.

MAURICE Sydenham, Baron Falconridge of Banner Cross, in the north-west part of the romantic county of Derbyshire, generally called the High Peak, was the descendant of a line of noble progenitors, whose common ancestor, Aben Seyd Namrah, a Saracen leader of great valour, had accompanied Richard of the Lion’s Heart, on his return from the Holy Land.

When Saladin, incited by (that second Julian) the Count of Tripoli, made war upon Guy of Lusignan, then king of Jerusalem, Aben Seyd and many other chiefs (rather than conform to the usurped authority of the Sultan) chose to throw themselves into the arms of the Christians. They were received by Lusignan with welcome and honours; and ardent in their hatred of Saladin, brought him a considerable body of troops upon his taking the field. At the fatal battle of Tiberiad, the monarch of Palestine, betrayed by his nobles, was beaten; and he himself, together with his marshal, bearing the standard, with the wood of the true cross, were made prisoners by the hand of Tokeddin, the nephew of Saladin. By a desperate charge at the close of the battle, the standard was retaken, and brought off, by Aben Seyd, who withdrew to Tyre, and performed miracles of chivalry, when that town was beleaguered by Saladin. The resolute defence made by the besieged, obliged

the Sultan to draw off his forces ; and Aben Seyd was publicly greeted by the Marquis Conrad, governor of Tyre, as one of the principal and most gallant defenders of that bulwark of Palestine.

He continued, in conjunction with the other leaders, to maintain a desultory warfare against Saladin ; and although, from the paucity of their numbers, they were able to make little impression upon his overgrown power, yet they still kept the fire alive by their valour and pertinacity ; and upon the arrival of Richard and Philip of France, Aben Seyd and his friends joined those monarchs with all their forces. It were *dehors* our subject-matter, to relate here the many feats of valour performed by the noble Saracen under the eye of Cœur de Lion ; it is sufficient to say, that his services won him the entire friendship of the English king ; and when Richard was on the point of embarking for his native country, he made an offer to Aben Seyd Namrah, of exchanging his hope of being

reinstated in his Oriental possessions, for the certainty of an equivalent in England, should he be disposed to follow him. The noble Saracen replied, that he had but one objection to so princely an offer, and that was the difference of their creeds; but Cœur de Lion, who was known to reckon little about spirituals, soon laughed him out of his qualms of conscience; and Aben Seyd consented to quit for ever the land of his nativity. We shall but shortly notice, that the Saracen was the only attendant Richard selected to accompany him, when he resolved to pass through Germany; that when the noble hero was so basely incarcerated, by that horrid traitor Leopold of Austria, Aben Seyd chose rather to submit to a vile imprisonment, than quit his royal friend; that on the return of that darling of his people to England, Richard conferred upon Aben Seyd a magnificent grant of lands in the county of Derby; the same on which his descendants continued to reside at this

epocha. A short time after Richard's arrival in England, whether out of gratitude to the King, or moved by the force of example, or incited by the arguments of the priesthood, or out of any other motive, Aben Seyd Namrah conformed to the Christian faith. He took the name of the monarch, who stood his god-father; and upon the completion of the ceremony, his sovereign knighted him under the name of Sir Richard Seydnam: he was then created Baron Falconridge of Banner Cross, which title descended, *cum terris*, to his posterity.

The son of Sir Richard, also of that name, (being called so after the King,) proved a staunch zealot in religion; and according to the fashion of the times, built and endowed a religious house, which he called, from his own castle, the Abbey of Banner Cross. The order professed was that of Saint Benét; and from the private history of the abbey, with which that of the founder was interwoven, (for on the suppression of the

monasteries by Henry the Eighth, the abbey and its archives were re-granted, by letters patent, to the heirs of the founder) not only what is before recited is extraught, but also all other *petits contes* hereafter related, up to the time of the present epocha; and, among the rest, the following legends are translated, *mot pour mot*, from the Latin history of the pious monks of Banner Cross Abbey.

“ Richard Seydnam, Lord Falconridge, had two sons, Uctred and Norman, both of whom (but the latter more especially) were, in war and all knightly feats of arms, renowned and celebrated. Sir Norman had attended prince Edward, son of Henry the Third, in his croisade to the Holy Land; had returned with that hero, by way of France, to England, on the death of his father; and in the tourneys and plays with which Edward was entertained in that country, he, next to the monarch himself, bore away the prize. When they were passing through

Burgundy, the Count of Chalons invited Edward and his retinue to a tournament, where Lewis de Grand Pré, Lord of Charent, who had witnessed with great jealousy the chivalrous exploits of this second Arthur and his knights, challenged Edward to meet him, with equal numbers, in the lists. Edward, who was the soul of chivalry, and the stoutest knight of his age, (as his celebrated combat with Adam de Gourdon, during the Troubles, had evinced,) immediately gaged his battle; and having selected twelve of his followers (of whom Sir Norman Seydnam was one) he appointed the day of meeting. All Burgundy was congregated at Chalons.

“ The lists were marked out in the public square, and surrounded with seats for the spectators. Those houses which overlooked it were superbly hung with tapestry and painted devices; emblazoned pennons and silken streamers glittered to the sun; and all the magnificence of Burgundy the magnificent, all

the beauty, the fashion, the courage, the religion, the *tout ensemble*, graced on that day the grand square of Chalons. At an early hour the seats were taken, the windows of the adjacent houses occupied, and all impatiently awaited the arrival of the Count of Chalons, who was appointed, by the parties mutually, the marshal, or umpire of the field. A raised seat, at the upper end of the lists, surmounted with a canopy, over which floated his household banner, was prepared for the marshal; - and at the other end was the throne of that beauty, chosen to dispense the rewards of valour, and the prizes of chivalric superiority. The seat was inclosed by silver-gilt pillars, which supported a canopy of white velvet, and above which a silken flag, bearing a Virgin Mary, embroidered on a field *blanc*, encompassed with the rays of the sun *argent*, streamed in unison with the banner of the marshal; the pillars were entwined with garlands of flowers; and the whole was executed in that style of ele-

gance, for which the Burgundians were even then admirable. Beatrix, daughter of the Count of Chalons, was appointed queen of the lists; and from a fairer hand Sir Tristram himself would not have desired to receive the palm of victory. The marshal having arrived and taken his place, commanded the usual proclamations to be made; after which the barriers were thrown open and the trumpets sounded. They were answered from without, as well on the part of the King as on that of the Lord of Charent; and immediately Edward galloped into the lists, attended by his knights, at one barrier, as did Lewis de Grand Pré and his friends at the other. The King of England (although his beaver was closed) was as easily distinguishable from his knights, as they were from the enemy; not so much by richness of armour, or even majesty of figure, (for they were all men of gallant persons,) as by the length of his legs, (from which he derived the surname of Longshanks,) and the incon-

ceivable grace and ease with which he managed his weapons and his battle-horse. His lance, though by the laws of arms obliged to be of equal length with those of his adversaries, was much thicker, and required the arm of the vanquisher of De Gourdon to wield it. His horse, sixteen hands to the full, and of a bone and muscle seldom seen in France, could alone be governed by his matchless rider; and his hauberk, made more for need than show, proclaimed him a son of battle, not a *petit maitre* of the tournament. The only mark of his royalty was a slight golden coronet set around his head-piece; otherwise he was accoutred as his companions, who wore scarves, decorated with the red cross of the crusaders, to designate them from their rivals.

“The Lord of Charent and his friends wore jointed armour, (which began about that time to be the fashion,) richly ornamented with golden studs and chasings; and their helmets, instead of the griffin

dragon, or lion crests, usually worn, were decorated with plumes of party-coloured feathers.

“ The trumpets having sounded a charge, and the word being given by the marshal, each knight fixed his lance in his rest, slackened his curb, and gave the spur to his horse. The King met De Grand Pré in the midst of the career, and the concussion was so strong, that the Count's horse reeled under his rider ; many of his friends were no less unhappy, several more so ; for Sir Norman Seydnam, Sir Reginald Bigod, and Sir Hugh Molyneux, whether by the goodness of their horses, or the superiority of their skill in arms, bore down their antagonists ; and the former jousted with force so great, that he carried his rival, (Philip de Grand Pré the brother of the Lord of Charent,) nearly a dozen yards from his horse. The contest now became animated ; but the French knights perceiving their inferiority in the career, threw aside their lances, and to the astonishment of all

present, attacked Edward and his friends with sharp and deadly weapons, contrary to all the laws of honour and chivalry. At this sight the marshal exclaimed ; but not having a force sufficient to second his authority, his remonstrances were disregarded : the ladies on all sides flew from their seats ; an universal uproar and confusion ensued ; and this band of assassins, knowing the English to be provided but with blunt weapons, set upon them with sword and battle-axe. It was in this dilemma that Edward showed himself in his true colours ; the gentleness, the majesty, and equanimity of his kingly character, upon this piece of treachery, fled to heaven ; and in their stead, remained only the hot passion, sanguine fearlessness, and decision of the warrior. He reined up his steed until the animal reared nearly upright, and waving his hand, as a signal to his companions, they, in an instant, formed in line, at the upper end of the lists, presenting a resolute front to their deceitful

enemies. Hence he called to those of their party without the lists, to furnish them with arms! which order being heard by Grand Pré, he judged it expedient to fall on before the King and his knights were prepared.

“ He therefore encouraged his party ; and they setting up the cry of war, ‘ *Mont-joie, Saint Denis,*’ dashed into the English rank ; which, not disturbed by their onset, sustained and repulsed it. By this time, Sir Norman Seydnam, who had caught his battle-axe, thrown over the lists by his squire, threw away his lance, and leaving the rank, spurred his horse into the midst of the French. His antagonist in the tourney he first selected as the object of his vengeance ; and rising in his stirrups, he dealt that knight so heavy a blow, that he clove away the plume from his casque, and laid him senseless on the saddle bow : upon this success he reiterated his blows so heavily and successfully, that he found the whole of the Burgundians sufficient employment, until the

King and his friends were completely armed, who, as they received their weapons, entered into the combat. The traitors now began to perceive the probable reward of their treachery ; and Grand Pré cried aloud to his friend to open the barriers ; but several English knights and squires in the suite of the King, stood guard over them, with the concurrence of the marshal, who declared, that as the Lord of Charent and his party had begun so base a work, they must now go through with it, for they should neither have escape nor assistance.

“Edward, in the mean time, having seen all his friends provided, before he would accept a weapon, now drew that famed sword which had chastised the rebel Montfort, and quelled the pride of the valiant De Gourdon. He advanced like the lion rejoicing in the pride of his strength, or the ravenous eagle pursuing the hunter who has stolen her young. For a moment, with a smile of joy, he surveyed the combatants engaged ; but

perceiving Sir Norman Seydan oppressed by Lewis de Grand Pré, and several others of their enemies, he galloped into the *mêlée*, and attacking the traitor, drew him from Sir Norman. The combat lasted not long; Edward with one blow clove the helmet of the Lord of Charent, who fell dead from his horse! and in the space of a few minutes, out of the twelve who commenced the treacherous strife, three only remained, who threw down their arms and begged the King's mercy. Edward, learning that they were instigated by Grand Pré to this horrid treachery, who had paid for it with his own life, and those of many of his friends; and thinking that sufficient blood had been shed for the trespass; and on their degradation from knighthood by the Count of Chalons, in whose territories their fiefs were situate, remitted their further punishment to him.

“ The King, shortly after this rencontre, returned to England; and if the English Justinian could be said to have a favourite,

Sir Norman engaged, until his death, the regard and esteem of his sovereign in a greater degree than any other. A few years after their return from Palestine, Sir Norman fell in love with Adeline de Molyneux, sister of the same Hugh de Molyneux, who was one of the King's knights at Chalons, and his own particular friend. Her father, William de Molyneux, of Derby in Lancashire, of Norman origin, possessed a vast extent of demesnes by grant from the crown, and expected a greater match for his daughter than the second son of a minor baron ; so that, although her brother was privy to their attachment, they were obliged to keep it secret from all other persons. The etiquette of those times would not admit of marriages *instante*, as at the present day ; but a lover was obliged to consume the full measure of seven long years, before he could obtain the hand of his mistress, however beloved. It was so in this case ; and the term of probation was drawing to a close, when

Edward commenced that war, by which the Welsh were eventually reduced to subjection. Sir Norman was of course to join the King's standard, not only out of affection to the monarch, but as leader of the Radmen, or knights-riders of his father, bound by the military tenure of his fief to attend the Sovereign in his wars. Previous to their marching to the place appointed by the King for the general rendezvous, Sir Norman rode with all haste from Banner Cross to Derby, with the intention of taking leave of his mistress. He had frequently met her by moonlight, in the ruins of an old abbey near to Croxteth, and adjoining the mansion of her father; and he now sent on his squire before, as if with a message to Sir Hugh, but in fact with a token to his beloved Adeline, that he would meet her at midnight in the ruins. Sir Norman," pursues the manuscript, "was not only an accomplished knight, but (what was singular in those days) he was a good

scholar, and a poet, having been taught by the monks of Banner Cross, with all the care, and all the assiduity, necessary for a person likely to be of dignity in the church, to which his father had at first resolved to dedicate him ; but, upon his arrival at years of judgment, his martial spirit broke forth with such lustre, that the baron judged it improper to confine his ardent soul within the walls of a cloister, or the pontificals of a bishop ; and thought (though much addicted to the priesthood) that a warrior's head-piece would better become the figure of his son, than even the hat of a cardinal. In the first battle with the Welsh, he commanded the van division under Edward, and routed the mountaineers with great slaughter ; but to the great grief of the King, and all true Knights, he was himself slain by an arrow, shot at random by the enemy, on the close of the fight. He was observed to be thoughtful, and almost wild in his demeanour, from the

time that he joined the King at the rendezvous; spoke little to any one but his friend Sir Hugh Molyneux, who was much in the same condition; and if questioned with too much pertinacity, he turned fiercely on the querist, or fled without speaking. In his burgonet, he wore the beautiful tresses of a lady's hair; and frequently he was seen stamping on the ground, and muttering to himself, as if in a fit of frenzy. He became more sedate on the evening previous to the battle, and requested the command of the van division from Edward, who granted it, with a caution to take care of himself. He smiled bitterly, and retired. The next morning, he was 'stirring with the lark,' and had attacked and routed the enemy, and was brought in a corpse, before the King had imagined he had marched from the rendezvous." *

* After his death, his friend Sir Hugh Molyneux, in stripping him of his armour, found an

The monkish history then proceeds to notice the other members of this noble family; that Sir Uctred Seydnam per-

esquisse, of which the following is a translation, carefully placed in his breast: —

The moonshine sparkled on the wall,
On the wall of the abbey that's ruin'd and bare;
And the dusky light in the desert hall,
Show'd that she I lov'd was there.

I flew to my own dear Adeline;
My Adeline welcom'd her faithful knight;
We repos'd by the side of Saint Cuthbert's shrine,
And we talk'd of the coming fight.

Ah! how shall I live when they art gone?
To-morrow's wind thy plume will wave;
And yon bright moon that sees us now,
May light my Norman's grave.

I smiled whilst I watch'd the playful beam;
The beam as it shot through the broken wall,
For it danced on the shrine of the patron saint,
And spangled his sable pall.

Hark! hark! Do you hear? cried Adeline,
'Tis the groan of Death that comes from the tomb;
Again! now a third! see, behold the shrine!
Ah! it opens its yawning womb!

I beheld with affright the tomb was rent,
And the corpse of St. Cuthbert I dimly descried;
In his hand was the crosier in life he swayed,
Whilst hollowly thus he cried: —

formed good service in the Scottish wars; that his grandson, Walter Lord Falconridge, when only twenty-two, was made knight banneret on the field of Cressy, by Edward the Third, and was the companion in arms of the renowned Black Prince, throughout the whole of his eminent career, in the service of his country; that Sir Humphrey Sydnam (as the name was at this time written) fought at Azincour, and upon the death of the gallant

“ Sir Norman, prepare to meet thy doom;
Thy doom will in battle, with victory come;
Neither mail of proof, nor a maiden's love,
Can shield thee from the tomb.”

The spectre sank and the marble clos'd;
The monument clos'd on his boneless head;
I turn'd to seek my life's best hope;
God! my Adeline was dead!

Sir Norman was seen in the battle's roar;
In the battle's roar, 'mid the bloody tide;
His knightly plume was red with gore,
He conquered, but he died.

The last verse was added by the Father Adrian, his tutor and friend, and his body was embalmed and magnificently interred at Banner Cross Abbey.
—Author of the MS.

Henry the Fifth, the knight continued to serve under the Regents Bedford and York, until the English were expelled from France; his son, John Lord Falconridge, took the unfortunate side of Henry in the civil wars of the Roses, and was slain at the battle of Tewksbury, leaving a wife and infant son; that on the deposition of Henry the Sixth, Joan Lady Falconridge fled with her child to France, and the possessions of the family were confiscated to the crown, and conferred by Edward the Fourth on his favourite, Hastings; that on the arrival of the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh, in England, Henry Sydnam Lord Falconridge returned to his native country with that leader, fought at Bosworth, and on the success of Henry was restored to his lands and title. On the demise of Lord Henry, his son Charles succeeded him, who was alive at the period of the dissolution of the monasteries, and it was to him that the abbey (*cum pertinentiis*) was regranted by

Henry the Eighth. The family of Falconridge, in the reigns of Edward the Sixth, Mary, Elizabeth, and James the First, seem to have bounded their ambition to the administration of their domestic concerns; for we have not heard of any member of that house fulfilling any eminent station, either civil or military, under any or either of those sovereigns.

But to return from this digression, (which we in some measure thought necessary, as it gives a succinct genealogical account of the family of Sydenham,) and to proceed as we began, the present Lord Falconridge, Maurice Sydnham, or, (as it had now become pronounced *euphoniæ gratiâ*,) Sydenham, was an elderly man at the commencement of the disputes between Charles the First and his Scottish subjects. Though not active, he was yet tolerably skilled in the avocations of parliamentary business, having been Speaker in the house of peers for many successive parliaments, and had the character of a ready and sound orator.

Having married late in life, he had only one son, at this time a youth of fifteen years of age, upon whom the doting father lavished all his care, and all his tenderness. His mother also was equally fond of him. She had been a fine lady in the court of Anne of Denmark, wife of James the First ; but upon the death of that king, and the consequent abrogation of the queen's court, she had willingly retired with her spouse from public circles, with the intention of spending the remnant of her days quietly and happily at the family seat. Of a religious cast, she was a bigot to the forms of protestant church government ; and no part of the proceedings of his Majesty's advisers was by her more approved, than the rigorous enforcement of the use of the book of Common Prayer. The name of puritan stank in her nostrils ; and she would have infinitely preferred the universal father's resumption of his spiritual sway over England, than that so hypocritical a sect, (as she termed that of the

puritans,) should have encouragement or toleration. In this spirit she was fortified and abetted by the family-chaplain, Dr. Jeremiah Grostete, a man of more learning, than wit or judgment, and more bigotry than either; an indomitable advocate of the divine right of kings, and one who went so far beyond any of the advocates of the "royal prerogative," that his maxim was that of the civilians, "*Quod principi placuerit, legis habet vigorem.*"

When the young Charles Sydenham was withdrawn from the nursery, and had attained an age fitted to imbibe instruction, he was placed under the tuition of the Doctor; and as the latter was really fond of his pupil, Charles managed by the help of good natural abilities, to pick up sufficient knowledge for that station to which it pleased the Almighty to destine him. It is no wonder, (having a tutor like Grostete,) that Charles Sydenham should acquire those principles of attachment, and absolute devotion

to his sovereign, which he afterwards elicited so conspicuously ; but although the Doctor laboured with all his eloquence to impress upon his pupil the almost papistical infallibility of the English established church, and its political inseparability from the true interests of the state, he could seldom obtain a patient hearing from Charles, who, little inclined to listen to his drowsy harangues on theological subjects, begged him to relate the wars of the Croisaders, and the gallant feats of his chivalrous ancestors. On those subjects, Grostete, who was something of an antiquarian, (being well read in monkish history,) never failed to expatiate, to the great delight of his ardent pupil, whose custom it was to promise absolute attention to his next lecture on divinity, on condition of hearing the legend of Sir Norman, or some other warrior, which promise (when his own desires were gratified) he thought proper to banish entirely from his remembrance. They were one day engaged in a convers-

ation of this nature, when Grostete let fall the word *episcopacy*, which, although often uttered by him before, had never drawn the attention of his pupil.—“What is the meaning of the word *episcopacy*?” said Charles: “you have frequently flown that hawk, but I never thought it worth while to bring him down.”

“If you will have a little more reverence for your tutor, master Charles, and will speak as I can understand you, peradventure I may condescend to give you information touching your enquiry; but while you speak the language of a falconer, I wot it befits me to leave you in your ignorance.”

“Take as much of my sentence as ye list, tutor of mine,” said the youth; “but I shall believe what I fancy.”

“And what is that?” enquired the Doctor.

“Why, your Reverence, I must even conclude that you cannot give any explanation of *episcopacy*, or I’m a Dutch-

man if you would not, seeing it touches the church.”

“ Cannot thou, perverse one, but listen ? Episcopacy is that form of church-government now blessedly established, by Divine Mercy, in this happy kingdom ; the good effects of which are felt throughout the land : and it is but meet that, like unto brothers, church and state should go hand-in-hand, the one assisting the other : for, of a certainty, whilst one flourishes, both will flourish ; and when one decays, the other will be cut off, like a withered branch, and burnt for fuel.”

“ But yet, my good Doctor, you leave me-in the dark ; I enquire of you, what is the meaning of *episcopacy* ? and you reply, that form of church-government now in England established ; but you do not say, how, and in what way that form is established ; you tell me that episcopacy is the established form of church-government, but not what episcopacy is.”

Grostete rejoiced within himself, to

have engaged his pupil in this enquiry, and was resolved to pursue it; he therefore continued — “Episcopacy, in its abstract sense, means the government of God’s holy church by bishops.”

“What do you mean by *abstract*?” enquired Charles.

“Pooh! you chatter-box; you fly off too quick.”

“Oh! by my troth,” shouted the quick boy, “you’ve got among the falconers yourself;” and he danced, and roared with laughter.

When the Doctor had calmed him a little, he proceeded with a grave countenance. “I certainly had no intention of giving that sense to the words I last spoke, that you apparently impute to them; I only meant to say —”

“Don’t beat that bush again, father,” cried Charles, still laughing; “go on with episcopacy. Episcopacy means church-government by bishops; and, as I may gather from your former discourse the King’s throne would totter, if the

bishops were to rule no more. Did not your Reverence so mean?"

"Exactly so."

"Waur hawk! waur hawk!" cried Charles, with a sly eye. "Doctor Gros-tete wants to be a bishop."

"And if I do, my ambition is not culpable: were I to attain a station so eminent, I trust I should prove a good shepherd to my flock."

"But, would ye not fleece them?"

"Out on you, for a knave! What wretch of a puritan has taught you such irreverence to the church? Better had your mother never felt the pains of travail, than that you should peril your immortal soul, by oppugning the doctrine of the church. It becometh you, Charles Sydenham, sprung from a noble stock, to learn that doctrine which maintaineth the established regimen, both in church and state; for, as I have before imparted to you, 'no church, no king;' and if the royal power were here oppressed, where would be the honours, the privileges,

the glory of the nobility, of which the king is the spring and fountain? Consider these things, my good child: it is your duty, if I may apply the expression of the poet,

‘ *Nocturna versare manu, versare diurna:* ’

Ponder and cogitate; reflect and turn over in your mind, what a singular, an awful, a degrading catastrophe, would it be, were not only the king and church overthrown, but the descendants of all those lines of noble and gallant progenitors, whose courage and patriotic endeavours have, with the blessing of heaven, raised our country to its present pitch.”

“ Waur hawk!” cried Charles.

“ No interruptions, young man. I say, how horrible an event it would be, if the present race of nobility was deprived of the accumulated honours and rewards of a thousand years’ achievements. Avert the stroke, merciful Power!” continued Grostete; “ let not the rude factions, of the wicked and

ill-minded, triumph over thy servants !
' *Est aliquid sacri in antiquis necessitudinibus ;*' and how long, and how happily, has this kingdom been governed in its present relations ?”

The dinner-bell happening to ring at this moment, put an end to the invocations of the Doctor, and the impatience of his pupil, who both hastened to the hall, leaving abstract speculations for enjoyments more substantial.

CHAP. II.

Down with your arms, ye vile rebellious hinds!
Have ye no foes to glut your rage withal,
But ye must turn your weapons on your chief?
Mutinous villains! to the death with them.

Siege of Candy.

THOSE of our readers, who have visited the grand cavern of the Peak, will not need to be reminded of the strength and beauty of the site, whereon stood the castle of Banner Cross; its ruins are now seen, hanging over the yawning ravine which leads immediately into the Devil's Cave: but, for the benefit of those who are strangers to the romantic scenery of the High Peak, we will endeavour to sketch an outline of the picture.

On a hill of very steep ascent stood the Castle; its outer walls crowning the entirety of its summit: of what order its

architecture had been, when first erected, it was now difficult to determine; for additions and alterations of various kinds, according to the convenience, or fancy, of its different lords, had been made without any respect to taste or uniformity. Its form was that of a parallelogram, flanked at each corner with a strong square tower; having only one entrance, the ascent to which was by a winding pathway round the eastern base of the hill: on the western side, was a horrible fissure, which appeared to have been formed by the shock of an earthquake, rending the hill in two; and upon the very brink of this ravine, the bold architect had built one of the castle-towers, above a precipice of several hundred feet, so that on this side it was inaccessible. At the base of the rock, was the entrance to the celebrated cavern of the Peak; an archway of thirty feet in height, and nearly twice that extent in breadth: and with inexpressible labour, a subterraneous passage had been hewn through

the solid rock, from the castle into the jaws of the cavern. Beneath the fortress, was a small village called the Castle-town, composed of the feudal tenants and vassals of the lords of Banner Cross, where was situate all that remained of the abbey, — the parish church, of which Dr. Grostete was parson; and beyond the town, the beautiful and fertile Dale of Hope extended for several miles east and west, bounded on the north-west by the renowned shivering mountain called Man Tor, or the mother rock, and nearer the castle, by the outer gorge of the Winnets, or Winyates; the northern and eastern extremities touching the feet of an immense amphitheatre of rock and mountain, termed the East Moor. This dale was also inhabited by the tenantry of Lord Falconridge, who, by their reliefs, supplied the castle with all its necessities.

Our readers, who are learned in the history of the eventful times we are now entered upon, will be instructed, that King Charles deemed it prudent to sum-

mon all the nobility to attend him in his expedition against the Scotch, who had raised an army for the avowed purpose of opposing the establishment of episcopacy in their country. Lord Falconridge being at this time laid up with the gout, his attendance was dispensed with on the King's first expedition ; but it being perceived, that the Scots were only to be overcome by arms, King Charles a second time summoned his nobility, and mustered his troops. Among the rest Lord Falconridge received a missive from his Sovereign, requiring his attendance at York, with his feudal retainers, at a day therein specified ; which command he made preparation to obey. The castle of Banner Cross was now all bustle. The clink of the smiths' and armourers' hammers, and the neighing of horses, gave "dreadful note of preparation." Lord Falconridge himself was not a fighting man, neither did he understand the technicalities of exercise ; it was therefore necessary to employ some

officer of experience, to discipline and command the men. For that purpose the Baron wrote to a friend in London, desiring him to engage some person who had served abroad, and who might now act as adjutant to himself. In the course of a fortnight, during which time the Baron had contrived to harness his men and horses, the Adjutant arrived, attended by a servant. He came in the evening, mounted on a stout hackney, clad in his back, breast and head pieces, and wearing his side-arms. His servant (also completely armed) rode a broken-down roadster, leading the charging horse of his master.

The Adjutant appeared to be about the age of forty years, had a good rough soldier-looking countenance, and was about five feet eight, stoutly made; and his whole appearance gave an indication of his having seen much service. As soon as he alighted, he paid his duty *en militaire* to the Baron, who, with Charles and the Doctor, came out to receive him.

He then presented letters to Lord Falconridge, from his friend in London, which gave him a high account of the Adjutant's military skill.

“ After you shall have refreshed yourself, Captain,” said Lord Falconridge, “ I shall be glad to talk with you on the state of our troop. In the mean time, allow me to welcome you to Banner Cross, and to conduct you to my Lady.”

He then gave orders to the house-steward to accommodate the horses and servant of the Adjutant, and leading the way into the castle, was followed by the Doctor, the Adjutant, and Charles.

The orderly of the Adjutant stood for some time, expecting that master Heavy-side, the *major domo*, would obey orders, and provide for his accommodation ; but seeing him return into the castle, without any motion of that kind, he began to lose his patience, and thundered out in a mixture of French and English for some person to show him the stables.

“ Hola ! Monsieur ! Hola ! — Mort

de ma vie ! — Mynheer's cheval de guerre ! he vil catch his des de froid. — Hola ! Diable ! — Vat, I am to catch my des aussi, wid standing ici all night in my suit of iron. — Tam tese coquins. — Messieurs ! êtes-vous sourd ? — Ah ! sacre ! — Hola !”

He continued to cry out until Heavy-side, fearing the Baron might hear him, came out. — “ Why dost thou make so confounded a noise, fellow ?” said he.

“ Fellow ! by gar, vat le diable, am I here to remain ? mon maitre's cheval de guerre vil be in a pickel grande.”

“ What dost thou want ?” cried the steward.

“ Vat do I vant ! — tres bon ! — vy, I vant vat you call de stable pour mes chevaux, and I vant de meat and drink pour moi-meme.”

“ Oh ! that's what thou wantest, is it ? — Here, Rowland, show this mounseer the stable.”

“ Oui, Monsieur Rowland, allons, marchons.”

“Maurch!” said Rowland; “nay, we minna maurch now, man; it ’l be time enow to maurch when we canna longer stay.”

“Eh! qu’est-ce que vous dites, monsieur?” said the orderly.

“Ditty! oh, if ye’re i’ want of a ditty, I can sing ye plenty: — did’st ever hear the Roup o’ Kinder?”

The Frenchman stood staring in Rowland’s face, and Rowland in his; the former not understanding one word of the latter’s dialect, and the latter expecting an answer from Picard; until Heavyside, who was watching them, burst into a roar of laughter; and the orderly, thinking that the steward laughed at some ridiculous thing which Rowland had uttered, shrugged up his shoulders, smiled, and gently shook his head.

“Why, thou fool!” cried Heavyside; “he’s a Mounseer; he does not understond English.”

“Ah! mais monsieur,” retorted Pi-

card, “vous êtes in de wrong, car je connois de Englis tres bien; dat is to say, I know de Englis ver well.”

“Ha! ha! ha! why dost not speak it then? we are all English here,” answered the steward.

“Vy don’t I speak it! Je parle de Englis à present; dat is to say, I speak it now.”

“Yes, mounseer! but your English is so larded wi’ some other language, that we cannot understand ye.”

“Ah! mais mon maitre says, dat je parle de Englis aussi bien qu’un Anglois. Mais allons, Monsieur Rowland, to de stables, apres mes chevaux sont put to der bed, I vill speak to you again.”

“This way,” cried Rowland, leading him across the court-yard. Picard followed with the horses; and having placed them in their respective stalls, Rowland (who was a good-natured fellow) said, “Mounseer, seeing ye’ve yer iron on, ye’d best go into the servants’

ha' and draw it ; beside, ye'll have need o' summat, after being o' tit-back a' day."

Picard, after some consideration, managed to eke out the sense of this proposal,

" Oui, mais monsieur, mes chevaux !" said he, pointing to them.

" Oh, dinna fash yer head about the hosses. I'll see they wanten for nowt." He rung the stable-bell, and two grooms appeared. " John, do ye unharness these tits, rub 'em down, and gi' 'em their mangers full o' oats. Do ye like meshes, mounseer ?"

" Meshes — vat is de meshes ? Oh, oui, je connois ; oui, oui ; dat is to say, yez, yez."

" Let the beasts have 'em, John."

" Et mon garçon," said Picard to the stable boy ; " prenez grand soin de ce cheval," pointing to the charger.

The boy understood, by the motion and earnestness of the speaker, what he could not have gathered from the lan-

guage, and nodded in compliance. Picard then took the pistols from the saddle-holsters, and the portmanteau from the saddle-peak, and Rowland led the way into the castle. He had scarcely been introduced to his fellows of the lower house, the female part of whom he saluted with the true French goût and familiarity, when he was summoned by his master to unarm.

The Adjutant, having paid his respects to the lady of the castle, had been conducted by Dr. Grostete to the apartment designed for his peculiar inhabitancy, whither Picard was ordered to repair, in order to disencumber his master of his martial habiliments. On Picard's arrival, the Doctor quitted the room ; and the trusty valet released his superior from his mail. Whilst the Adjutant was engaged in selecting from his portmanteau a suit of clothes to replace the leathern doublet worn under his armour, he enquired from Picard, whether he had seen to the horses ?

“ Ah ! non mynheer ; mais Monsieur Rowland, who is un bon homme, did give de ordre to de grooms, pour prendre le grand soin des chevaux, et premierement de Conde.”

“ Is the stable good ? ”

“ Oh ! mais mynheer, c'est tres bonne.”

“ In the morning, examine Conde's off-rear-leg ; I thought, as we crossed the bridge, your hackney kicked him — and, do ye hear, Picard, burnish my arms ; the water, as we swam the Mersey dashed over me : set a new plume in my head-piece, and get the saddler to close the pommel of my field-saddle.”

“ Oui, mynheer ! ”

“ Have you seen any of our troops ? are they likely fellows ? have any of them served ? ”

“ J'ai vu un ou deux ; mais mynheer, ils sont campagnards, d'une bonne taille, mais sans aucune connoissance de guerre.”

“ What kind of horses ? Have you seen any ? ”

“ Oh ! mais mynheer, les chevaux sont les meilleurs que j'ai vu.”

“ And their arms — after what fashion are they clad ?”

“ Oh mynheer ! de pied en cap ; vat you call, iron to de teese.”

“ Good ! — what length of sword do the bullies carry ?”

“ Aussi long que celle de Mynheer.”

“ Mine ?”

“ Oui, mynheer.”

“ Prepare them for my inspection to-morrow. Have they a trumpet ?”

“ Je ne scais pas.”

“ A cornet ?”

“ Je ne scais pas.”

“ A lieutenant ?”

“ Je ne scais pas.”

“ What the devil ! are they a savage clan ?”

“ Je ne scais pas.”

“ Charlot Picard, open your mouth wider, and be curst to you : can you say nothing but ‘ Je ne scais pas ?’ What dress had I better wear to-day ?”

“ Oh ! Mynheer a la bonne mine, et il n’a pas besoin des beaux habits pour —”

“ Hold your nonsensical gibberish, and give me a plain answer.”

“ Eh bien, mynheer ! — Le habit de noir velours est tres beau, et avec de blanches bottes, vous avez l’air d’un prince.”

“ Where is my dress-sword ?”

“ Ici, mynheer !” (handing a rapier.)

The Adjutant was soon clothed, and appeared a handsome man ; he took up his feathered hat, and returned to the grand hall, where he found the family prepared for supper, and only awaiting his re-appearance. After each member thereof had taken her or his place at table, and a grace, or invocation of blessing had been uttered by Doctor Gros-tete, they fell to their meals ; and the luxury of the table not having then attained that height for which those of our more modern nobility are remarkable, they managed to have a clear board, with the exception of wine and liquors, about an hour after commencing supper.

Lord Falconridge being (what was even then called) a good fellow, was in the habit of making merry with Doctor Grostete, (who was too good a classic to be a foe to wine,) and his other friends; and generally had the hall to himself and companions after supper; my lady not relishing their boisterous mirth. She retired as usual, on this evening; leaving her Lord, his son Charles, Doctor Grostete, and the Adjutant.

The Baron, in order to do the more honour to his new retainer, ordered the boteler to produce his family creche or drinking cup; a huge silver vase, gilt and adorned with goldsmith's work, and which had been the *poculum charitatis* to strangers, during many generations. On the front of it were engraven the arms of Falconridge; and round the upper rim were set many large stones of value. The cover was crested with a golden falcon, having its wings extended; and in the interior of the cup were those small notches or pins, which were

introduced in the wassailings of the Danes, as marks whereby to regulate the depth of drinking ; and whence it was said commonly, *ad pinnas bibere*. From this circumstance it would seem that the Baron's creche had been an ecclesiastical utensil ; the clergy having succeeded the intemperate Danes in their use and custom of drinking to the pin, which was forbidden by the council of London, A. D. 1102. "*Presbyteri non eant ad potationes, nec ad pinnas bibant.*" It is therefore probable, that the vase had belonged to the abbey of Banner Cross ; and that, on the sequestration of the monasteries, it had fallen, with the other personalties of that foundation, into the hands of the Lords Falconridge.

Notwithstanding the ordinance of the council of London, which Dr. Grostete considered papistical and superstitious, that worthy divine had frequently, in concert with his patron, the Baron, drained from it the spiced wine with incalculable pleasure ; and his eyes emit-

ted an animated scintillation when the boteler placed it on the table. On raising the cover, an incense, resembling that arising from the thuribulum or censer used in the Popish rites, arose from the creche, and spread around a most grateful and fragrant odour, which was caused by the admixture of spices with the rich Canary intended for their potation. Grostete smacked his lips, while the boteler slowly moved the vessel with an undulating motion, in order to blend the liquor with the spices, which might have sunk to the bottom. When this operation had been some time performed, the boteler closed the cover, and replaced the cup on the table. The Baron first attacked it, and drank a welcome to the Adjutant; Grostete followed, with the like compliment; Spandyke succeeded, with thanks, and health to the noble Lord and his household. The Baron then resumed with his favourite toast, "Church and King," in which he was rapturously joined by the Doctor, and heartily by

the Adjutant. After a succession of loyal and patriotic toasts, Spandyke, at the request of Lord Falconridge, gave them a brief history of his campaigns. As this history is impertinent to our subject, we shall not give our readers even the abstract which he related; but we shall only state, that he had served a considerable time under Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the friend and fellow-in-arms of the renowned Gustavus Adolphus. He had been made prisoner by the Austrians, and confined at Gratz, in Bohemia, whence he escaped with three Scotch officers, in the Swedish service, to Flanders, and thence to Holland. Induced by the offers of the Dutch, he had thrown up his commission in the Swedish army, and accepted a superior one in that of the States; to do which he was the more agreeable, as, in the pay of Sweden, he had received more blows than coin, whilst the States were well spoken of as excellent paymasters of their troops. In their service he had

remained until the commencement of the present disturbances ; when thinking, as a man of honour, that the benefit of his experience in arms more properly belonged to his own country than any other, and supposing that he might easily find a command where good soldiers were in request, he had tendered his resignation to the States, who had received it with great regret, and had set out for London, where he arrived a few days previous to his engagement by the Baron's friend. During his recital of these particulars, Charles was all silence and attention : he hung upon the accents of the narrator, as though he had been Demosthenes or Cicero : indeed, those masters of eloquence would never have found a charm equal to that possessed by this veteran for enchanting the faculties of the young patrician. " The pomp and circumstance of glorious war" were to him more touching than all the splendour of oratory, and all the inge-

nuity of argument. The harangues of Demosthenes would have been unheard ; the divine eloquence of Cicero would have been unlistened to, when put in competition with the artless but animated narrative of the Adjutant. He seemed to act a part in each battle and skirmish which Spandyke recounted ; at the word of command he shouted the battle-cry, and charged at the head of a Swedish squadron ; he toiled with the Adjutant and his companions, in their attempts to escape from their confinement in Bohemia ; and rejoiced (as if he had been really a party) in the success of their endeavours. In short, he identified himself with the happiness or misery, the triumph or misfortunes, the enjoyments or the sufferings of the narrator ; and, on the termination of his story, sat absorbed in cogitation, acting over again in his imagination the exploits which he had listened to, and wishing himself a soldier.

The Adjutant, soon after the conclusion of his tale, begged to withdraw to his apartment, pleading the fatigue arising from his journey as an apology for his secession : Grostete followed his example ; and the Baron and his son retired to rest, highly pleased with the addition which their family had received in the accession of Spandyke.

By an arrangement made between the Lord Falconridge and his officer, it had been fixed that the troop raised by the Baron should be drawn out in full harness, and ready for entering upon the duties of the parade, by the time breakfast was ended at the castle ; and orders to this effect were directed to be communicated to the men by Picard, the follower of Spandyke.

They had scarcely sat down to table, and the Adjutant was beginning to dissect a cold roasted fowl, when Picard entered the room, and after making a military obeisance to each person, he ad-

dressed his master: "Ah! Mynheer ! mais les fripons."

"What fripons?"

"Les campagnards ! la compagnie !"

"The troop, what of it?"

"Ils disent, qu'il est contre leur devoir pour venir."

"Against their duty to assemble: what is the meaning of all this? Perhaps, my Lord, you can explain?"

"I can," replied Grostete: "I am sorry to aver that that heterodox, wicked, and fanatical spirit of puritanism hath again erected its serpent-like crest in your Lordship's demesnes; but so it is; and I have even cause to fear, that in your very house, this instrument of the devil hath constructed a tabernacle: your tenants and retainers are infected with it; and hence arises their unwillingness to assemble in arms against those whom they call their brethren of Scotland."

"Cent mille maudissons," muttered Spandyke, whilst his black eyes flashed

fire, and he curled his moustache with his finger. "My Lord, have I your commission?"

"Certainly, although I would not, that my tenantry should be oppressed; yet my Sovereign's affairs may not be ruined by their perverse wills."

"Charlot Picard," said Spandyke, quietly sitting down again to the table, "tell those coquins I shall take a quarter of an hour to my breakfast. If each man be not armed, mounted, and in troop, before I come to drill, the best among them had better be this day match for a saker."

"Oui, da!" said Picard, and retired.

A very few minutes had elapsed, when an uproar was heard without the castle. Charles, having withdrawn to learn the cause, the report of a pistol alarmed the company, and presently the youth rushed into the hall, and informed them, that the men had set upon Picard on his delivering the Adjutant's message; that

he was now defending himself, and that one of the troop had fired upon him.

The Adjutant snatched up his broad sword, which lay with his other arms ready for assumption, and hastened out of the castle, followed by Lord Falconridge, Dr. Grostete, and Charles.

When they got into the court, they found the orderly, with his back against the wall, defending himself valiantly, against nearly a dozen of the troop; and when he saw the Adjutant, he cried aloud, "*Ah, coquins! mon maitre.*"

Spandyke, without waiting for assistance, rushed upon them with his drawn sword, and in the space of half a minute, with his single arm, had prostrated all the assailants. It was a happy circumstance for them, that they were armed with defensive mail; for the Adjutant made no second stroke, each blow brought down its man, and most of them were severely wounded.

"Ground your arms!" cried he to the rest of the troop assembled in the

court ; “ throw down your weapons, or, by the sun’s splendour, I’ll hang ye all.”

The men instantly obeyed, except one, who brandished his broad sword, and cried out, “ Is Israel a servant ? Is he a home-born slave ? Who shall force us to rip up the bowels of our brothers, and plant mourning in the house of our fathers ?”

“ Rébel !” cried Spandyke, “ submit.”

“ I am not of thy father’s house, neither did I suck of the breast of thy mother. Rebel am I not ; but rebels are ye to the glory of the Lord and the peace of his servants.”

The Adjutant said no more, but resolving to strike terror into the hearts of all the company, he struck the weapon out of the hand of the fanatic, and plunged his own into his breast : the man expired immediately.

An universal groan succeeded this act of necessary severity ; the men cried for mercy, and promised, with deep asseverations, to be dutiful and obedient.

They implored the commiseration of their Lord, begging him to show favour to his unworthy servants.

The Baron was moved by their cries, and consented, upon consultation with the Adjutant and Doctor Grostete, to pardon all except him who fired upon Picard; and they were unanimous, that that cowardly assassin deserved no mercy. Picard was desired to point him out, upon which the orderly said, "Ah! Mynheers, il est mort!" for, in fact, it was the dead man who had fired his pistol.

The Adjutant ordered such of them, as were not wounded, to mount their horses, (their arms being restored by the Baron,) and draw out of the castle-yard, into the park beyond the town; which order was immediately obeyed. He next equipped himself with his offensive and defensive arms, and, mounting his charger, rode after them.

He was soon joined by Lord Falconridge, mounted on a fine grey hunter,

and Charles on a pretty Andalusian jennet; the Doctor preferred a sight of the manœuvres from the rampart of the castle.

The troop consisted of about forty men, half a dozen of whom, being wounded by the Adjutant, the Baron had directed to be conveyed into the castle, to have their wounds dressed. Adjutant Spandyke, with the approbation of the Baron, proceeded to appoint a serjeant and two corporals; and having chosen for serjeant the son of a respectable farmer, who had refused to engage in the late mutiny, he appointed Picard, and Ralph Jellott, another retainer of the Baron, corporals of the troop. Charles was promised the cornetcy, so soon as he could guard the standard.

“By my faith,” said the brave boy, “I would keep it now, as long as I could guard my head.”

The troop went through such a portion of evolutions, as the Adjutant thought sufficient for one day’s equestrian exer-

cise, he having appointed an afternoon drill, for their instruction in the management of their weapons.

The good folks met at supper with a high opinion of the Adjutant's spirit; and Lord Falconridge enquired what he thought of the appearance of the troop.

"Their appearance, my Lord, is excellent; it cannot be surpassed; but in their present state, half-a-dozen of Condé's own would rout the whole forty. — They must be disciplined — they are too high fed — good living begets laziness and cowardice; and, with your permission, we will put them on a ration."

"And me also," cried Charles.

"Any thing to become a trooper," said Lord Falconridge: "very well; when my son is their companion in abstinence, they may not grumble. But, prithee, Doctor, how did this wretched fanatical fury revive among my tenantry? I held them reformed, since the expulsion of their teacher Calfhill, in the late reign. What's now their end? what do they profess?"

“Nothingless, my good Lord and Lady, than the entire reformation of the church; the abolition of episcopacy in England, and the establishment of a presbytery, similar to the one set up in the sister kingdom.”

Lady Falconridge lifted up her eyes and hands, and devoutly blessed herself.

“But how do they intend to effect it,” said Lord Falconridge; “seeing the King, the nobility, and the better part of the gentry in England are opposed to them?”

“By a conjunction with the Scots,” replied Groteste; “and, indeed, the heads of the faction (as I have lately learned) have had great overtures from the presbyters in Scotland.”

“It is time,” said the Adjutant, “that sharp courses were taken with the Scottish rebels; methods more peaceable have been tried, and failed. They must feel the sword ’ere they will dread its edge.”

“I am of your opinion, Captain Span-

dyke," replied the Doctor. "Ovid says truly,

'Cuncta prius tentanda, sed immedicabile vulnus,
Ense recidendum est, ne pars sincera trahatur.'

Now all things in a peaceful guise have been tried, but in vain, to mollify and assuage the irritations, the factions, and ambition of the Scottish presbyters : they are an '*immedicabile vulnus*,' and '*ne pars sincera trahatur*,' '*ense recidendum*,' to be cut out with the sword. — When the head, which is the plotter and principal of the mischief, shall be cut off and destroyed, the members, which are but accessaries thereto, shall be quiet, and rest in peace."

"But do ye imagine, Captain Spandyke," said Lord Falconridge, "that the Scottish rebels will be able to make any head?"

"When I left London, my Lord, the common report was, that they had raised a considerable force, under the command of General Leslie, an officer who has seen service abroad. This army must

perforce consist of raw and undisciplined levies; and if the King enter upon vigorous measures, march his troops with all expedition into the north, and show a determined face, they will sink before him like the night-dew before the sun of Heaven."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "doubtless you are correct; nathless, I am disturbed as to the event of this struggle. The King is too humane, too forgiving, too full of the milk of human kindness, to carry things with a high hand, even against rebels. — Were he to conform himself entirely to the direction of our worthy and pious metropolitan Laud, we might have better hopes, more certain and defined expectations; but he is surrounded with the enemies of his house, and I fear they will turn his cup of joy into vinegar and gall."

"The Lord protect him!" was the pious ejaculation of Lady Falconridge.

"And shield him from the fury of fanatics and rebels," continued Grostete.

“ May he have power to persuade them to seek again the righteous path !” pursued Lord Falconridge.

“ Or exterminate them from the face of the earth !” said Spandyke.

“ Amen ! amen !” concluded all.

The Adjutant continued to exercise the troops daily, both on horseback and on foot; and in the evolutions, Picard always acted as drill and riding master, posts for which, from his skill in the parade, arising from long practice, he was eminently fitted.

Notwithstanding their docility, it must be confessed, poor Picard had much trouble in bringing many of the troopers to ride with a firm seat. Having been used, in going to the neighbouring markets, to ride without saddle, they had acquired many habits inconsistent with the proper government of a managed horse. Appurtenant to the castle, was a very good riding-house, in which Picard was accustomed to exercise his pupils ; and his manner of commanding, so diffi-

cult of interpretation to the raw country fellows, occasioned infinite laughter to the spectators.

They were one morning assembled, the Baron and most of his household being seated in a gallery, fixed around the building, when Picard had more than ordinary trouble, with a man of the name of John Morrice. In the first place, he turned his toes so much out, that his armed heels, coming in contact with the horse's flank, made him exceedingly restive. This put Picard in such a fret, that he cried out with more than his usual vehemence.

“Jean Morrice, turn out vos eperons.”

Morrice looked at him inquisitively, but continued his feet in the same position.

“Diable ! coquin ! entendez-vous ? Jean Morrice, etes-vous un sot ?”

“I dinna know what you say, Corporal.”

The Adjutant, who was observing them, explained: “Don't you see, Morrice, that your spurs gall your horse's flank ; turn

your thigh and leg round to the saddle, keep your knee-joint straight, turn your toes well in, and sink your heels."

The man obeyed, and the horse instantly recovered his temper; but Morrice, in performing his orders, sunk nearly all of a lump upon his horse's back, and let his head fall between his shoulders. This could not fail to incense Picard, who had for some time been teaching him to keep himself erect.

"Ah, la bête! Morbleu, Jean Morrice, vous êtes le prince de stupidité. Levez-vous la tête — dat is to say, your tick skull hold up."

Morrice raised his head, but kept his body in the same bad position as before.

"Oh, Sacre! voici! regardez son corps," said Picard, extending his arms.

"Hold your body erect, Morrice," said the Adjutant; "sit back in your saddle, keep your chest forward, and your shoulders back — there."

"Et votre skull," said Picard.

"Hold your head up," pursued the

Adjutant, finding his drill-master absolutely needed an interpreter.

In process of time, however, the troopers became very expert, not only in the management of their horses and use of their weapons, but in the performance of every movement ordered by their commander.

When they were able to perform the exercise at speed, the Adjutant went through the review each day, Picard acting as fogleman. — At the sound of the trumpet, they could form division, open or close files, wheel, march, attack, or defend, with the utmost precision ; and if good soldiership lay in the exactness of the parade, these men might have been confidently calculated upon as good soldiers.

The day now drew near for the Baron's appearance at York, the place of rendezvous appointed by the King for his army to assemble at. He therefore made every thing ready for his march ; and having been importuned by Charles,

to suffer him to accompany the troop, he at length gave his consent, though against the wishes of my Lady his mother, who feared his youth would be rather of trouble than assistance to Lord Falconridge; but nothing could overcome the ardour of the young hero, so that by dint of importunity he gained his end.

“ But of what service can you be to your father?” said the Doctor to Charles. “ He must attend the King, and you will not be allowed to follow him into the presence of his august Majesty.”

“ Sir,” replied the youth, “ I do not follow my father, to behold the glitter of courts, but to prepare myself for the profession of arms, the glorious employment of my ancestors, and I only wish to attend upon my father’s troop. I doubt not Captain Spandyke will shield me under his redoubtable wing, until I can defend myself.”

“ That I will,” said the Captain; “ and if you pass from the tuition of a

gownsmen, to that of a rough soldier, you will find the new branch of your education not neglected: whatever knowledge of the military art I possess, shall be fully opened to you, my brave boy; your courage will do the rest. Rejoice, my Lord, that Heaven has blest you with such a son, who, if I mistake not, will become a most renowned Captain."

"If he be an honest man, and loyal to his sovereign, I shall be content," replied Lord Falconridge.

The Baron appointed the following day for quitting Banner Cross, and the next morning he found the troopers, at an early hour, accoutred, and ready for the march. After they had taken leave of the Lady Falconridge, and Dr. Gros-tete, (the former shedding abundance of tears over her son, it being his first departure from the paternal roof; and the latter giving him his benediction, and much sage advice, with a very concerned countenance), the Adjutant ordered the men to mount and draw up in line in

the court-yard. Here they fired a salutation of three rounds; and the Baron and his son being mounted, the Adjutant gave the word — “Rear rank, take close order. Close your files. By single files, to the right-about, march.” And they rode off at a regular slow pace, being watched by those left at the castle, until they were hidden from their sight by a projecting hill.

CHAP. III.

Nay, such a day of battle, my good Lord,
I ne'er have seen since I became a soldier.
Women, Italians, who for days together
Will fight without the loss of life or limb,
Have done full gallantly when match'd with these.

Old Contention of York and Lancaster.

THE events which transpired on the road from Banner Cross to York were not so important as to need commemoration here; it is enough to say, that Lord Falconridge arrived with his troops at the said city, within three days from that of his quitting the castle. Charles was infinitely delighted with the journey; every thing was new to him; the country more even and more woody than that he had left; the rivers bolder and more rapid. Before this change of scene, he had never seen more water together, than what arose from the combination of

shallow rivulets, when the heavy rains, gathering them into one stream, as they rolled from the mountains, formed an impetuous and considerable river; but in his passage through Yorkshire, he was surprised and enchanted with the magnitude and beauty of the Don, the Dearn, the Ouse, the Air, and the other streams of that county. — The little wood that grew on his native hills consisted of firs and other hardy trees, sprinkled here and there in scanty quantities; but now, groves of imperial oak nodded over him as he rode along, forming a shade for miles; and with a foliage of the utmost luxuriance, giving a warmer and more cheerful aspect to the country.

Lord Falconridge quartered himself and his troop at the King's Head, an inn having good accommodations for his troopers, and in the vicinity of the court, the King being already arrived. — The morning following his arrival, he waited upon his Majesty, and was of course graciously received, the Monarch know-

ing him to be a staunch adherent to the crown. Here he also met with the Earls of Northumberland and Strafford, appointed by his Majesty generals of the expedition, and the other military and civil officers, with many of the nobility and clergy.

When the whole army was congregated at York, the King ordered a day of general review, and found, upon muster, that his forces amounted to twenty-one thousand men, horse and foot, besides a small park of cannon. With these troops he marched towards Scotland; and, in a short time, an advance of the English army, commanded by the Lord Conway, came in sight of the Scots, at Newburn.

It cannot fall to the lot of the annalist or historian to recount a scene more disgraceful to any nation or age, than the execrable fight, or rather rout, (which took place near that village) was on that day to the English.

The battle of Guingaste, or that of

Preston, where the Duke of Hamilton commanded in the subsequent troubles, were better fought, more fiercely disputed. The spirit which had warmed the English hearts at Poitiers, at Azincour, and at Flodden, seemed to be departed from their breasts, and, in its stead, they appeared to have taken up the fear, the panic fear of their vanquished and despised enemies. A day so fatal to England could never have happened "had they not fought from Heaven, had not the stars in their courses fought against them," as Cromwell said on another occasion; and it is certain that the issue of this paltry skirmish was the ruin of the King, and the downfall of the constitution.

The immediate consequence of the rout of Newburn, as every one knows, was the adoption of peaceable proceedings; so that instead of the armies coming to a trial of strength, (for which neither of them were anxious,) the disputes between the two nations were

settled by the commissioners who met at Rippon; but as these matters do not come within the pale of our design, and are elucidated with great clearness by my Lord Clarendon, and other able historians, we shall proceed no further in their mention. The King, having returned to York, the greater part of the army was disbanded, and, in particular, that part of it which was composed of the nobility and their feudal retainers, who not being obliged to continue their attendance longer than forty days, took advantage of the close of that period to return to their respective homes.

The Lord Falconridge, however, signified to his Majesty, that if it would be for his Majesty's service; he would readily, at his own charge, keep up his troop in arms, and in attendance; but this was not thought necessary by the King, who, returning the Baron thanks for his offer, desired him only to have his men in such discipline, as to be ready for service on instant summons. The

Baron undertook that they should be so, and having received several special marks of his sovereign's favour, he drew off from York on his return to Banner Cross.

The troop of Lord Falconridge, having been in attendance upon the King himself, as part of the body guard, had escaped the disgrace of being parties in the rout of Newburn; and Charles being near his royal namesake, had the advantage of hearing the names and reputation, and acquiring a knowledge of the persons of the most eminent and distinguished of the nobility; in which he was greatly assisted by Captain Spandyke, who passed for his father. Picard, also, had ingratiated himself with the young trooper, as well by his assiduity, cheerfulness, and polyglot manner of speaking, as by his equestrian skill and knowledge of practical tactics. When the Adjutant and Lord Falconridge, on the march, were engaged in any serious conference, (which was frequently the

case,) Picard rode up to Charles, and endeavoured to divert him with all the address of a true Frenchman.

“ Do I sit my horse properly, Picard ? ” said Charles to him, about an hour after they left York ; the Adjutant and Lord Falconridge having dropped behind.

“ Oui, Milord ; mais — ”

“ You never approve without a *but*. ”

“ Oh Milord Charles, il s’assied tres bien, mais trop avancé sur la selle. ”

“ Too far in the saddle ! if I sit further back, my stirrups will be too long. ”

“ Il est bien facile for to make dem plus court, ” replied he, smiling.

“ Why ay, that’s true, ” said Charles laughing ; and he shortened them as he rode along, Picard holding his bridle-rein. — When he had adjusted himself, he recovered his rein, but so abruptly that with the check his horse reared.

“ Prenez garde, Milord, it is ver dangereuse to give de check to votre cheval ; feel his mouse, but don’t make trop usage de votre gourmette. ”

“What do you mean by *gourmette*? my French has not led me into the terms of the stable?”

“Vy, Milord, *gourmette* is vat you call de curb.”

“Were you ever at the leaguer of a strong town, Picard?”

“Oh, Milord!” replied he, with a smile of reproach; “*j’ai plusieurs fois.*”

“And pray is it your opinion that York could stand a siege?”

“York!” repeated he very sharply.

“Yes, that city we have just left.”

“Oh, mais non, Milord; cette ville n’a pas des fortifications.”

“It has a wall and gates.”

“Une muraille, oui, mais ni escarpe ni contrescarpe, et portes, mais sans aucun ravelin.”

“Pray what are the scarp and counterscarp?”

“Elles sont les defences de la muraille dedans et dehors.”

“And the ravelin?”

“C’est soutenir la porte. — De wall

of la ville de York il seroit renverse dans une heure par une batterie de vingt pieces de canon ;— mais quand nous sommes arrivé, nous munirons le chateau, si Milord le Baron est d'accord.”

Charles was greatly pleased with this proposal, and undertook that his father would have no objection, seeing that it would secure the Castle without defacing it : and his father at that moment coming up with Spandyke, he actually asked permission. — Lord Falconridge smiled, and looked at the Adjutant, who nodded in return, signifying that there was some understanding between them with which this design harmoniously chimed ; and indeed the truth of the matter is this, that his Majesty had given a commission, (commonly termed a commission of array, and one subject of dispute between the King and Parliament,) to Lord Falconridge, as Deputy of the Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire, to raise and keep up a standing force of 100 men, and at the same time to put his Castle into a state

of defence, and fit it for the reception of a garrison. — To communicate this important affair to the Adjutant, (for whom the Baron had obtained the rank of Major in the small regiment he was about to raise,) was the reason of their falling back ; and as they had already come to the conclusion which was sought for by Charles, Lord Falconridge allowed him all the merit of the proposal, and consented thereto, to his infinite joy and delight.

When Lord Falconridge arrived at Sheffield, he sent an express to his Lady, to inform her at what hour he should reach Banner Cross ; so that when the troop came to the entrance of the Park, they were met by the tenantry, headed by Dr. Grostete. After loud and continued acclamations, the Doctor advanced towards the Baron, and, with his usual formality, thus addressed him. “ My good Lord, I, in the name of your tenantry, here assembled, do give the Almighty great thanks, that he hath vouch-

safed, in his own good time, to restore unto us your Lordship ; that according to his ordinances, your way-faring hath been pleasant, and your paths unstrewed with thorns ; we rejoyce that health and all worldly blessings, have been continued unto you and yours ; and we trust, that as the past, so the future may be ordained full of peace and blessedness. — We thank him that governeth all, that tho' he hath armed your hands, and girt every man with the sword of slaughter, yet he hath preserved ye undefiled by blood, unstained by the slaughter of your sinful brethren—brethren are they still, though sinful.” — He would have proceeded, and doubtless continued for the next half hour, had not the Baron interrupted him.

“ My good Doctor, we thank you, and all of you, for your kind attention unto us ; and if we do not now stay to express our affection unto ye more at large, we beseech ye to consider it not as springing out of disrespect or dislike to your duti-

ful greetings, but arising from the weariness of ourselves and our horses. We have marched far this morning, and the weight of our defences operate heavily upon us; we intreat ye, therefore, to meet us early on the morrow at our Castle, where, peradventure, we may disclose something, of consequences important to ye, and all honest men—and so, my good people, fare ye well, and a good night.”

The Baron bowed low, and pricked his horse onwards, followed by the troop, and the renewed acclamations of the tenantry. Charles drew his rein until the Doctor had mounted his sorrel pony, when they followed the troop also, greeted by the blessings and shouts of the people. In half an hour they arrived at the Castle; and Lady Falconridge again beheld her Lord and her darling son, who seemed more dear to her for this short separation.

After supper, as usual, a conversation ensued between Lord Falconridge, the Doctor, and Major (as we shall now call him) Spandyke.

“ Then, after all this numbering of armed men, this congregating of chiefs, and expence of treasure,” said the Doctor, “ the Scots are likely to re-establish their wicked presbytery, to the indubitate detriment of the established church.”

“ Even so,” replied his Lordship.

“ It will be the worst day for England, that England ever saw; but what says the King ?”

“ He says, Doctor, that now the Scots have what they sought for, and they will of course return to their homes, and be at peace.”

“ Of course ! would the necessity were as likely as it is forcible. No, my Lord, they will never leave — they will never desist until they have brought the three Kingdoms to ruin; until they have reduced the Sovereign unto as much subjection to their wicked dominion, as the German Frederick was in to the Pope Adrian; and I fear, if their fanatic power be not speedily repressed, it will be said of our Sovereign as it was of the degraded Emperor :

*‘Rex venit ante fores jurans prius urbis honores
Post homo fit papa, sumit quo dante coronam.’*”

“I hope not,” said the Major; “I trust there are still loyal and valiant hearts in England, ready to sacrifice their blood for their royal master.”

“I trust there are,” repeated the Baron; “false to themselves must be our nobility, if they see the King sink, without stretching out an arm to save him.”

“And yet, my Lord,” said the Doctor, “it is whispered that the nobility were not hearty in this expedition.”

“Truly, Doctor,” replied the Baron, “I fear me we have traitors among us.”

“It may easily be credited,” pursued Grostete. “Tares will grow amid the wheat, and it is difficult to separate them; but are these children of Judas guessed at? Hath your Lordship heard of no clue to their detection?”

“Alas!” replied he, “the days when disaffection lurked under a cloak are days long past. Her votaries now stand forth in the broad face of day, and, instead of seeking privacy and conceal-

ment, they blazon forth the charms of their goddess with unspeakable assurance, abetting each other in their malignancy, and making a prey of the weakly-minded. To give you a plain answer, the Lords *Say* and *Brook*, who refused to sign the declaration lately proposed by his Majesty, are more than opined to be the foes of his government."

"And hath the King no remedy against their contumacy?"

"He is either too tender of their persons, or best knowing the limits of his power, is aware of its insufficiency to punish them; they are surrounded and upheld by the puritan faction, which is now become wonderfully potent; and it might be dangerous to the interests of the state, by a too enforced rigour, to incense that body of people."

"But what intends King Charles?" said the Doctor.

"To call a Parliament. Indeed that measure hath been too long deferred," replied Lord Falconridge.

“To do good now, it hath,” said Grostete.

“His Majesty is of that guess,” returned the Baron, “which is perceptible, not by his confession, but by more sad proof, his granting commissions unto his tried friends, to raise and keep up standing forces.”

“Hath he so done?” enquired the Doctor.

“Most assuredly ; and among those whom he hath honored by his commands, I am one ; I have his Majesty’s commission (delivered with his own hand) to raise one hundred men, and to put Banner Cross into a state of defence.

“To fortify the Castle?” said Dr. Grostete ; and Lady Falconridge and Charles both looked at the Baron, awaiting some further explanation ; but the former, perceiving her Lord not inclined to proceed, said, “Is his Majesty apprehensive of a rebellion, that he thus takes measures for his security?”

“It is scarcely proper, my dear Isabel,”

answered the Baron, “to express one’s opinion on a subject so important; for were that opinion to take air, rumour might blow it into certainty; and so in the event, that which we fondly spoke of as apprehension *only*, might, by our means, though innocent, become fixed and actual.”

“May Heaven avert so awful a calamity from this hitherto happy country!” said the Doctor. “Merry England will it be no more; England the sorrowful would better match the times’ complexion. — Alack for his most sacred Majesty and the established church.”

“Major,” said Charles, pulling Spandyke by the elbow, who sat in his large armed chair asleep, or something very like it; — “Major, cannot you manage to amuse us with some battle or leaguer, some heroic achievement, or some dreadful massacre? Any subject is better than the ruin of one’s country; come, rouse ye.”

Spandyke started up, snatched his glass,

and cried, "Well, friends, here's fine girls and free quarters;" but instantly recollecting himself, said, "that is the toast of a mere soldier : I will give ye one of a loyal Englishman, King Charles!"

It was pledged with enthusiasm by Lady and Lord Falconridge, and the Doctor ; even Charles was allowed to drink the loyal toast ; but when he had got half through his glass, he stopped, and looking at the Major with great archness, he cried, "Fine girls and free quarters;" which put Spandyke a little to the blush, and raised the laugh of the company against him.

The next morning, at an early hour, the court-yard of the Castle was thronged by the tenantry, and suitors to the baronial court of Banner Cross, which was on that day to be holden. They discoursed in groups of three or four together, wherein some man, more notable than his fellows, had the greatest share of the discourse to himself. In particular, Master Mark Green, an attorney,

and the steward of the baronial court, a man of an acute and penetrating physiognomy, had at least half a dozen of his neighbours ranged around him, gaping in stupid astonishment at his apparent intelligence ; to whom he delivered his hints and opinions with admirable self-importance.

“ Pray, Maister Mark,” said one of the bumpkins to the orator, “ what dun ye think ma’ be the news my Lord the Baron’s gaen to tell us ?”

“ What do I think ?” replied Green ; “ news will it be, indeed, when I tell you my mind on that subject ; ye’ll learn it soon enow, for matter o’ that.”

“ Ma’ be it’s summat o’ the wars ?” said the rustic.

“ No, ye’re wrong,” answered the steward.

“ O’ the puritans ?” continued the enquirer.

“ Na, but ye’re wrang there too,” cried an old man in the circle.

“ Perhaps no,” said Green ; “ the pu-

ritans, Solomon, are no lily-white hens that never laid astray; they're e'en cute enow to raise trouble, whate'er may be their make face o' godliness."

"Mark! Mark!" replied the old man, "dunnot ye blacken the white o' onymon's eye; the puritans are a godly race, marked out from the rest o' men by their piety and godliness; they're na time-servers and prelatists; na papists nor arminians: they dunnot hanker after lordly dignities for the church o' God; nor are they wrapped up in superfluous vanities and needless ceremonies; they are na delighted wi' the people's miseries, but they seek to destroy the corrupt courts, and a' vexing slaveries. They abhor, wi' a heart o' grace, a' fruitless shadows and hypocritical formalities; they stand forth armed, in the might o' truth, against a' illegal proceedings and oppressing tyrannies; they detest and despise the sinful synods wi' their priests and blasphemies, their Jesuits and papistical favourites."

“ Whist, whist, hear him ! hearken to the old bell-wether ! here’s sedition with a vengeance ; why, pr’ythee, what dost thou know of synods and Jesuits ? We shall have fine work here when my Lord comes to hear of your speech-making. — If ye’ve any love for your head, Solomon Snell, ye’ll make a clean pair of heels.”

“ And for what should I run, Maister Steward ? for what should I hide my face ? Am I a felon ? whose goods have I stolen ? Am I a murtherer ? which o’ my brethren have I ’reft of his life ? There be those in the Castle that must answer to God for their crimes, though they be on earth above punishment. The blood of *Hezekiah White* still cries out for vengeance. Woe to the deadly hand and the fierceful heart of him that spilt the life-blood o’ that pious saint.”

“ Saint !” said Mark, laughing. “ He was a saint of a right queer stamp, that Hezekiah White, to fire upon a naked man with a charged pistol, as he did on Mounseer Pickard.”

“ ‘The spirit within him did incite him to that act,’ ” replied Snell. “ It was the ordinance of Heaven, and he might not say nay.’ ”

“ Solomon ! Solomon ! ” cried Green, thy wisdom hath departed from thee, perhaps like thy namesake’s, with keeping concubines.”

This jest upon the old man set the hearers in a roar of laughter, and made him quit them in affright, lest, as he said, the thunderbolt of Heaven should overwhelm them all for so horrid a blasphemy.

In another place, Ralph Jellott, one of the corporals of the troop, who was standing guard in his complete armour, had collected a posse of the younger sort at his levee ; some of them admired his arms ; others enquired how he liked his military life ; all looked up to him as a being now raised above their station. Some country girls, led by curiosity, on a desire to see those they knew at the Castle, had taken the advantage of the court-day, and came with their relations to the

Castle : among the rest, was a pretty girl, named Betsy Norman, who had formerly admitted the addresses of Jellott ; but having been led to imagine, by the steward of the castle, Heavyside, that she was not indifferent to him, she had given up her more youthful, but less wealthy lover, in accordance with the old maxim,—

“ Be sure to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new.” *

But, unfortunately, she had, in this instance, broken with her old love, before she was secure of the other ; for it proved on the part of Heavyside an attachment merely “ *en passant*.” She, therefore, set her wits to work, to recover her *quondam* sweetheart, and resolved (having dressed herself out to the best advantage) to accompany some of her female companions to the Castle. As she came through the castle-gate, Jellott

* The sense of the maxim was exactly similar to these verses, which the reader will perceive are an editorial interpolation. L. G.

espied her, and having now acquired sufficient self-importance, to place a proper value on his personal appearance, (which was far from contemptible,) he determined to take no notice of her. He raised his sheathed broadsword under his left arm, and as he talked to those about him, jingled his spurs one against the other, in imitation of his superior officers. The females all crowded around him, except Betsy, who stood at a distance, expecting that he would notice her in preference to the rest. But to the inexpressible delight of her companions, (many of whom had sighed for the now dashing corporal,) and to her as great mortification, he laughed with and kissed the other girls, without seeming to remember his former flame. At length, she could bear it no longer, but walking up to him with as smiling a countenance as she could assume, she said —

“ What Ralph ! han ye forgot yer owd acquaintance ? It’s a fine thing, I see, to be a sodger.

“Your i’ the right, Betsy, for once,” replied Jellott; “it is a fine thing to be a sodger for more ’casions than one — a man does na know himsen till he mounts guard.”

“Besides,” said one of the girls, “a’ lasses love a sodger, they lukken like lords, wi’ their arms sa shining and their fine hosses. It does one’s heart good to see em.”

“Ye’re a good wench,” said the corporal; “ye bear witness to the song: —

“Wi’ fife and drum, we sodgers come,
To cheer the hearts now faint wi’ fear;
Wi’ arms so bright, and hearts so light,
We never dream that death is near:
We drink a’ day, at night we play,
And laugh and kiss each pretty lass;
Naught fears each lad, but th’ awkward squad,
And no loss but the loss of his glass.”

“Bravo! Bravo!” cried the lads and lasses.

“Ye were a’ways a good voice, Ralph,” said the same girl that spoke last, “but now ye’re a clean singer. — Ah Bessy! Bessy! foo’ were ye to be fause to his company, ye’ll na snap his like in a hurry.”

This consolation so much enraged the damsel to whom it was addressed, that she coloured very deeply, and drawing herself up, replied, “ It’s may be well, Mary Styles, that I had some lover to be fause to ; ye canna say the like wi’ your breezen face.”

“ He was e’en too good for the like o’ ye,” retorted Mary, “ ye were ever hankering after every mon that wad gi’ ye his pains and praise.”

“ Wha ever praised ye, Mary ? ye wad give the best ribbon i’ yer cap to have a mon say ye were na ornary.”

“ Nay, but ye’re a fause and ligging harlot,” said Mary Styles ; “ and woe be-tide the poor mon that gets such a lack o’ grace as ye be for his bounden wife.”

Jellott, who had listened to this dispute with true military “ *sang froid*,” now thought it decent to put an end to it ; and therefore said, “ What need ye strive about, my bonny wenches ; dinna fight for the palm of beauty ; ye’re one as good as t’other ; the devil mark the difference.”

This speech, instead of terminating, increased the quarrel, so that he was obliged to use manual intercession, to prevent the fair adversaries from coming to open combat.

At this moment Picard came up to relieve guard, Jellott drew his sword, made his *congé*, and sheathed it again. The Frenchman proved a new subject of admiration to the rustics, and especially to the females, to whom he took off his head-piece, and bowed with great observance. "These are friends of mine, comrade," said Jellott. "If you want a pretty girl, here are enow for yer turn ; which will you have ?"

"Ah, Monsieur," replied Picard, "dese ladies are aussi charmantes dat I cannot tell vere to choose. — Elles sont roses of beauty."

"Roses of beauty ! ay, ay, and pinks of perfection ! What do you think of this cherry-cheeked lass?" said Jellott, chucking Betsy Norman under the chin.

"Ah ! par ma foi, mais elle est comme

une deesse ! dat is to say, as beautiful as a goddess.”

“ Kiss her man,” continued the corporal, wishing Betsy to learn that he had no jealousy, and consequently that she had lost her power over him. — “ Buss her heartily.”

“ Oh, de tout mon cœur,” said Picard ; and catching her suddenly in his arms, he made her lips report the fierce encounter of his own, to the great amusement of the by-standers. When Betsy had got away from him, Jellott asked her, “ how she liked French kisses ? ” To which, perhaps out of a design to repay him in kind for his present indifference, she replied, “ that for aught she could perceive, they were just as good as English ones.”

“ Oh, non,” said Picard, “ de English kisses are de best ; j’ai baisé de women in France, Spain, Germany, and Flanders, mais it is necessaire to confess, dat I have tasted de kisses aussi sweet as dese never.”

“ Haven’t you a true love token, comrade !” said Jellott spitefully, “ for this new sweetheart of yours ?”

“ Vat do you call a true love token ?”

“ A pledge, a gift, a ——”

“ Oh, oui, je comprends, je comprends ; mon signe de couleur,” said he, taking off his green scarf, an ornament worn by all the troop, it being the colour of the House of Falconridge. “ Ici, ma jolie demoiselle ! Prenez mon echarpe,” and he tied it round Betsy’s waist.

This was going further than Jellott intended, whose brow began to knit when he observed Betsy rather elated with her new acquisition.

“ But, comrade, what will you do for a badge, if Betsy has yours ?” said Ralph.

“ N’importe, n’importe. It has de look round de waist de la jolie pucelle, aussi bien que round de shoulder d’un chevalier.”

“ But what will you do on parade ? the Major is woundily particular, you know.”

Picard laughed. “ Vy, comrade, I vill

tell Monsieur le Major, dat I did present mon echarpe to ma maitresse comme a love token vat you call."

"But what excuse is that?" said Jellott.

"Ah, comrade ! Monsieur le Major est un soldat trop galant to punish a man for pleasing sa maitresse."

From this piece of generosity, by which Jellott a second time lost his mistress, the character of Picard rose greatly into favour with the female part of the tenantry, and the more especially, as, although he was dark and sun-burnt, yet he had a fine eye, and good-looking countenance ; his being a foreigner was forgotten, and his politeness, good-humour, and generosity, were alone remembered. The manners of the other members of the troop, not even excepting Jellott's, were, contrasted with those of the Frenchman, much in his favour ; and in a short time he had more authority in the Castle Town, by means of his

credit with the women, than even Mr. Heavyside himself.

The Baron now entered the court-room, which was in one wing of the castle, specially reserved for judicial matters, for above the court were prisons for the reception of those adjudged for debt or civil causes within the jurisdiction of the baronial court.

The room itself was of considerable size, capable of containing two or three hundred persons, with a bench for the judge, and boxes on each side for the jury. Lord Falconridge seated himself on the bench; whilst Doctor Grostete, the Adjutant, and Charles (who followed him) occupied the front row of one of the jury boxes; and the back rows, and the other box, were filled by the superior domestics of the castle. The plain unseated part of the room, contained the suitors of the court, together with the soldiers, and most of the country girls, who managed to press in with the rest. When the crier of the court had ordered

silence three times, the Baron rose from his seat, and addressed his auditors in the following words : —

“ My very worthy friends ! it rejoiceth me greatly to see so many of ye here assembled ; not only as it is an evidence of your health of body, but also, in-somuch as it denoteth the soundness of your hearts, and the integrity of your loyalty ; for I can scarce believe, that any one, who loveth not the cause for which myself and troop have gone forth to war, would willingly be present at, and witness of, the rejoicings made by you for our safe return. — I say, friends, I cannot believe that he who is not the friend of his Sovereign, can be true and leal to his natural Lord : my interest is identified with the King’s ; with it, it must stand and fall. — I say to ye, friends, the state is in danger ; I tell ye, that the religion of our ancestors is shaken, by the rude attacks of a fanatical and puritanical faction, which threatens, in its flood, to carry away our

King, and the venerable fabric of our constitution. Need I say more, to nerve every man's hand, to inspire every man's heart, to open and satisfy every man's eyes and understanding, that by our resistance to this powerful madness, that by our determined opposition to this dreadful mania, we can alone preserve our own and the nation's rights and liberties. If we begin to take the building of the constitution to pieces, where shall we end? If we raze down one part thereof, who can tell what ought to remain? No, my fellow-countrymen; let us gird our swords on our thighs; let us stand forth like so many Davids, to combat the fanatical Goliah that seeketh to destroy every thing ancient, honourable, and respected. Let us not wait until the first blow be struck on their part, but let us show them a countenance so firm, so determined, so prepared, that it may strike fear into their rebellious hearts, and so save them from their premeditated evils. His Majesty hath

thought it proper to grant commissions to divers of his friends, to raise forces and fortify their houses; and he hath distinguished me, though humble, by this mark of his confidence; the commission shall be read to ye by the crier.”

He then sat down, and handing a sealed parchment to the crier, that officer thus proceeded, —

“Oyez! oyez! oyez! Charles, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and so forth. To our trusty and well beloved Maurice Sydenham, Baron Falconridge, of Banner Cross, in the county of Derby, greeting. — Whereas it appeareth plainly to us, that divers evil-disposed and malignant persons, out of their malice to us, and the government in church and state established, have sought for, and do seek for, to raise, cherish, and provoke rebellion and disturbances in our said kingdoms: Now know ye, that we, having the safety of our said kingdoms much at heart, and

being advised and counselled by our privy council, for this purpose assembled, to put our said kingdoms in such a state of defence, by all ordinary and extraordinary measures, as shall seem needful unto us; do hereby give and grant unto our trusty cousin aforesaid, our leave and authority, by and with and in our name, to call together all and whatsoever such troops of horse and foot as shall to you seem expedient, so that the same exceed not in number one hundred men : and we do also hereby authorise you, with what authority we may and can, to fortify and defend, or cause and procure to be fortified and defended, your castle, or mansion-house, called Banner Cross, in such way, manner, and form, as shall be necessary and fit, to stand and sustain siege or leaguer against troops regularly appointed ; and for your so doing, this shall be your sufficient warrant and authority.

“ *York*, — 1639.

“ CHARLES, R.

(Countersigned) “ STRAFFORD.”

When the crier had made an end, the Baron rose again, and thus pursued :—

“ This is my commission, worthy fellow-countrymen ; and although from it I may have power to force ye unwillingly into this service, yet so far is such a thought from my design, so unwilling am I to use any constraint, or to be served by ye against your minds, that I here declare in the face of heaven, that my late troop is hereby dissolved ; that it shall be lawful for every man thereof, and every man here, to return to his home freely and peacefully, without trouble or molestation. It is my desire to raise a band of volunteers, who, upon principle, will stand by me, and the constitution established in church and state. Such of ye as are lovers of your King, loyal to your Lord, obedient to the state, and attached to the church, will, I am sure, enter into our regiment ; — of such, I am persuaded, there are here sufficient, and more than sufficient, to make up our number ; — of those who are inclined to a

contrary disposition, as we dislike the feelings, so we need not the services. That I may not be a restraint upon any man, I shall now retire; and those who wish to serve his Majesty will enrol their names with Major Spandyke, who will sit here attended by my steward Green, for their reception. I thank ye heartily! heartily! most heartily! my good and worthy tenantry, and vassals, for your kind reception of me on my return home; and I shall take care to merit your affection, your filial affection, by my paternal government, and unchangeable care for your welfare."

The good Baron retired, attended by Dr. Groteste, amid peals of applause and cries of joy. In less than an hour the number of men required for the regiment was enrolled, all the old troop, to a man, having stuck to their colours.

CHAP. IV.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high ;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching Eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.
BEATTIE'S *Minstrel*.

THAT part of Banner Cross Park which diverged westwardly from the Castle, was a continued chain of highlands or mountains, among which many of the lord's vassals and tenantry resided in small cabins or cottages ; their ostensible reason for living in that inhospitable region, was the benefit of sheep-feeding, (the grass growing on the limestone rocks being admirably nutritious for all man-

ner of cattle) ; but those who were in the secret knew, and it is fully developed hereafter, that they suffered all the privations of a mountainous and bleak situation, without society, without even the immediate necessities of life, for a matter to them of more consequence than sheep or shed, steer or stedding. — In fact, it was their religion which impelled them to seek refuge in the rocks and caves, from the persecutions of their potent adversaries, the churchmen. At this time, the Court of High Commission raged, under Archbishop Laud, in all its fury ; and no puritan or non-conformist was safe from its inquisitorial power. In the latter end of the reign of King James, a conventicle had been established by the puritans in the Castle Town ; but Dr. Grostete coming down from London with Lord Falconridge, received notice of it, in consequence whereof, the minister and several of the elders came under the notice of the high commissioners, and their meetings were, of course, for that

time, put an end to. But although their assembly was dissolved, their affection to what they considered the true and gospel church of Christ, was by no means impaired; and rather than strain their consciences, to attend the parish church, and be witnesses of ceremonies they held impious and anti-christian, they preferred withdrawing from the fertile vale of Hope, and retiring into the region of storms, the bleak and uncultivated ridges of the Derby hills. “The sun shines as comfortably on the hills,” said they, “and the sun of righteousness much brighter; it is better to go and dwell in Goshen, find it where we can, than tarry in the midst of this Egyptian bondage.” Here they had hitherto maintained their spiritual liberty without interruption, taking great pains to conceal their devotions from the prying eye of curiosity, and as, so far, during the reign of the present monarch, they had remained undisturbed, they began to fancy themselves, if not out of the jurisdiction of the high commission, at least beyond its

reach. It was their custom to meet at the cottages of the several elders in rotation, where they practised those ceremonies only, peculiar to their church. It may perhaps be as well here, to digress into a brief explanation of the difference between the established and puritan churches, for the better understanding of those technical (if we may use the expression) terms, which may be hereafter sprinkled throughout this work in relation to puritanism. On the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the English throne, it was generally expected, that the church government, to be established here, would be regulated by that of the best reformed churches abroad, and particularly by the church of Geneva, of which the renowned Calvin was minister. But it was soon perceived, that a reformation so entire was the farthest thing possible from the intention of Elizabeth, who preferred popery itself (when accompanied by the pomp attendant on that form of worship), to the plain, unornamented,

and simple culture of the presbyterian churches. Instead, therefore, of thoroughly cleansing religion from the papistical ceremonies, she made up a worship, half popish, half reformed, discarding the superstitious part of the Romish church, but retaining its grandeur and imposing magnificence. On the other hand, the Puritans (as the court party termed them, and who consisted of the most learned and eloquent divines of the reformed worship) cried out for a thorough reformation, for an entire abolition of all popish superstitions, ceremonies, rituals, and habits ; the latter of which were termed relics of the Amorites, Aaronical garments, and idolatrous gear. They objected to the Book of Common Prayer, as established by the Queen's authority, not in *toto*, but in particular parts, which they considered to savour of popery : for instance, they would make no use of the cross in baptism, nor the ring in marriage ; they would not kneel in receiving the com-

munion of the Lord's supper, holding it to be a feast rather than a solemn typical partition of our Holy Saviour's body and blood ; with other points, not only of ceremony, but of doctrine. But, in fact, their chief desire was to new-model the church, to set up presbytery, or the government of each separate church by its own bishop or presbyter, deacons, and elders ; and it may be easily perceived, that if the puritans had gained the latter and more principal object, the other points would have followed of course. However, the Queen was determined to effect her purposes ; and for the more sure establishment of the church under her own regulations, she renewed the Court of High Commission, first instituted by her father, Henry VIII., giving an authority to certain commissioners to see her discipline perfectly executed, and arming them with powers so arbitrary, and referring every thing to their own exposition of what the non-conformists called the interminable gulph of the canon law,

that the court of the inquisition itself was never conducted in a way so tyrannical and mischievous. At the shrine of this despotic establishment, numbers of valuable men, whose consciences would not allow them to conform to the political theocracy, were hunted to death by the churchmen and commissioners, until, in this reign, the court became so universally detested, as to be one of the means of the ruin of the king and state. *Sed revertere.* At the distance of about a mile and a half from Banner Cross, situate in a glen, formed by two stupendous hills, called "Yarn's Neeze," (or Heron's nest,) and "Mam Tor," (or the Mother-rock,) was a solitary cottage, surrounded by a small patch of garden. Its front faced the Heron's nest, a high shelving ridge of rock throwing up a dorsum, or back, of several miles extent; and the rearward part of the cabin looked upon "Mam Tor," which rose nearly perpendicular for several hundred feet, its front composed of sheal, continually shivering and falling

into the glen. The Tor dale, sheltered by these hills, was tolerably warm, and productive of vegetation; but, as it has been before remarked, the inhabitants were all shepherds, preferring the management "of flocks and herds," to the cultivation of the earth, which with great labour, so scanty was the soil, would at best have remunerated them very poorly.

The inhabitant of the cottage was Solomon Snell, whom we have before seen at the castle. He had been an elder of that church which was dissolved on the coming of Grostete to Banner Cross, and had been among the first to quit his lowland farm, and remove into the mountains, in order to enjoy, unshackled and undisturbed, his "light of the gospel." He was an old man, at this time nearly fourscore, the patriarch of a numerous family of children and grandchildren, many of the latter of whom were middle-aged people. Being an illiterate man, he had imbibed with his enthusiasm of puritanism a bigotry as determined

against the episcopalians as he judged they had against the puritans ; and was, therefore, ready to concur with any plan in derogation of the present ecclesiastical authority. Hence he had artfully worked upon the troop, through the medium of Hezekiah White, one of his pupils, to protest against marching to Scotland, under the plea, that the Scots were their brethren ; and had it not been for the spirited behaviour of Adjutant Spandyke (as we have before seen), he would probably have effected his aim. White perished, but Solomon Snell said truly to the steward, “ that his blood cried out for vengeance ;” for although the soldiers were quieted, the rest of them, being lowland-men, and not puritans, yet the old man so worked upon the spirits of the mountaineers, several hundreds of whom were sprinkled through the hills, that they all cried out from Scripture, “ Blood defileth the land, and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it,” and vowed

to appease the ghost of their brother, by the sacrifice of his murderer, as they termed the Major. Their wrath was, however, deprecated by their pastor, Mr. Abel White, brother of the deceased, a devout man, and very powerful in prayer; who taught them that revenge was utterly anti-christian, and reminded them of the Scripture, "If a man smiteth thee on one cheek, turn thou unto him the other."

Shortly after the return of Lord Falconridge, the puritans, according to custom, on the sabbath, which they kept strictly holy, met at the cottage of Solomon Snell, and after the performance of divine worship, all, except the elders, were dismissed by the pastor. It was usual for the minister and elders to sup with that one, whose turn it was, in their appointed rotation, to entertain the sabbath at his cottage; and accordingly sat down to supper with their host. After their frugal meal was concluded, they began to converse about their brethren scattered throughout England, and they were internally rejoicing at the increase

of puritanism, when Mr. White said, "Nay, but brethren, peradventure ye are ignorant that we all now stand in jeopardy; the rod hangeth over us; the bolt is uplifted; may the Lord avert the stroke, and defend his children."

This speech entirely put an end to their pleasing reflections, and they enquired what danger awaited them, with evident signs of alarm.

"Know ye not," continued the minister, "that I was this last week at the county town?"

"Yea," replied Snell; "you went to meet our brethren, and confer on the welfare of the Lord's flock."

"Yea, I did so. Our brethren and I had been at Derby but two days, when the prelate of the diocese arrived there, and summoned several of the ministry before his diabolical court. Through mercy, I escaped from the hands of the poursuivant, and made haste hitherward. Blessed be the Lord, that we have an Adullam! a refuge from the persecutors! — though in rocks and caves, in moun-

tains and deserts, in sorrow and solitude, yet better are we, with our privations, than the followers of the Romish beast, with all their sinful and soul-destroying enjoyments. — Oh! ye poor deluded ones, that on this holy Sabbath eve are engaged in pastimes, in dancing, fencing, feasting, and revelling; that are calling on the Lord to empty the vial of his indignation on your defenceless heads; that are preparing for yourselves an eternity of torment, a perpetual wailing and gnashing of teeth, an eternal exile from our Father which is in heaven. Know ye not, that your governors are your seducers? that your lordly prelates are the devils which do tempt ye? that the Book of Sports, is a book composed by demoniacal inspiration, written for the express ruin of your poor souls? Alas! ye are ignorant; the Lord hath poured out upon you the spirit of deep sleep, and hath closed your eyes; he hath led ye into the valley of the shadow of death; he hath darkened the light of your un-

derstandings, that seeing, ye may see, and not perceive; that hearing, ye may hear, and not understand; lest at any time ye should be converted, and your sins should be forgiven ye."

The pastor was here interrupted by a confused noise without the house, and presently a loud rapping was heard at the door. The minister and elders started up, and Solomon enquired who it was that wanted admittance. "It's me," quoth a voice without.

"Who bin ye?" said Solomon.

"Know ye not my voice, Solomon Snell?"

"What bin it Mark Green?"

"Ay, ay, open the door; here's the officer of my lord the bishop in search of some of your puritan parsons."

"The Philistines are upon us!" exclaimed Mr. White.

"Shall we make defence? Here are weapons at hand," said Snell.

"No, not for worlds," replied the pastor; "let our only defence be the

righteousness of our cause. The Lord will protect his servants."

"Come, open the door, Solomon, and don't keep us here all night."

Snell opened the door, and Mark Green entered, attended by a pursuivant and three inferior officials. The pursuivant enquired which was Mr. White; and the pastor, without hesitation, confessed he was the person.

"I have a warrant for your apprehension," said the man.

"Am I a felon?" said White.

"For aught I know ye may be," replied the pursuivant.

"I demand a sight of your warrant," said the pastor.

"You shall have it," said the man, sitting down, and taking a paper from his pocket; "you shall have it, and I will read it for you; perhaps your tears may obstruct your eye-sight."

"The Lord will strengthen me," replied the pastor meekly.

The pursuivant read as follows:—

“ To all sheriffs, mayors, bailiffs, constables, headboroughs, and all others the king’s officers, to be aiding and assisting to the bearer, (our messenger,) with the best means they can devise, to apprehend one Abel White, a puritan minister, wheresoever he be within the realm, and to bring him before us with a sufficient guard, to answer us his Majesty’s commissioners in causes ecclesiastical, for his misdemeanors in matters of religion.

“ Derby, — 1640.

“ JOHN, Lichfield and Coventry.”

“ Canna we be his bail ?” said Snell.
“ Mark wil tell ye that some on us are men o’ substance.”

“ The bishop will decide upon that,” replied the officer ; “ but it must first be determined whetner ye be not all inculpated ; I found ye in prayer, or close conference.”

“ What !” cried the elders. “ We ? Mercy be our portion ! but we come here

to talk on our own 'casions ; and woe the whoile that honest men and free should be rebuked for speaking on the health of their souls."

" I am no puritan," returned the pursivant, " therefore I can't preach. — Excuse me, Sirs. — Come, parson, we must away."

" Whither?" enquired Mr. White.

" Toward Banner Cross. The bishop will open his commission to-morrow at the Castle," replied the officer.

" To-morrow ! then, prithee, let me abide with this good man to-night ; to-morrow, I pledge ye my Christian word, I will faithfully attend at Banner Cross."

The man smiled, and looked at Green. " Master Steward, did ye ever hear of so modest a proposal ? By the rood of St. Sepulchre, these puritans are unmatched for praying and impudence. — No, Master White, it would cost me more than I would lose for my brother, to let you escape ; but if any person here,

that Master Green approves, will bond and covenant for his appearance to-morrow, I may allow myself to be persuaded, on payment of the regular fees, to indulge the parson so far."

"Most readily will I," said Snell; "and I trow Mark Green will no say nay to my assurance."

"No, Solomon, ye'll do well," answered the seneschal. The pursuivant then produced a bond, ready drawn and sealed (it being usual to carry blank ones to meet exigencies); and Snell having executed it, and the fees (after some altercation as to their exorbitancy) being discharged, Green and his followers departed. Presently afterwards the elders followed, and left the minister and his surety to confer on such points of ecclesiastical observance as they imagined would be put to him by the high commissioner on the morrow.

But now let us return to the Castle, where Major Spandyke, and his drill-master (now Serjeant Picard), had been

busied, since the day of enrolment, in organizing and disciplining their volunteer corps. In this work, the old troopers were of essential service, each man being capable of instructing a number of the raw volunteers, both in the use of their weapons, and the management of their horses. On the Monday morning subsequent to that Sabbath on which Mr. White was apprehended, the castle was in a bustle with the expected arrival of the bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. He was one of the high commissioners, and notoriously zealous in the persecution of the puritans. On examination of one of the ministers at Derby, the puritan pastor had been so weak, as to confess the names and residences of all his brethren who had assembled at Derby, and among the rest those of Mr. Abel White; and the bishop being farther instructed that the neighbourhood of Banner Cross swarmed with nonconformists, he resolved (having an acquaintance with Lord Falconridge) to transport

himself to the castle. To this end he wrote to the baron, signifying the relations he had heard, and intimating his desire to visit him; to which his lordship returned a polite reply; though, but for his devotion to his sovereign's will, he would willingly have dispensed with lending his honourable countenance to a court, which he even confessed to be illegal and tyrannical.

About ten o'clock, one of the bishop's servants, clad in black and yellow, and well mounted, arrived at the castle, proclaiming the approach of his lordship; and in less than half an hour, the prelate drove up the ascent into the court-yard, in a close carriage drawn by four fine grey horses, his postillions and out-riders wearing the same livery as the avant couriers, attended by several gentlemen and canonical officials in sable suits on horseback, the bishop's chaplain partaking the ease and splendour of his master.

The Lord Falconridge and Dr. Gros-tete came out to do the churchman ho-

nour, and conducted him and his chaplain into the castle; Heavyside having directions to make proper provisions for the bishop's suite. His lordship had been long acquainted with the lady baroness, and therefore needed no introduction, and with Dr. Grostete he was also familiar. After the formal ceremonies of reception were over, and the bishop and his chaplain had refreshed themselves, his lordship and the baron conversed on his visitation of the diocese. "I only regret, my lord," said the bishop, "that I have delayed my visitation so long. I hear it spoken from authority most undoubted, that except the metropolis, no part of England is so corrupted by the precisians as Derbyshire. The business of the convocation hath rendered my absence necessary, and the schismatics have taken advantage thereof to promulgate their heretical doctrines; but, by the light of heaven, I will unravel their filthy webs, and root out the pestilence they have communicated to my flock."

“ I am fearful,” said Lord Falconridge, “ that my own barony is not quite clear ; heterodox principles had infected my soldiery, but by the admirable conduct of my worthy major, their leader was quelled, and we have since heard no more of them.”

“ You have a man of the name of White resident in your demesne,” said the prelate.

“ No ; I had, before we marched to York,” replied the baron.

“ And he deserted you ?” pursued the bishop.

“ He did worse. Having incited the men to mutiny, under the notion that we were marching to attack their brethren of Scotland, he, with his own hand, fired upon a subaltern, sent to communicate orders ; my major was obliged to recur to desperate measures to restore discipline ; but upon commanding White to throw down his arms and submit, he not only refused, with many contumelious expressions, but brandished his sword against his officer.”

“ He deserved death,” said the bishop.

“ He met it,” replied the baron, “ but in a way more honourable than he deserved ; the major came to equal points with him, and he fell under the hand of his superior, rebellious even unto death.”

“ Was his name Abel White ?” enquired the churchman.

“ No, my lord, Hezekiah ; his brother Abel is, I have heard, a minister of their worship, but he doth not, to my knowledge, reside within the Castle Town, or my demesne.”

“ If he doth not, he is frequently among your tenantry, and those especially who live amid the mountains. He was lately at Derby. I missed him there, but the weakness of one of his brethren hath put their whole ministry into our hands. I gave orders to a pursuivant to have the puritan before me here, about this time.”

“ I will enquire if he be in waiting,” said the baron.

“ I thank your lordship,” returned the prelate.

The baron summoned an attendant, who, upon enquiry, found that Mr. White had been in attendance several hours, and that the court-room was prepared for their lordships’ reception. The bishop therefore adjourned thither, attended by the Baron, Dr. Grostete, and his own chaplain, Dodshawe. Having taken their stations upon the bench, and Mr. White being put to the bar, the following dialogue took place :*

“ What is your name ?”

“ Abel White.”

“ White ! as black as the devil.”

“ Not so, my lord ; I am one of God’s children.”

“ What fault dost thou find in the book of Common Prayer ?”

“ Let them answer to whom it appertaineth.”

* Our learned readers will perceive that the whole of this dialogue is copied from Neale’s History of the Puritans.

“What Scripture have you to ground your conscience against the garments?”

“The whole Scriptures are for destroying idolatry, and every thing that belongs to it.”

“These things never served to idolatry.”

“They are the same which heretofore were used to that purpose.”

“Where is the place where these are forbidden?”

“In Deuteronomy, and other places, the Israelites are commanded, not only to destroy the altars, groves, and images, with all thereto belonging, but also to abolish the very names; and the Lord, by Isaiah, commandeth not to pollute ourselves with the garments of the image, but to cast them away as an abomination.”

“These things are commanded by parliament; and in disobeying the laws of your country, you disobey God.”

“I do it not of contempt, but of con-

science ; in all other things I am an obedient subject."

"Thou art a contemptuous fellow, and will obey no laws. The king's majesty was overseen, not to make you of his council, to make laws and orders for religion."

"Not so, my lord ; I am to obey laws warranted by God's word."

"Do the king's laws command any thing against God's word ?"

"I do not so say, my lord."

"Yea, marry do you, and there I will hold you."

"Only God and his laws are perfect ; all men and their laws may err."

"I tell thee what ; I will not say any thing of affection, for I know thee not, saving by this occasion ; but thou art the wickedest and most contemptuous person that hath come before me since I sat in this commission. What if the king were to command to wear a grey frize gown, would you come to church then ?"

“ That were more tolerable, than that God’s ministers should wear the habit of his enemies ?”

“ How, if he should command to wear a fool’s coat, and a cock’s comb ?”

“ That were very unseemly for God’s ministers.”

“ You would have no laws ?”

“ If there were no laws, I would live a Christian, and do no wrong. If I received any, so it were —”

“ Thou art a rebel.”

“ Not so ; I am a true subject.”

“ Yea, I swear by God thou art a very rebel ; for thou wouldst draw thy sword and lift up thy hand against thy prince, if time served.”

“ I thank my God, my heart standeth right towards God and my prince, and the Lord will not condemn, though your lordship hath so judged.”

“ Take him away.”

“ I would speak a word, which I am sure will offend, and yet I must speak it. I heard the name of God taken in vain ;

if I had done it, it had been a greater offence than that which I stand here for.”

“ I may swear in a matter of charity.”

“ There is no such occasion. Let me have justice ; I am unjustly committed. I desire a copy of my presentment.”

“ You shall have your head from your shoulders. — Have him to prison.”

Mr. White was then taken from the bar, and committed to the pursuivant, for the purpose of being sent to the county gaol, whither the officer and his followers proceeded to conduct him. The bishop, trusting now that their pastor was in custody, the flock would be scattered, shortly afterwards left the castle on a new quest ; but from this time, the puritans met more frequently than ever ; and whereas they before had but one preacher, now each elder took upon himself the office of prophet ; and (according to the Scripture, “ Ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn, and all be comforted,”) ex-

pounded the word in their nightly assemblies. In order to secure themselves against sudden surprise, each man secretly procured weapons of defence, with which he went covertly armed to their places of congregation: and what time they could spare from their daily avocations, they employed in training themselves (by the assistance of a disbanded puritan soldier) to arms. When they were at prayer in the dead of the evening, they placed a sentinel at the door of the house where they met, and an outpost at the distance of three hundred yards, who, by a discharge of his carbine, might give notice of the enemy's approach; upon which signal, the meeting was dissolved, and each man provided for his safety, with the like precautions when they were employed at drill. So secretly were all these operations conducted, that they were not for a long time heard of at the castle; nor did Mark Green himself smell them out,

which was considered by the puritans as no less than the finger of Providence stirring in their behalf; so acute was the steward's penetration.

But, in fact, their chief defence lay in the distance of their situation from the castle, and its extreme ruggedness and sterility; for which reasons, those parts were seldom visited; and if they had been more so, as every thing was quiet in the day-time, and no sign of arms or puritanism, it would have been difficult to detect them, unless they had betrayed themselves. However, the vanity of a young puritan had one day nearly discovered all. Jonathan Snell, grandson of the patriarch, being one day at the castle, had with other young men entered the riding-house, where Picard and Jellott were hard engaged in giving equestrian instructions to some of the troopers. One of the men exercised by Jellott, rode with his legs lapped round the horse's flank, which the corporal not observing,

Snell cried out to him, "Why, Tim, Jellott's learning thee to ride like a tailor."

The corporal turned round to him fiercely, "What do you know about riding, you puritan whelp? If ye dinna spank off, I'll make ye ride the wooden horse."

Snell set up a loud laugh at this threat, and said, "What, mon! I'm no sodger; ye need not fash yersell wi' hectoring to me; I dinna matter your blustering gabat three straws; if ye'll come off yer tit, and get a pair o' your basket cudgels, I'll have a bout wi' ye, tho' ye be a corporal?"

"I'll cudgel yer brains out, ye fool-hardy rip," said Jellott, striking him with the flat part of his sword; but before he could repeat the blow, Snell seized it by the hilt, and twisted it out of his hand, the knot breaking in the struggle. Jellott immediately sprung off his horse with the intent of recovering his weapon, but Snell

opposed the point to his breast, and cried, "Let your corporalship advance a foot, and I'll make your own steel bite into your heart's blood."

All the soldiers came up to be witnesses of this affray, and Jellott taking a sword from one of them, attacked Snell with desperate fury; but he, as if a veteran, with a cool head, and judging eye, marked and parried all his blows and thrusts, and when the corporal had wearied himself in the assault, in his turn took the offensive with great vigour.

At this moment Major Spandyke, followed by Charles Sydenham, entered the riding-house; and scandalised at so unsoldier-like a tumult, with a voice of high authority called to them to desist at the peril of their lives; "What mean ye by this scandalous broil?" said he. "How dare ye make this place a scene of rude quarrel? What, Corporal Jellott! you set a pretty example to the troop; but I will make ye one to it. Take him

to the guard-house. And you, sir, who are you that come here to break the discipline of our troopers? What do ye here?"

Snell spoke not a word, but throwing down the sword with a sullen air, shook his head as he glanced furiously upon Jellott, and was going to retire.

"Stay, stay, my man," cried the Major, whose blood waxed warm, "we part not so. Who are you? Answer, or by my soul's honour, I'll reward ye with a dozen at the leaping bar."

"Jonathan Snell," cried he.

"Jonathan Snell! and pray, brother Jonathan, what bringeth thy body into this riding-house?"

"My legs, I reckon," replied the puritan.

"Villain!" said the Major, seizing him by the throat, and shaking him until he was nearly choked. "Dog! I'll learn ye better manners; seize him." The soldiers obeyed.

"Bring out the colt my Lord presented

to me yesterday, they are fit companions for each other, and shall be tamed together."

Snell eyed all around him with a look not only of indomitable fierceness, but of sovereign contempt; the Major observed it, but was now calm. "Ay, ay, Mr. Snell, pull what pretty faces ye have a mind to; I'll quell your fantasies, or I am no soldier."

Picard led into the riding-house a beautiful black horse colt, nearly sixteen hands high, perfectly wild, as he had been suffered to run at large from his foaling in the park, with all his honours of mane and tail unclipt and unshorn: he was about four years old, full of bone and muscle, and intended by the Major for his charging horse.

"Now, Sir," said the Major to Snell, "will you please to mount? Or must my men give ye a lift, and strap ye to his back?"

The puritan deigned not to answer, but walking up to the animal, clapt him

on the breast, and sprung upon his back. He had scarcely time to seat himself, before the horse, frightened, flew with the rapidity of lightning to the extent of the leading cord, which Picard held in his hand; and the Adjutant himself, on the instant, applying the whip to him, he lost all temper, and commenced rearing, kicking, and plunging, (without being able to rid himself of his burthen, Snell keeping his seat with great skill,) until at length he reared upright, and came down on his back, the rider with inconceivable agility throwing himself on one side. When the colt rose, and found himself unencumbered, he gave himself a hearty shake; but Snell, without allowing him time for self-congratulation, again mounted him. The old scene was renewed, but with less effect; for Picard, having given the rein to another man, followed the horse with his whip so closely, and applied it so smartly, that he kept him on the top of his speed at the extent of the cord, and continued the exercise until the black

coat of the gallant horse was covered with thick flakes of foam, and he held his rider, (who sat him to the admiration even of Picard) without fret or uneasiness.

The man's courage awakened the mercy of the Major, and he ordered him to dismount.

"Your courage, young man," said he, "deserves admiration; but in future, let it be less brutal." Here's to reward ye, offering him a broad piece.

"Am I free?" said Snell.

"As air," replied Spandyke.

"Then I am bold to tell ye, Sir, that I would fainer receive the devil's catch-soul gould, than money from the man that has wronged me. I have been struck by that corporal, whose life ye saved by yer coming; I have been trampled on and throttled by yersel; I shall watch for a day of reckoning for ye both: ye know me not; there are few that do; but by the right hand of power, I'll make ye rue this day in tears of blood." Notwithstanding this threat, the Major

allowed him to depart, and then made strict enquiry into the quarrel: upon learning all the particulars, he not only confined Jellott, but threatened to call a court-martial and degrade him to the ranks; but by the intercession of Charles, to whom the corporal's friends applied for his favour, he was in a few days discharged without further punishment.

CHAP. V.

O, beware of Jealousy ;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

Othello.

IT will be necessary for us, in order to the true developement of our history, to descend to minor personages, and to state that corporal Jellott, having introduced Picard to his mistress, Betsy Norman, began to be possessed with the green devil Jealousy, on account of the favour with which that fair damsel received the Frenchman's gallantry.—We might here (in accordance with the practice of other writers) enter into a long and learned disquisition of the infinite evils which “jealousy, with rankling tooth,” hath brought, and doth continue to bring, upon its votaries ; but we are not quite of that mind which distinguishes many writers, that a good thing, “*decies repetita place-*

bit," and we are moreover "*in dubio*," whether such a disquisition be a good or serviceable thing at all — we shall, therefore, (leaving a learned commentary upon this passion to be made by others who have more time and less squeamishness,) proceed to the common-place detail of matter of fact.

Charlot Picard, now serjeant in his Majesty's horse, the Lord Falconridge Colonel, was one of that kind of men, said to push their fortunes. He never received the notice of a superior, but he ever after endeavoured to improve his liking; he never caught the smile of a handsome female, but he sought by all means to establish himself in her good graces. He was as vain as a Frenchman could be, but he knew how to turn his vanity to good account; and by throwing the dust of flattery into the eyes of his fellows, he maintained an ascendancy over them. Our readers will easily believe, then, that having such a testimony of the favour of Jellott's mistress, as the wearing of his

scarf, he resolved to pursue his acquisition; and for that purpose, with all possible effrontery, enquired his way to her father's cottage, who was a farmer living in Hopedale, about half a mile from the Castle.

The old man and his wife, with Betsy and several other daughters and sons, were sitting down to their supper, when our man of war rapped at the door.

"Who bin ye?" exclaimed Betsy sharply.

"Je suis un gentleman," replied Picard.

"Oh, my gracious!" exclaimed all the youngers, "it's the Frenchman that gied our Betsy the silk sash."

Betsy ran and opened the door, and admitted Monsieur Picard, who (dressed in a faded French suit of velvet, something of that colour called "Brun de Brisac," a hat of the same material, surmounted with a plume of cocks' feathers, together with silk stockings, rosetted shoes, and a silver-hilted rapier, most

probably the plunder of some day,) cut in his own conceit a very splendid figure, and bowing with all the etiquette of French *bienséance*, he followed his conductress into the midst of the family. — Giles Norman, the father of Betsy, rose and offered him a seat, saying “ Sarvant, sir, sarvant; ye’rewelcome, sir, to my poor cottage; take a seat, sir, an it please ye.”

Picard made his due obeisance to all in company, not forgetting to salute the whole of the females, except the old dame; and when he had acquitted himself to his own satisfaction, he took a seat next to the fair Betsy, and with very little invitation (like a true soldier) joined the family at supper. He had scarcely cut himself a luncheon of bread and cheese, of which the family repast consisted, when the door opened, and Ralph Jellott walked into the cottage. Picard turned round to him with a laughing face, and said, “ Ah! Monsieur le corporal, you see dat je suis in de ver good quarters.”

Jellott made no reply, but without a

word to any person, and a brow as black as thunder, seated himself on a bench near the cottage-door.

“Wunna ye join us, Ralph?” said the old man.

“No,” replied he surlily.

“Wun ye tak a horn o’ yale?”

“D—n the drop.”

“Hoo, Ralph!” said Betsy, “the carrion crow han flown o’er ye on yer way here.”

“Or le diable has trown his club over him, as de Englis say,” said Picard.

“Why, as for the carrion crow,” said Jellott, “he seems to have last lighted on the serjeant’s hat, and left some of his feathers behind him.”

Picard held his hat at a distance, saying, “*Mon chapeau! mon chapeau!*” and then, with an air very grave and half-offended, “*de plume of mon chapeau is de feathers of de coq and not of de crow, Monsieur le corporal.*”

“Cock’s feathers! ay, they may be, but it’s been o’ the dunghill breed.”

“Come, come, Ralph,” said Betsy’s mother, “dinna ye be queasy; drink, man! I see ye’re na’ at ease; drink! a cup o’ good yale wun drown yer sorrow.”

“Sorrow!” cried Jellott, his eyes darting fire and defiance upon Picard; but who happily was too attentive to Betsy to observe it — “Sorrow! may the next slip o’ Mam Torcover me with its shealing, but I am as free and as light-hearted as the best o’ ye :” — and he broke into the song —

“May the man that is sad, have a glass of good sack,
And the puritan dog a stout whip at his back;
Then drink all good fellows, be merry and jolly,
For pleasure is wisdom, and thinking is folly.”

Here’s English hearts, and d—n the mounseers.”

“Ah! par ma foi,” cried Picard, springing up, and drawing his rapier, “you are un rascal, un coquin, and shall give me de satisfaction. Je suis un gentil-homme, and dat I vill prove upon your lousy corps.”

“Ye’d better provide yourself with a

better weapon than that toasting fork, or it will hardly stand a cross wi' my broadsword," said Jellott, drawing it, and putting himself on his guard.

"Le diable take you and your broadsword ensemble," cried Picard, assaulting him.

Giles Norman and his sons now attempted to separate the enraged combatants, but without effect; Picard continued his assault, until Jonathan Snell, who was passing the cottage, attracted by the cries of the women and the clashing of the swords, rushed in at the door, and striking up their weapons with his ashen cudgel, stood between them.

"I charge ye, peace," cried the puritan, "in the name of God; I swear by the persecution of my fathers, that the first o' ye that breaketh it, had better walk darkling on the edge of Kinder."

The fierce tones, and stalwart appearance of this energetic peace-maker, awed the souls of Jellott and Picard into obedience. His height was at least six feet,

with a body of proportionate strength ; his face denoted that kind of reckless fearlessness, which will own no superior, or rather endure no equal ; a constant exposure to the sun and wind, had tanned his hard features to the colour of a Moor's ; and the continual avocations of a shepherd's life amid the mountains, had taught him to endure and contemn the summer sun blaze and the winter snows. The men of war soon perceived they were no match for him, although naked, and they therefore sheathed their swords ; Picard saying, " Je suis ver sorry, mes bonnes gens, to break your quiet and repose ; mais il est ver necessaire to confess dat Monsieur le corporal did begin dis affray, by cursing mes compatriotes, vich is une injure dat no soldat can put up.

" What I have said," cried Jellott, " I'll say again ; d—n the mounseers."

" Tres bien, tres bien," said Picard, grinning horribly ; " vous êtes en sureté à présent, mais par le nez de St. Denis, I vill have grande satisfaction."

“Seek elsewhere, thou trafficker in blood,” said Snell; “seek thou elsewhere for thy accursed satisfaction; carry thy tawdry rags whither they are more valued. Tell thy proud master, that I have not yet forgot, I owe him something, and that I yearn until I do pay him.”

“La dette, monsieur, fut contractée wid Monsieur le corporal; and if you pay him, it will be tout-à-fait correct.”

“A mischief on thy deceit!” said Snell; “a murrain on thy double-tongued malice! Here’s my hand, Ralph — our strife was fair, though it might have been deadly. On your officer be a’ the blame, and let him pay a’ the forfeit. Haman trampled on Mordecai, but the Everlasting changed his neck-chain of jewels to the gallows rope.”

“I have not l’honneur to know Monsieur Haman or Monsieur Mordecai; mais Monsieur le major est un soldat, et un homme d’honneur; and he will never, par ma foi, die, mais comme a brave gentil-

homme — et aussi, messieurs ! bon soir. Mademoiselle Betsy ! bonne nuit, ma jolie pucelle ! Monsieur le pere ! and Madame la mere ! and mesdemoiselles and messieurs, les sœurs and freres, j'ai l' honneur to wish you un ver good soir." So saying, Picard, with great gaiety and importance, replaced his hat, and adjusting his rapier, walked off. When he had quitted the cottage, Snell, who had eyed him with great contempt whilst he made his salutatory flourishes, said to Betsy —

" It is said, Betsy, that ye favour this miserable swash buckler, but I cannot credit it."

" Ye e'en may," replied the damsel ; " though he be a Frenchman and a foreigner, he's as good as the like of 'ye."

" It may be so, for it 's sinful to trust to the arm o' flesh ; but there is na a deer in Derbyshire, if he be na a coward."

" Hoo ! yer fause, ye lang-gabbed puritan," cried Betsy in a rage.

“ Better be aught than a papist,” replied Jonathan.

“ Who says Monsieur Picard’s a papist?” said Betsy.

“ There is na a Frenchman living, who is na. They are a gang of jesuitical hypocrites, that come over here to tear and devour God’s poor sheep; they would rend off our flesh, they would break our bones, and chop us in pieces, as flesh to the cauldron.”

“ Ay, ay, we know, Jonathan; that’s a’ways the owd song, that ye and yer fathers ha’ canted this mony a day.”

“ And it’s the song of truth, Betsy Norman; it shall be heard wherever the winds blow, and the sun shines; the old man shall repeat it to his children, the mother to her babe; she shall rock its cradle with the song; and it shall be the war-cry of a host in battle.”

“ Whisht, whisht, mon! dinna be crazy; ye frighten my fayther and mother — see ye, how his hair stands, and his eyes peak out on his head!”

“ I tell ye,” pursued Snell, “ the wailing of desolation is heard among our rocks, and among our hills ; the yarn hears it, as he seeketh his daily food in the waters, and flies inland ; the northern eagle plumeth his wing, and sharpeneth his beak, to ravin on the carcasses of the dead ; the tramp of marching hosts is heard upon the mountains in the dead night ; the blast of the trumpet rings through the Tor Dale, awakening the sleepers from their hours of rest ; the cry of battle and the uproar of charging squadrons are pealed from the Pike to Chinley ; from Chinley to Kinder ; from Kinder to the Mother Rock :—who doubteth these warnings ? they are the signals of heaven ; they are the denunciations of wrath ; they are the fore-runners of strife, of blood, and ruin.”

His auditors stood listening in silence, and when he had concluded, no one offered to speak ; his words had made a deep impression upon all, and most upon the females. Jellott, who was a shrewd

man, perceived Snell meant more than he said; yet wondered he was so bold before him, it being in his power to report his words to the Baron, and so have him laid fast; but he had no time to form any conclusion, ere Snell said, “ ‘This house is too warm; I am going to the Castle Town; will you walk, Ralph?’ The corporal rose, bid the family good night, and they departed. It was one of those lovely nights, (so frequent in Italy, and the South of Europe; but so seldom seen amid the wild hills of Derbyshire,) which Virgil paints so beautifully in his *Æneis*: —

“ Aspirant auræ in noctem, nec candida cursus
Luna negat.”

Not a cloud obscured the brilliancy of the moon, as she sat in her loneliness over the bannered towers of the castle which, throwing their large shadows over the town beneath, robbed it of the light of her countenance. There was scarcely air sufficient to move the sunken folds of the banner, which, for lack of wind

hung drooping around the colour-staff; the hoarse tones of the castle-clock, as it struck the hour of ten, could be distinctly heard, from Mam Tor to the eastern end of Hope Dale; and Jellott and Snell could have sworn, that, when the last toll upon the castle bell had struck, it was answered from afar by the swelling note of a bugle. They stopped and listened; the note, clear though distant, again came sweetly to their hearing, and shortly after a third blast, plainer and more distinct, rung over the dale.

“There are hawks abroad,” said Jellott.

“What can be their work at the castle at this late hour?” said his companion.

“At the castle, mon! that trumpet’s na from Banner Cross; it rung up the Dale, from Yarn’s neeze.”

“Whisht, Ralph! hark!”

They again stopped and listened, but to no purpose; the sound was not reiterated, and they proceeded.

“ It’s a sign of war and trouble to the land,” said Snell.

“ It’s a sign of mischief ; that ye may swear ; but it’s na unnat’ral ;” returned Jellott.

The puritan now found it time to shift the conversation. — “ Ye dinna mean to be bawk’d o’ Bess by the Frenchman, I trow, Ralph?”

“ An I do, may the fiends o’ hell flay and devour me.”

“ Who bedizen’d her wi’ that green scarf? it must be some o’ ye troopers.”

“ It was the d—d serjeant. An I had appeared on parade without mine, as he did, the Major would have given me another turn at the fortification.”

“ Why was the papist made serjeant?”

“ Gualter was promoted, from being serjeant in the old troop, to the lieutenancy of the new, and so Mounseer Picard took his place.”

“ He was only corporal before?”

“ No.”

“ And so were ye?”

“ Ay.”

“ Then why might ye not claim the serjeancy, as well as the Frenchman ; and more, as yer fayther is well to do in the Lord’s barony?”

“ Jonathan, I never thought o’ this afore ; it is plain I have been scurvily treated among ’em.”

“ An ye dunnot resent it, ye are no man.”

“ An I dunnot, may the devil pitch me from the castle wa’ over the peak cliff ; pity it were, Jonathan, ye parted us ; my broad sword would have drunk his best blood afore now.”

“ Ye would have been hang’d, man, had ye kill’d him. Let’s talk again o’ this, when time serves ; I’ll put ye on revenge as deep and terrible as are your sad, sad injuries ; satisfaction from Picard is nought, ye shall have it from his master, or he shall wash out yer wrongs in his heart’s blood. Keep yer own counsel ; speak the Frenchman fair ; ye may hold a wax-light to the devil, till ye are

prepared to throw off the mask. Fare ye well, Ralph," said he, shaking Jellott by the hand ; " fare ye well."

They had reached the entrance of the town, and Snell departed, taking his way towards Mam Tor. Jellott crossed the town, and ascended the Castle Hill, when he was challenged by the sentinel.

" Who goes there ?"

" Jellott," answered he.

" Corporal," said the man, " have ye heard a trumpet from the Tor Dale ?"

" Ay, I heard it as I came from Giles Norman's; it seem'd from the top o' Yarn's neeze."

" What may it be, think ye ? Belot says he has heard it nightly."

" The devil may be amusing himself wi' a country dance," replied Jellott laughing.

" The devil he stood in the mid,
His imps they danc'd around ;
And for lack of a horn or a fid',
Wi' his club he thump'd the ground."

Jellott then left him, and turned into

his quarters; and shortly after, Picard, who was that night the subaltern on guard, came round to visit the sentinels; when the soldier informed him of this singular occurrence. "Corporal Jellott heard it on his way here from old Norman's."

"From vere did de son come?"

"The son!"

"De son, yes, de trumpet son."

"Oh, the sound!"

"Oui, de sound."

"It came from the Tor Dale."

"Vat is dat, vich you do call de Tor Dale?"

"Ye see Mam Tor," said he, pointing to the mountain of that name, which was nearly opposite to the Castle at the distance of three quarters of a mile, and upon which the moon strongly reflected; "ye see that rock, wi' its shealing front?"

"Oui da, ver vell."

"Well then, the Tor Dale is meet behind it."

"Ver well, de Baron and Major of

dis must be told. Bon soir. Keep de bon vatch," and he departed.

The next morning, as soon as the Major was stirring, Picard went to him, and related what he had heard.

"Did'st hear it thyself?" said Span-dyke.

"Me, mynheer ; non ; mais Monsieur le corporal Jellott, and les soldats Watts and Belot, il fut entendu par eux."

"You say the sound came from the valley behind Mam Tor?"

"Oui, mynheer."

"I will speak to the Baron upon it ; have Jellott and the others in readiness ; we will examine them."

Accordingly, at breakfast, the Major mentioned the circumstance, which not a little astonished the Baron ; the men were called in separately, Jellott and Watts informing the Baron of those facts which are foregoing ; but Belot said, that he had heard the bugle-note thrice repeated for several nights ; and had been told by some of the inhabitants of

Hope Dale, adjoining the western hills, that they had sometimes heard the discharge of fire arms, and a noise resembling the regulated tramp of marching men; which signs were supposed to be ominous of disturbances in the country; that, supposing it to be a superstitious matter, at which the Baron and the Major would only scoff, he had forborne to mention it. When they had retired, the Baron enquired, “ what Major Spandyke thought of it?”

“ Why, my Lord, that it fully explains that knowledge of military discipline I before remarked in the puritan Snell.”

“ How so?” said Dr. Grostete.

“ They have surely secret and nightly trainings of armed men, who meet at the sound of the bugle; hence the report of fire arms, and the tramp of marching soldiers. Is there any one here so fond as to believe with the country people, that there is no reality in these sounds; that they are but omens of impending trouble? I believe not. It

is my opinion that some means be devised of investigating the truth."

"I agree with you, Major," said the Baron; "but how to compass those means appears the most difficult part of the undertaking. If it be that the puritans, who are notoriously disaffected, meet for the purposes of drilling, which is probable, it is certain, that they will conceal their arms so effectually in the day-time, as not to leave a chance of discovery; and there is no way of placing an ambush without their knowledge."

"This is true," continued the Doctor: "they are an artful and wicked race; of whom we may say, in your favourite tongue, Major,—

"———Fripons, n' ayant ni feu ni lieu,
Que volent dans la poche en vous parlant de Dieu."

"Then the only plan left to us is to wait until night-fall, when I will lead a troop towards the Tor Dale."

"Allow me to go with you," said Charles, "you are but little acquainted

with the hills; I know them all from Chinley Churn to Banner Cross."

"There may be danger, Charles," said Lady Falconridge: "rest at home."

"Dear mother, if my ancestors had kept your counsel, where would have been the splendour of our name? Danger is the mistress of every true knight, and he courts her with unceasing assiduity."

"You are too young to court at all, Charles," replied his mother; "your time will come soon enough."

"The Black Prince had fought at Cressy before he was my age," muttered the youth.

"Let him go," said the Baron, "I trust there will be no strife; but if he get killed, it is his own fault, and his blood be on his head."

These words, which were intended to frighten Charles, only made him smile, and bow; but they sufficiently terrified the Baroness. "I strictly charge ye, Charles Sydenham," said she, "that ye enter no combat; as you respect the life of your mother, keep out of danger."

“He shall be as safe, my lady,” said Spandyke, “as my own honour: he returns safe to you, or I will lie with him on the brown heather of the hills.”

The hour of nine, told by the castle-clock, was a signal for the selected troop to have their horses accoutred, and themselves armed. The time arrived, and found the horses ranged in the court-yard, with their riders standing “en groupe,” armed with back, breast, and head pieces, swords and pistols. Pickard, who was subaltern of this troop, was in the midst, whilst one of the house-domestics led the Major’s charger, and a horse for Charles, from one extremity of the court to the other. The night was rather rough, the wind blowing freshly, and the gathered clouds hid the moon from sight.

“We shall have a duskish march of it,” said Belot.

“Dat vill be ver good,” replied Picard; “Messieurs de Puritans vill not observe our advance.”

“ But don’t ye perceive, Mr. Serjeant, that an the darkness favour our advance, it will likewise favour the enemy’s escape.”

“ Ah, morbleu ! non ; for ve vill dem surround, before dey to escape can tink.”

“ An they make resistance ?” said Watts.

“ Shoot ; frappez ; coupez — à la mort ! — Oh ! ici est Mynheer le major, and milord Charles.”

Spandyke and Charles now came out, the former completely armed, but our hero only wearing a sword, with pistols in his holsters. Having given the word to mount, the Major formed the troop ; and, putting himself at their head, with Charles at his side, and Picard bringing up the rear, they rode slowly down the hill, and turned off towards the Tor Dale. When they had emerged from the town, the clouds separated, and the moon, bursting from her imprisonment, seemed about to make amends for the previous darkness, by the splendour of

her present appearance. The Major, seeing they should be discovered were they to approach by the common road across the Dale, 'ordered a halt.

"Is there no other way," said he, "but this one, to get behind Mam Tor?"

"Oh yes," replied Charles; "we may ride through the Winyates, and come round there, under the shivering front."

"Lead on, then, for that is our way. If we pursue this path, the moonlight, glancing on our arms, will betray us. Charles turned his horse to the left, and was followed by the Major and the troop. A few minutes' ride brought them into a defile, each side of which was hemmed in by mountains of rock, naturally formed into multitudes of grotesque and beautiful figures. In one place, you might make out the apparent outline of a gothic chapel, with all its minuteness and beauty of carving. In another, the turrets of a strong fortress

rose above the road in majestic grandeur ; a third, presented the appearance of a huge cavern, with all its accompaniments of shadowy horror, and unfathomable profundity ; whilst a fourth seemed one of those crosses erected in the times of chivalry by our Plantagenet sovereigns. It took the troop nearly half an hour to pass the defile, which was an up-hill road ; but having attained the height, they were on even ground, and rode slowly and silently beneath that immense natural ruin Mam Tor, at which many shuddered, lest, whilst they passed beneath, the shealing should give one of its accustomed slips, and carry them down with it into the valley below. They rode in safety ; Mam Tor was for that night disposed to repose ; but although safe from the uneasiness of the mother rock, they were much fatigued with the roughness of her sides, each man being obliged to dismount, and lead his horse, as they climbed her eastern ridge.

They had, with great toil, attained that part of the summit which opens upon the Tor Dale, when the castle clock, striking ten, flung its monotonous tones up the valley ; and immediately after, as cause produces effect, a bugle note, apparently from the further end of the dale, broke upon the ears of the troop, thrice repeated. The Major halted his men under a projected cliff, the shadow of which screened them from sight, whilst he consulted with himself what course to take, and also allowed time to the puritans to obey their trumpet call. After revolving all projects of stratagem, none of which suited either his inclination or his circumstances, he enquired from Charles “ what sort of ground it was ? ”

“ As fine as a meadow ; ye may gallop from one end of the dale to the other without let.”—

“ So be it. — Mount, comrades ; draw ; close files ;— to the left ; march at speed : ” and he dashed his rowels into

his charger, and rode off at full gallop, attended by Charles, and followed by the troop. At this moment the moon was again partially obscured; a flood of clouds, dense enough to intercept her rays, drifting rapidly across the sky. They had scarcely reached the middle of the valley, when they heard a carbine shot off, and presently after, a confused noise of trampling, as if it might be of a routed squadron, flying from the field; but when they had reached the further part of the dale, all was quiet — not a man nor living creature could be seen; not a sound could be heard, save the gush of the wind, as it struck upon the rocky side of the heron's nest.

“The birds are flown,” said the Major.

“Yes, they are cast off,” replied Charles, “and are out of our whistle by this time; the outlets are impassable by horse, and men too, as ye are armed.”

“Then we may as well turn to the right about, and return the way we

came." He formed the troop, and they rode slowly back over the dale.

"That shot we heard was a signal," said Spandyke; "it seemed to come from the direction of that cottage. Who lives there?"

"Old Solomon Snell," replied Charles.

"We may as well pay him a visit."

They rode up to the cottage, and knocked loudly, but no answer was returned; and they found, upon application, the door locked. They therefore proceeded onward to the castle across Hope Dale, where they arrived about midnight, pretty well tired with their nocturnal expedition.

Charles now reminded his father of his promise to allow Picard to fortify the castle, and the Baron consented that it should be forthwith begun, under the superintendence of the Major himself. The next day he spoke to Spandyke, who set a company of his troopers (with a stated change or relief) to work under

the inspection of Picard, who was something of an engineer. They began by raising an earthen mound, so as to sustain and defend the interior of the wall, and they made this counterscarp the stronger, as there was no exterior fortification, the elevated scite of the castle rendering it impossible to form a ditch. The castle, as we have before noted, was inaccessible on that side overhanging the Peak cliff; and there was but one gate, the ascent to which wound in a waving line round the hill. The Major resolved, therefore, to strengthen the gate, and for that purpose formed a ravelin, which commanded the ascent; and as the castle could only be attacked by this way, the resolute defence of the ravelin by a dozen men would keep the castle against any force. Spandyke also raised two bastions of three sakers each, one on the cliff side, that they might command the opposite hill, and the other on the southern side of the castle, which not only subjected the town below, but also

the ascent to the gate. To finish these fortifications was a work of time; and accordingly, with the small number of men they were able to depute as pioneers, it took them several months to perfect the designs Major Spandyke had laid out.

It was at this period that the Long Parliament commenced its sittings, and that its disputes with the King began to divide the nation. Lord Falconridge, ever faithful to his duties as a peer, and the friend of his sovereign, left Banner Cross, and proceeded to London, to take his place in the House of Lords, where he continued to exercise his functions until the King's remove from London to Hampton Court, and thence to York, when he returned to the castle. We shall only notice this interval by saying, that during the absence of the Baron, Charles Sydenham had profited well by the instructions of Spandyke, and had not been inattentive to his more sedate studies under the Doctor. He had now attained the age of

eighteen years, and the height of five feet ten inches ; and having always been accustomed to those exercises which invigorate the human frame, he was singularly muscular and powerful ; his physiognomy was as striking for good-humour as for beauty ; and the goodness of his heart did not bely the expression of his countenance. With the assistance of Major Spandyke he was become an admirable swordsman, being able to use the single rapier, or cut and thrust with equal and capital skill. No man, that ever mounted charger, governed it with more ease and grace than he did ; and besides these individual personal accomplishments, the Major had taught him all the theory of war, and the practical command of a troop or regiment of horse in all the evolutions.

The Doctor, too, had lavished upon him the extent of his classical knowledge ; in which, although his pupil took not so much delight, as in the battles of Gustavus Adolphus ; yet so great was

our hero's respect for his old tutor, that he imbibed, against his inclination, the lore of Greece and Rome, and the syllogistic learning of the schools. Master of all these acquirements, the vanity of Charles made him fancy he was worthy of the cornetcy; and as his father had left the direction of all commands to the Major, our hero applied to him, for his opinion on this head; the Major agreed with him, that he was now sufficiently qualified, both as to age, and military knowledge; and therefore conferred upon him the grade reserved for his debut in arms. The troop also was perfect in all points of military discipline; which, when they came into active service, betrayed the merit of their preceptors. The puritans, as well in the neighbourhood of the castle, as indeed all over the kingdom, greatly increased; owing to the diminution of the authority of the bishops, and the increase of the authority of their partizans in the two houses of parliament. Frequent disturbances took

place between the peasantry and the troopers ; and it was now clearly seen that the former were instructed in military exercises. In this state were things on the return of the Lord Falconridge to Banner Cross, who immediately began to collect provisions, and other munitions of war, preparing for that struggle, which soon after commenced.

CHAP. VI.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready ;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody.

BURNS' *Collection of Scottish Songs.*

It would have been well for the nation, had the puritans bounded themselves to the not conforming to the church establishment ; but it is certain, that as their numbers increased, and as they began to receive countenance from some of the nobility and principal gentry, they assumed to blend politics with their theology ; first calling in question the right of the sovereign to assume any supremacy, or even cognizance, in spirituals ; and finally ending with denying all sovereign power, which of course was the issue of the rebellion. They began by asserting, that by the

law of nature, every one hath liberty of conscience ; nor will the Almighty power suffer the great arrogance of kings to have the direction in his eternal kingdom of souls ; that there ought to be no priestly authority, nor establishment in the church ; no sacred orders ; no right of succession ; but that each man might, at his pleasure, have the power of electing what pastor he would. As the rebellion advanced, and approximated to that tragical catastrophe, which was its fatal consequence, they contended, that all power lay in the people ; that the majesty of those who created the king, was truly much greater, than that of the king himself ; that in consequence thereof, if kings became obnoxious to their lords, it was lawful (if those lords were so minded) not only to compress their licence by force, but to drive them from the empire : that the states of every kingdom had received that authority from God himself ; and except they made use of it, they would become

traitors to the liberties of the people : that the king is subject to the law ; the law to the people : that it is lawful to resist the prince, oppressing the state, or wasting the church of the Lord ; if he persists, to levy war against him ; and when conquered, to revenge themselves by what punishment may seem good to them : moreover, if victory should incline against the subjects, although the issue of the war would be the true index of Divine will ; yet, whatsoever they should commit against the king, would be ordered by the direction of Providence. Such, among others, were the dogmas held forth during the rebellion, not only in common conversation, but launched from the puritanical pulpits ; so true is the observation, that the “ persecuted ever become persecutors ;” and the which we have here set down for once and all, *gratia brevitatis*.

Lord Falconridge had not long been at Banner Cross, before he received the following letter from the King : —

“ To our Cousin Maurice Sydenham,
Lord Falconridge.

“ Right trusty and right well-beloved cousin, and right trusty and well-beloved cousin, and trusty and well-beloved cousin ; We greet you well. Sith it hath pleased that gracious Power, who ordereth all things to wise ends, that we should be tried in the crucible of adversity ; and that our subjects, hearkening after factious and desperate councils, should declare themselves opposed to our royal authority ; we have thought good, the better to discern our friends from our adversaries, and to learn upon whom we may place our reliance and dependance, to call a meeting of our lieges at Nottingham, on the 24th day of August now instant ; and to that end we, having faith and confidence in you, our well-esteemed cousin and counsellor, do request your attendance, there and then, with what power of armed men you may conveniently raise : and so we

bid you, with many thanks for your past services, a loving farewell.

“ CHARLES, R.

“ York, 10th August, 1642.”

“ *For the service of the King.*

Haste ! post haste !”

The Baron communicated this letter to his chaplain and the Major : to whom he had already developed the low estate of the king, and the power and malignancy of the parliament towards him.

“ We have seen with dismay, my Lord,” said the Doctor, “ the condemnation of the great Earl of Strafford, the arbitrary imprisonment of the Archbishop Laud, and the sad banishment of our holy prelates from their seats in parliament : doubtless these acts were but the precursors of more heinous and deadly treasons. — I mean the deposition (if their power will carry them through) of his most Sacred Majesty, and the entire ruin of the established church.”

“ You are too fearful, Doctor,” said

Spandyke ; “ the hearts of the puritans are as hard and as black as the castle rock, but they must have longer arms, to pull King Charles out of his throne.”

“ Their power is great, Major ;” said Lord Falconridge.

“ Their numbers may, my Lord ; but they are not men of military habits. I would fain see an army of the puritans enter the field against his Majesty ; — I should wait to see them, at the trumpet’s sound, fall on their knees, and join in prayer instead of battle.”

“ You may live to be undeceived,” said the Baron.

“ I do not think I shall,” answered Spandyke.

“ But is Snell one of that sort ?” said the Doctor.

“ Is that man a puritan ?” enquired the Major.

“ As rank a one as any of the subjects of his most Sacred Majesty, and as great an enemy to the establishment.”

“ Chaque jour sa folie ; he should

have been hanged. He is a man of daring courage ; and although I am not used to remember the threats of my enemies, I cannot forget he vowed blood and vengeance. Picard shall have an eye upon him."

" Who is he, Doctor?" said the Baron.

" The grandson of the puritan, old Solomon Snell."

" Oh ! I remember ; he quitted Hope Dale when the conventicle was destroyed. They are a dangerous family. But it is time to think of our march."

" With what force, Major, could you defend the castle?"

" A very small one will be sufficient."

" The ravelin will take twelve ; we shall need six gunners for the bastions ; four men for guard and relief of the cavern pass ; and half a dozen for extra-charges."

" Take thirty from the troop : you will remain here in full authority, as my lieutenant and military governor ; and I trust your force will be sufficient to guard

my family from insult, should even the puritan peasantry be troublesome. With the rest, Charles and I will join the King."

"And may victory," cried the Doctor, "ever attend your arms, as doubtless it must, fighting in defence of the constitution, his most Sacred Majesty, and the established church."

On the 20th of August, the Baron mustered his regiment in the court-yard, which consisted of one hundred men, well armed and mounted, with the requisite number of captains, lieutenants, serjeants, corporals, kettle-drums, and trumpets. Charles, for the first time, took his rank and place as cornet, bearing the colours, upon which were designed the arms of Falconridge, with the old motto, "Pour le Roy." Our hero was clad as the other officers, except that his mail was ornamented, and his morion clasped with enchased gold; his cuirass and cuishes were the manufacture of Bayonne; his morion, dagger, sword,

and pistols, of Paris. He wore the household badge, (a green scarf wrought with gold by the hands of his mother,) slung across his shoulder; and to his heavy horseman's boots, for the first time, were attached the spurs of knighthood, no one, in these troublesome times, objecting to the incapacity of his infancy. His horse, which had been broken, with peculiar care, by Picard, was an iron-grey, of more bone than beauty, full of fire and action, and (to use the phrase at Tattersall's) without spot or blemish. We shall leave it to our readers, from this description, to form an idea of the "tout ensemble" of this gallant Cavalier; for, by this name, those of the King's party had already become designated.

After the arms and accoutrements of the men, and the caparisons and shoes of the horses had undergone a thorough review and investigation, the Baron ordered Major Spandyke to select his garri-son; which he did, by choosing that troop of which Gualter was captain, Picard ser-

jeant, and Jellott corporal, together with the half of another, with Belot its corporal, the regiment being divided into five troops of twenty men each. The Major drew these men out as a picquet, and formed them at the inner part of the castle-gate.

Lady Falconridge had taken leave of her lord and son ; and as she was greatly attached to the royal family, she felt less at the separation, when coupling it with the support of his Majesty. The Baron mounted his sorrel crop, and formed the regiment ; the drums beat, and the trumpets sounded a march ; the picquet discharged their pistols as a salute, and lowered their swords as Lord Falconridge and the troopers defiled out of the court-yard. The household servants and peasantry, (among the latter of whom were the wives and children of many of the troopers,) were assembled to see their departure, and mixed tears and sorrow with the shouts and rejoicings of their

less interested, or less feeling companions.

In a few minutes the regiment passed behind the rocks, and disappeared ; and Banner Cross, which had lately been a little world of bustle and business, was now a solitary desert. It is in some measure necessary to explain to our readers the reasons which operated upon Lord Falconridge, to dispense with the services of the Major, and to place in garrison that officer, upon whose skill alone he could positively depend ; and they are shortly these. The very merit of the Major had begot him enemies, as merit will ever do ; and his knowledge and discipline became in the eyes of those who had benefited by his instructions, crimes more deadly, than robbery or murder, sacrilege or treason. Hence all the officers in the regiment (except Captain Gualter) entertained the greatest spite and malice against his authority ; and the Baron, who greatly esteemed his person, judged it scarcely safe that he should

hazard himself in their company. Moreover, as he, by his unwearied pains and diligence, had brought the regiment into a state of perfect discipline, his presence was the less required, especially considering that, although the officers hated the Major, and would not obey his commands, yet they were entirely devoted to Lord Falconridge and his son, with whom they said they were ready to live and die. Upon a consultation, therefore, between the Baron and Spandyke, it was resolved, (lest the service of his Majesty should be prejudiced,) that he should remain at Banner Cross, with such a garrison as we have before stated; and as Captain Gualter was an honest and peaceable man, and refused to join the cabals against the Major, they agreed to make choice of him as his lieutenant. The hostile and military appearance of the puritan peasantry, also warranted the Baron in leaving a brave and experienced officer as governor of that disturbed and almost inaccessible district; and it ap-

pears in the sequel, that the Major was not sufficiently on his guard, and that his over-confidence proved his ruin.

We shall now, in order to avoid singularity, follow that excellent practice, (marked out by our fanciful predecessors,) of sticking to our hero "as close as wax." We shall, as his tutelary genius, attend upon him through all his marches, dangers, battles, and adventures, whether (in imitation of Sir Launcelot of the Lake) he ride a tilt against some black knight (or black guard) of the Roundheads; or, like the Saracen Solyman, choose to exercise the vigour of his arm upon whole squadrons, we shall sit upon his morion, as the owl upon the helmet of Minerva; we shall add weight to his sword, and communicate keenness to the edge thereof; we shall support the mettle of his charger, and render it matchless in the tide of battle. With our assistance, therefore, it is no wonder if Charles Sydenham become the most intrepid soldier, the most admirable commander, the

most perfect gentleman, and to crown all, the most gallant Cavalier, that ever perilled lands and life for the unfortunate yet amiable Charles the First.

Lord Falconridge and the troop proceeded by easy stages to Nottingham, where they arrived on the evening of the third day from their quitting Banner Cross ; viz. on the 23d of August. They there found his Majesty with a very small suite, and a force not much greater ; for although he had, by most of the nobility, been promised aid, yet each held back, wishing to note who of his brethren would espouse the cause of his sovereign. The parliament had declared all those traitors who should join his Majesty in arms against itself ; and the nobility were fearful that if the King should be seconded only by a few men of consequence, they, to a certainty, would fall victims to their loyalty in the event of his failure.

However, it was happy that all his friends were not actuated by these prudential considerations ; and he was much

pleased to see so respectable a nobleman as Lord Falconridge, appear for him attended with so gallant a troop. The Baron presented his son to the King, who allowed our hero to kiss his hands, and after complimenting him on his appearance, he called his sons Prince Charles and the Duke of York, who were pretty much of his age, and with some ceremony introduced Charles to them.

The King, with the advice of his friends, having set up his standard, many of the nobility flocked to him, and he then proceeded to Shrewsbury, in the hope of increasing his army ; by which measure, in a short time, he was in sufficient force to seek the army of the parliament, which, commanded by the Earl of Essex, was advancing upon him from London. After some skirmishing, always favourable to the Cavaliers, and in which our hero fleshed his maiden sword, the King advanced to Banbury, within six miles of the enemy's camp, which was at Keinton in Warwickshire. Since the wars of the Roses,

this was the first time that two native armies, regularly appointed and commanded, had met on terms of hostility; (for we can scarce call the tumultuary forces assembled in the reigns of Henry VII. and Elizabeth, armies;) and those troops which had been ever victorious over every other nation, could find no way to evince their courage but in cutting the throats of each other. There is an old and forcible saying, “when Englishman meets Englishman then comes the tug of war,” which speaks volumes of their valour; and indeed the history of this country, and that of the surrounding nations, is a history merely of England’s triumphs, and England’s invincibility.

The victories of Cressy, of Poictiers, of Azincour, of Flodden, are unmatched in the battles of the middle ages; the lion of England sat upon his throne, dreaded by crouching Europe, scattering hope or terror throughout the nations: to him was addressed the language of concilia-

tory adulation, the language of the fearful praying the protection of the mighty in war,

*“ O spes afflictis, timor hostibus, hostia victis,
Regula virtutis, juris via, forma salutis
Victore, servorum pia suscipe vota tuorum.”*

The 23d day of October, anno Domini 1642, will be a day ever remembered in the annals of England ; not so much for the magnitude of the battle which then took place, or the carnage which ensued, for they were neither extraordinary ; as for its being the effectual commencement of that parricidal war, which ended with the destruction of king, and church, and constitution. On the night of the 22d, the King had received intelligence of the enemy's approach from Prince Rupert, in consequence of which, he advanced with his horse to the top of Edge-hill early the following morning. The greatest part of it was wasted in marshalling the armies, the foot of the King not having come up, and it being impossible for the enemy to

attack him without great disadvantage. When the foot had arrived, and all proper dispositions had been made, the King commenced operations by a smart cannonade, which was returned by the Round-heads feebly and without effect.

This state of things did not long continue; it was not possible to restrain the ardour of the troops, who burned with desire to engage the enemy; the King therefore moved from his camp, and advanced his infantry into the open field, under cover of his artillery, and a body of horse; the Earl of Essex, whose troops were much better provided, pushed his advance forward to meet the infantry, and the action commenced on both sides with true English intrepidity. The enemy's general, thinking to outflank and cut off the King's foot, wheeled round with his left division, consisting chiefly of cuirassiers, and charged the infantry: his design was penetrated by Prince Rupert, who, forming the division under his command (of which Lord Falconridge's regi-

ment was part,) cried out to his soldiers, "Now, gallant cavaliers, one charge for the king and your mistresses' favour." "Guard your colours, Charles," cried the brave old baron. Charles replied only by waving his broad sword. The Prince put himself at their head, and clapping spurs to their steeds, they galloped to the charge, setting up their battle-cry, "King Charles and victory!" The enemy's troopers could not sustain the shock; after a poor resistance, they turned their horses, and fled for life, followed by the Prince, who gave no quarter; and indeed, more men fell in this flight, than in all the battle besides. In the mean time, the infantry had sustained some loss, their general being mortally wounded; and Sir Edmund Verney, bearer of the royal standard, being slain on the field, it fell into the hands of the enemy: news of this disgrace was brought to the Prince, as he and his division were returning from the pursuit, and he endeavoured to engage his men to make

another charge ; but their horses being quite spent, and it being impossible, from the weight of their arms, to act on foot, such a measure was found impracticable. However, Captain Smith, a man of infinite valour, volunteered (if he could find any one to second him) to peril his life on the rescue of the standard ; and our hero, preferring glory to all other considerations, gave his own colours into the hands of his serjeant, and riding from the ranks, pledged his honour to second him to the death. Their horses were the best in the division, and notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, were still full of mettle and vigour. They galloped off to that part of the field, where the struggle was hottest, and learned from several of the officers, that the standard was in the hands of the secretary of the Earl of Essex. It was therefore necessary, to fight their way through the throng of the action, (the Earl having taken his station in the rear of his troops,) which they effected with great danger, and advanced

upon the general himself, who was surrounded by his aides-de-camp and body guards; our two heroes, in the ardour of their courage, had neglected to remove their scarves, by which they were immediately known; and the Earl, thinking to have them sure, and not knowing their purpose, ordered the guard to open and inclose them; this order was obeyed, and the cavaliers found themselves in a moment entirely surrounded. However, this was not at present their consideration; they sought, and quickly espied, the grand standard of England in the hands of the secretary, who sat on horseback, near the general, unarmed. Charles rode up to him, and pulled him by the throat upon the saddle-bow, whilst Smith caught the standard, and twisted it round his body. The enemy were amazed at the madness of this enterprise, and were scarcely recovered from their admiration, when our heroes attacked them: the Round-heads dared not to use their fire-arms, lest the

balls, glancing from the armour of the cavaliers, should do mischief to their own men ; and were therefore constrained to put the contest in issue with the broadsword ; but so resolutely did the cavaliers set upon them, such effectual use did they make of their weapons, that, in a few moments, they cleared their way through the ring which surrounded them ; and, to the inexpressible shame and indignation of their general, did a troop of fifty cuirassiers suffer themselves to be beaten by two unsupported cavaliers. Our heroes made good their retreat, and brought the standard to the King himself, who knighted them on the field.

Shortly after, night parted the combatants ; and although the losses were pretty equal on both sides, and both armies remained upon the field, yet, as the parliamentary army first withdrew from it, and returned to Warwick, it must be adjudged that the King was the victor. Charles, by this gallant exploit, acquired not only the respect of his sovereign, and

all his officers, in an eminent degree ; but also became the idol of common soldiers, who are ever fond of the marvellous, and such actions as they have not souls to undertake ; and although Captain Smith shared with him in their favour, yet, as our hero was of years so tender, and of experience in war so limited, his part in this glorious atchievement was esteemed much the greater. Several of the officers in his father's regiment (which had behaved with uncommon bravery) having fallen, Charles was promoted to a captaincy, to the great pride and satisfaction of that troop placed under his command, who assumed a separate badge (as the young cavalier's own troop), with the device of a falcon holding the thunder, and the motto, "*à la mort.*"

It cannot be expected that we should go through the regular detail of each campaign between the King and parliament ; it will, we trust, be found sufficient, if we touch upon those leading events which mark the changes of complexion in the King's fortunes.

After the battle of Edge-hill, the King advanced to London, but was under the necessity of retreating to Oxford, on account of the increase of the Round-head forces. It is pretty well known that at this city the King held his court during the time each party was in winter quarters; and here our hero, spending his time in the first society, acquired that polish of manners, for which he was ever after highly remarkable. He here also added much to his military education, for he became intimately acquainted with the old Earl of Brentford, who, notwithstanding his infirmities, was even then one of the best generals of the age, and who, esteeming Charles for his valour, took a pleasure in communicating to him that knowledge, which it had been the business of his whole life practically to acquire.

In the celebrated fight on Roundway Down, our hero bore a considerable part. The Baron being unwell at the time, assistance was sent for to Oxford by the

western army, then blocked up at the Devizes by Sir William Waller; all the officers of the regiment requested that Charles would take the place of his father, without regard to seniority; which, although unwilling to do, yet it was so warmly pressed by them, that he at length consented, and set off for the place of action under, the command of Lord Wilmot.

Being the advance of the division, Captain Sydenham came upon the Down with no expectation of fighting, but found the enemy's horse drawn up to receive him, and amounting to twenty times his force. However, it was too late to retreat; and therefore putting a good face upon the matter, as if the whole division was at his heels to second him, he formed his troop, and setting up their cry, "Falconridge for ever!" he led them upon the enemy. His boldness proved his safety; for the enemy, supposing his rescue near, feared to stir from their positions, so that he had lei-

sure to attack one troop after another, and had put the whole body into confusion, when the cavaliers appeared in reality. Wilmot formed his men at the opening of the Down, and dashed upon the Round-head squadrons, who, already disturbed by Captain Sydenham's attack, were quickly and easily discomfited, making (as the French at Guinegate) more use of their spurs than their swords.

The infantry, under Waller's command, were, at the same moment, attacked by the troops from the Devizes, (who were hastening to join Lord Wilmot), and, panic-struck with the defeat of their cavalry, after a short opposition, threw down their arms and fled.

They were followed by the cavaliers with great execution; and Wilmot, having performed the requisite service, returned to Oxford, and made so gracious a report of Captain Sydenham's service, that he received the personal thanks of his Majesty. Lord Falcon-

ridge, being now in years, was persuaded by the King to devolve his command entirely upon his son; and our hero at length became a colonel in the army.

The capture of Bristol by Prince Rupert, a short time after the battle of Roundway Down, and some other successes in the close of the campaign of 1643, put the whole of the country, from Oxford to Berwick, into the hands of the King, with the exception of Hull, Gloucester, and some few castles in the north. In Derbyshire and Cheshire, all the regular fortresses were in the hands of the cavaliers, except that of Wibberley, near Stockport in Cheshire: and it was therefore resolved that Colonel Sydenham should march thither, in the beginning of the next campaign, to reduce it, its garrison being troublesome to the neighbouring country. Sydenham was chosen for this service, from the known interest of the Baron in those counties, and from the expectation that he would be more likely than any other

officer to retain the people in their obedience and loyalty. He was made colonel of division, with a regiment of infantry and a brigade of artillery added to his own of horse; and with these troops the Baron and he marched from Oxford, on their way to Cheshire.

On the seventh day of their march, they reached the town of Stockport, where they halted for the night, and the following morning advanced upon Wibberley. The road, uneven, but romantically beautiful, now winded amongst gently-swelling hills, and then descended into well-cultivated and fertile valleys. Nature seemed here (notwithstanding the havoc and horrors of war) smiling amid peace and plenty. The advanced guard of the division had marched about three miles from Stockport, when a turn of the road presented to them the entrance to Wibberley Chase, an extent of ground surrounding the castle for some miles, planted with forest-trees, and intersected by the serpentine windings of the river

Mersey, over which, in many places, bridges of wood had been thrown for convenience of hunting. There was a lodge at the gate of entrance, where was stationed a small picquet of the enemy ; but as the advance moved up, they retreated towards the castle by a horse-path, which made a detour to the left, and crossing the river, brought them by an even road to the front of the castle. The advance took possession of the Lodge, and halted until the arrival of the main body, which moved forward in the track of the enemy's picquet, and in a short time came before Wibberley.

The castle, which, from its appearance of antiquity, one might judge had been erected in the turbulent reign of Stephen, derived nothing of its strength from situation ; for although there were no hills in the vicinity of such an elevation as could properly be said to command it, yet it had no natural protection except in front, where the river, pursuing a partial course for half the length

of the castle, filled a broad and deep graff or fosse which surrounded it.

The castle consisted of four round towers, of unusual strength and solidity, which, being connected with each other by embattled walls of stupendous height and thickness, formed in the midst a square or *basse cour* sufficiently large for the exercise of two or three hundred horse. The towers flanking the front were again joined by means of an embrasure or parapet erected over the portal, so as to command the draw-bridge, which extended, when lowered, to the further bank of the river. A door from each turret opened upon the battlement, and gave the besieged an opportunity of greatly annoying their assailants, even should they be successful in attacking the bridge. A tremendous portcullis depended from the lower part of the parapet, which, though generally used as a barricado to the portal, might in a moment be raised, so as to form a curtain to the lower battlement. Arrow-slits in

the towers (for in front there were no windows) served, in time of need, for the purpose of discharging small arms; and at the commencement of the troubles, the battlements had been plentifully supplied with cannon, the castle with arms and ammunition, and provender for man and horse, and the greatest pains taken to render it fully competent to sustain a long and severe siege.

Colonel Sydenham resolved, before he broke ground, to summon the garrison; and to that end, sent an officer, attended by a trumpet, to the castle. Lieutenant William Armstrong, a Scotchman of great valour, had seen considerable service abroad, and was perfectly well acquainted with all the etiquette of warfare. He was selected by the Colonel for this service, and undertook it with great alacrity, being one of the Puritans' most resolved enemies. He advanced to the gruff, and the trumpet blew a parley. After a formal challenge, the draw-bridge was lowered, and he was admitted; the

Round-heads taking sufficient care to re-hoist the bridge. Passing through the portal, he entered the court, where he found the commandant, Captain Purefoy, a zealous puritan, attended by his officers, and the troop of horse which had fled from the Lodge.

The governor received Armstrong as stiff as buckram, who internally laughed at his grotesque appearance. Purefoy was certainly of kin to the renowned knight of La Mancha; for, body, armour, and all, he scarcely appeared stouter (to use an old saying) "than a country whipping-post." His height was above the common size, and his countenance, although compressed into gravity and staid humility, by changes, evinced the haughtiness and self-sufficiency of a little soul; his armour was as plain as that of his private comrades, and he did not even wear an iron crest on his head-piece. He supported himself with a pike, which also served him as a truncheon, and with which, in a way not over polite, he in-

licated to his officers his wishes and commands. Armstrong, who was too apt to let the ludicrous prevail over the prudent, in his warm imagination, after making his obedience with great formality, (although he received no return from the puritans,) in a hesitating manner, said, "Please your excellency, are the prayers over?"

"What meaneth the jester?" replied Purefoy, gathering his brow at this question.

"Oh! naething, naething; only I ken it's no yer practice to do beesness, until ye've said your orisons."

"Orisons! do ye take us for papists?"

"God forbid; that were to do ae thing at whilk my heart revolts."

"Do your errand, and begone."

The Scotsman's eye kindled, but he quickly recovered himself; "My bidding here, captain, —"

"Governor," said Purefoy, proudly.

"Well, deil take it mon, governor; my bidding here is to summon ye to

surrender, for the avoidance o' bleid shedding."

"Who is your commander?"

"Colonel Sydenham."

"That child of perdition!"

"That child of war! that gallant spirit, wharouted 500 o' yer general's body-guard on the field at Keinton. He will gie ye yer lives, an ye will lay down yer arms, an' submit till his mercy."

"And doth he truly make this magnificent proposal? will he really give life and limb to a force in garrison, equal to his own, or nigh, and better provided with a house of refuge, as this strong hold? Tell thy commander, that Elijah Purefoy smiled, when the first blow in this glorious contest was stricken; tell him that I smile now; his folly inciteth me, and I may not *resist*; tell him moreover, and I swear by the holy prophet whose name I bear, that I will answer it, that whilst the Lord doth not abandon us, and we have a man left to work a saker; whilst we have a pound of biscuit, or a

pound of ammunition in our store ; whilst this castle remaineth over our heads, and we have strength to stand to our arms, we will keep the fortress. There can be no agreement between Christ and Belial : we are for the Lord against Antichrist : we are buckler'd with the shield of David — what should we fear from the Philistines ?”

“ Nay, but captain !” said the lieutenant, interrupting his harangue, “ Captain Purefoy !”

“ Governor. ”

“ Weel, governor ; we are neither Antichrist nor Belial ; nor, spite o’ my observation, can I discern the shield of David ; peradventure ye may ha’e it in the interior. But say what ye list, it striketh me that yer buckler will stand ye i’ leetle stead against the arm of that warrior, who hath redeemed the King’s honour underneath yer general’s nose.”

“ Away, thouscoffer ! away, thou child of impiety !” cried Purefoy. “ Avoid ! Conduct him, lest we incur the Lord’s an-

ger by hearkening to his blasphemies — away !”

The governor was hastening to the opposite side of the court, when Armstrong called after him. “ But, my lord ! your excellency ! Governor Purefoy !”

These titles, artfully used by the wily Scotsman, made the puritan, notwithstanding his pretended humility, turn upon his heel, when Armstrong bowing low, he returned.

“ What is your pleasure ?” said Purefoy.

“ I merely wish to learn what is your excess o’ strength, the weight o’ yer metal, an’ the extent o’ your ammunition, an’ provision stores ; your number o’ horses, an’ a’ ither information ye ma’ be pleased to gi’e me ?”

Purefoy was sensibly enraged at this bite, and grinding his teeth, said bitterly : “ Ye’re the devil’s own son ; his proper and matchless infant. Let me not meet with thee in your intended leaguer ; or the stinking puddle which runs in thy

veins will I let out, and thy blacken'd soul will I send to its infernal parent."

Armstrong laughed. — "I shall be happy to ha'e ae bout wi' yer excellency, whenever yer excellency may feel disposed to honour me wi' your excellency's commands. Till then," bowing, "I am yer excellency's very humble," bowing, "an' obliged servant. Good morning, Captain Purefoy."

"Governor, sirrah."

Armstrong then returned to the Colonel, and gave him an account of his reception, and of the enemy's determination to abide a siege. Sydenham called a council of his officers, when it was resolved to open their trenches before the castle, and commence a regular attack, the place being too strong to be taken by a coup-de-main.

He formed an intrenched camp at a short distance, having an earthen breast-work in front, to cover them from the fire of the besieged, and raised two small batteries of cannon, with which it was

expected they would be able to make a breach in a few days.

The Baron resolved, in the expectation of the castle's reduction in the course of a week, to wait the issue; but sent a trooper on to Banner Cross, distant only about fourteen miles, to inform Lady Falconridge of his arrival in Cheshire, and that he should take advantage of the conclusion of this service, to visit the castle.

CHAP. VII.

O conspirac, !

Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage?

Brutus.

WE must now return to a scene, where, though on a smaller scale, the conflicting parties exerted all the malice their religious bigotry could engender, and all the strength that malice could supply. The war between the King and Parliament was certainly a war of religion; the episcopalians preached a croisade against the puritans, and the puritans in return denounced the churchmen, and, as he was of that party, the King. The contest, moreover, was carried on with true religious cruelty. It seemed as if some of the old campaigns against the

Albigenses or Hussites were renewed in England ; for in more than one action no quarter was given, and it was Cromwell's notorious practice, never to sit down before a place of strength, but to carry it by storm, and put the inhabitants to the sword.

*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*

It was not entirely, as we have been led to imagine, the fondness of Charles for exerting his prerogative, nor even his most arbitrary proceedings, which, caused the rebellion ; but the increase and enthusiasm of the puritans, which, like an alpine torrent, loosened and overtoppled the constitutional avalanche. So wild and visionary were the tenets, with which some of the most prudent among the parliamentary dictators were inspired, that it is said Sir Harry Vane, a man of consummate skill in worldly matters, believed in the actual reign of saints, and fancied himself their appointed ruler for the space of one thousand years.—

What wonder is it then, if the first and cleverest men in the nation suffered themselves to be the dupes of theories so fantastical, that the lower classes, without those lights, and that knowledge, which should have bred in their rulers better reasonings, gave themselves up to the supreme dominion of enthusiastic and ridiculous imaginations. All human supremacy was, shortly after the battle of Naseby, absolutely disclaimed; and that prime wizard who had raised the storm, found it less difficult to excite, than to quell. It had long been the puritanical, or saintly fashion, to reject the old heathenish names, and in their places to adopt more evangelical ones from scripture; but now it became the practice to præposit the surname, a whole sentence, long or short, according to the fancy of the person adopting it. These novelties were communicated to the puritans of the Derby Hills, by a saintly minister of the name of Windyman, who arrived in that country from the metropolis, a

few days antecedent to Colonel Sydenham's encampment before Wibberley.— He had formerly been called Gehazi Windyman, but fancying that name not sufficiently sanctified, he discarded it, and took the sentence “Never-lack in God's praise,” as a more christian appellation. His appearance, however, was not so puritanical as he could have wished; for he was round and tunbellied, with good rosy gills, and had that sort of a jewelled nose, which would have caused any person unacquainted with his pastoral calling, to have pronounced him a toper. Mr. Abel White, who was then in London, and had gone over from the presbyterians to the independents, had recommended this second Paul to preach salvation to the inhabitants of the wilderness, and had given him a letter of introduction to Snell, at whose cottage, conducted by a guide from the Castle Town, he arrived in the close of the evening, and was received with honour and welcome. Old Solomon, who was, at the

time of his arrival, in close conference with many of the elders, led him to his own seat, and ordered refreshments ; but with a self-denying air, he motioned a refusal, and looking round, said, "Let us pray." He then knelt down, in which ceremony he was accompanied by those present, and with great volubility, and vociferation, he thus proceeded : "Thou hast brought us in peace through the snares, which our enemies have laid for us ; and hast conducted us in safety, unto the seats of the righteous : our brethren that abide in the cities of our enemies, cry aloud each of them, woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar : my soul is athirst for the society of saints ; yea, I was faint for the company of the faithful, and am sick unto death for food for my soul : accept us, we beseech Thee, and give us to walk in the light, as Thou art in the light ; Thou it is, who enlightenest our blackness, our darkness ; Thou givest us to see the light, in thy light ; one beam in

a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it; it streameth like a bright meteor upon our understandings, and we are wonderfully enlightened. — When we think of Thee, what are we? Oh! thy mercy to the whole society of saints; despised, jeered saints: Let them mock on, would we were all saints: The best of us, thou knowest, are but poor weak saints, yet saints; if not sheep, yet lambs, and must be fed. Prosper us, and hasten thine advent, we beseech thee: Scatter thine and our enemies: Send forth thy lightnings and thy thunderbolts, saying, Go, ye swift destroyers, to a nation scattered and peeled; to a people, terrible from their beginning hitherto; a nation rooted out, and trodden down, whose lands the rivers have spoiled. Let us trust to the sword of the Spirit, which is thy word; which is powerful to bring down strong holds, and every imagination that exalts itself; which alone is able to fit and square the stones for the new Jerusalem; which, if

we do faithfully, and steadfastly, then, and by that means, and no other, shall Jerusalem, which is to be the praise of the whole earth, thy city, be built, the lion of the Holy One of Israel : Watch over us, and protect us ; teach us to call upon thy name, and with thee to be familiar in prayer : for Jesus' sake, I will not hold my tongue ; for Jerusalem's sake, I will not ; till the righteousness thereof break forth as the light ; till the sun of salvation rest upon our sanctuary : Peace be within these walls."

He then rose, and took his seat at the table : the elders did the like.

" Now, neighbour," said Windyman, " ye may bring forth your store of carnal victual."

Snell obeyed ; but supplied the table, not only with carnal but vegetable victual, and a flaggon of mountain ale, at which the saint's eyes seemed to sparkle. When the table was provided, and the elders, with Snell, had sat down, Mr. Windyman again exerted himself in a

grace and blessing, not much shorter than his prayer, very much to the edification of his auditors, who fancied John was again come upon earth, and blessed them with his eloquence. "Are ye many, in this wild country?" said the pastor, when he could relax his jaws for a moment; "do the faithful increase among ye?"

"We be so many," replied Solomon, "that we may muster two hundred brethren with a wind o' the trumpet."

"Then why are ye not stirring? What saint would sit still, when the Lord's service needed his helping hand?"

"Listen, most reverend brother; thus it is: our lord immediate, the Baron Falconridge, though a'ways rankly a prelatist, and enemy o' the puritans, hath ever been a kind master, and humane ruler; he hath fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, sheltered the houseless, and administered to the sick: his name is blessed throughout the country, and his worth hath retained our hands."

The preacher drew back in affright, surveying Snell with one of those stares, which indicate a contemptuous astonishment ; and when Solomon had ended, burst upon him like a clap of thunder. “ Away with your sickening loyalty ! Away with your perverse, and foolish, and superstitious reverence ! I tell ye from heaven, that your lord is a deceiver ! a hypocrite ! an enemy of the Omnipotent ! I tell ye that all those who assist not, to their uttermost strength, in this glorious and pious contest, are execrable to all eternity ! I tell ye that the town, the city, the county, which doth not accede to the revolt, will perish by divine vengeance ! What are the princes of the land and the rulers thereof ? They are traitors ! they have ever deceived both God and man ! and with them who shall keep faith ? Away then, my brethren, with your doubts, and your scruples ! put forth all your might, to the work in hand : the reign of kings is departed : thus saith the Lord, write ye this man

childless ; a man that shall not prosper in his days ; for no man of his seed shall prosper, sitting upon the throne of David, and ruling any more in Judah ; and if the tree must fall, and who shall gainsay the word of God, what shall support the branches ? I will prepare destroyers against thee, every one with his weapons, and they shall cut down thy choice cedars, and cast them into the fire. Thus saith the Holy One ; thus doth He command, to the saints of his tabernacle, and the flock of his fold ; are ye saints, and can resist ? are ye His, and can withstand his commandment ? Verily it is said, that a man leaving his father and his mother, shall cleave unto his wife ; what then, shall not ye, quitting your lord, cleave unto another, and a greater lord, the Lord of Hosts ?”

“ We will, we will,” cried the elders, groaning in the spirit.

The holy man swallowed a horn of ale, and thus 'proceeded : “ It is no wonder, when the Lord hath lift up his hand so

eminently against kings, as he hath done, and men will not see his hand, if he hide his face from such, putting them to shame, both for it, and their negligence and backwardness in his service: thus saith the Lord, feed the flock of the slaughter, whose possessors slay them, and hold themselves not guilty; and they that sell them, say, Blessed be the Lord, for I am rich; and their shepherds pity them not. Awake, arise, brethren and saints; ye may now accomplish your temporal and eternal salvation; be stedfast in faith; be active in principle; I warn ye against lukewarmness; the Lord will have your whole heart, or not at all."

It is not possible to do justice to this harangue, accompanied, as it was, by the manner of the speaker: his voice rose and fell, to suit his subject-matter, in modulated cadence; and the close of each sentence was accompanied by the elders with a regular chorus of groaning. Solomon Snell, who hitherto had been counted as something of an orator, was now quite ruined

in the estimation of his brethren, who beheld with wonder the man, to whom

——— dedit ore rotundo

Musa loqui.

HOR. *Ar. Poet.* lines 523 & 524.

Mr. Never-lack soon observed the awe and reverence which his eloquence had gained him ; and sustained it, by assuming a look and manner of great importance. “ It is the duty of each faithful shepherd, to send forth his warning voice among his flock ; lest the wolf come among them, and they be devoured : Woe be to the shepherds, that do feed themselves : should they not feed the flocks ? Wretched, and vile, and unworthy of the crown of glory, were that pastor, who feared aught in promoting the great work : slave were he to his most unworthy passion, the passion of fear, who dare not hazard life, and limb, and worldly honour, for the furthering and establishing the reign of Jesus on earth. Oh ! my brethren, there is a fate upon us ; the meanest here shall inherit

whole kingdoms, under the universal sway of our Lord and Master : Who then can fear ? Are we not immortal ?”

At this moment, the old signal for assembling, (three winds on a bugle,) was heard as distinctly, as if it had been at the cottage-door ; and Windyman fancying it was a hostile trumpet, turned pale, and cried “ The cavaliers !” He was scarcely re-assured, by the explanation of Solomon Snell, when Jonathan, the elder’s grandson, entered the cottage. He was armed with back and breast pieces, and a light scull cap, fastened under his chin with a leathern thong : his offensive arms were a pike, which he held in his hand ; a long broad sword, depending from his side ; and a pair of pistols stuck in his girdle ; with a bugle horn slung across his shoulder ; making an appearance altogether desperate and ferocious. His entrance again startled the shepherd, who could with difficulty believe Jonathan to be one of his lambs ; he rather seemed the wolf, mentioned in

his last speech. His grandfather having acquainted him with the pastor's name and quality, Jonathan removed his skull, and took his stand behind Mr. Windyman, not presuming to sit in the presence of the eldership.

“ It shameth me to hear, young man,” said the preacher, “ that although ye are gathered together, each man girt with his sword, and bending his bow and spear, yet unblest by faith and confidence, ye fear —”

“ Fear !” interrupted Jonathan proudly, “ does the lion stalking in the desert fear ? Does the young eagle that scents blood fear ? Does —”

“ I prithee,” interrupted Never-lack in his turn, “ be not so hasty and impatient : I see the discipline of religious observances hath no power over the intemperance of thy youth ; but I chide not ; listen ! These good elders have indicated unto me, that at the sound of the trump ye can raise two hundred men.”

Jonathan nodded.

“ And why,” continued Windyman, “ have ye for nought numbered your men of war? Why have ye girded on your arms, and clapped harness on your backs, if ye may not be put to proof? Is there not the strong hold of a malignant lord nigh at hand? And are ye but swash-bucklers that dare not go up unto it.”

“ Than my brethren in arms,” replied Jonathan, “ better men and bolder live not: fain would they, and gladly, assault Banner Cross; and I, of all, would lay that proud fortress in ashes, were its smoking ruins my bed of death: but these elders know we were controlled; the banner still floats on the tower, but it floats there with the will of the elder-ship.”

“ Ye speak rashly, Jonathan,” cried his grandfather; “ the tower might ha’ stood, though ye had sought its fa’.

“ Had ye, fathers, said the word,” replied Jonathan, “ that castle, which stands so proudly, lording it o’er the dale, would but now shew a wreck of its

having stood on the rock: we would have fired the Arminian fortress, and scattered its ashes to the four winds of heaven. On you be the blame; our hearts were firm."

"But listen, ye man o' passion," cried his grandsire; "do ye hold the garrison for nought? and do ye think lightly o' taking a place reckoned above caption, commanded by a captain o' vast experience, an' fortified regularly wi' cannon bastions?"

"Talk not, think not of the arm of flesh," said Windyman: "the sword of the spirit, as I have told ye, is powerful to bring down the strong holds of the malignant: put faith in it, and ye shall overcome all impediments."

"If faith be courage, we lacked it not," replied Jonathan: "the garrison, and its captain, their cannon, and defences, must have yielded to the strength of our hands, and the bravery of our hearts: they might have resisted, but a fate was upon 'em."—

“An ye might win the castle then, ye may do it now,” said an elder.

Jonathan eyed him keenly for a moment, and then said, “Do you mean good faith in that you utter?”

“Ay, truly,” replied the old man.

“Why then, fathers,” cried he, starting up, and standing in the midst of them, like the arch fiend, with his eyes burning, and his hand grasping his pike with desperation, “ye say truly, we may win the castle now; its existence is this moment in my hands: say the word, and though I perish with it, this night shall see its ashes quenched in blood; this night shall see such a bonfire kindled on the Peak Cliff, as shall light all the hills of Derby.”

“What mean ye?” said his grandfather: “hath the fiend, or the grey woman possessed him? Jonathan, expound thy riddle.”

“Neither fiend nor fairy, demon nor devil, ghost nor grey woman, lends me help or hand; but by my hope of vengeance, I speak true and trustily.

“Expound, explain,” said Mr. Windyman, rather impatiently.

“I have pledged my troth on secresy, and my word cannot be broken; but I will find you an expositor more able than I am.”

He went to the cottage-door, and blew three blasts on his bugle.

“That note will scare the heron from his nest, and rouse the deer on the Churn of Chinley,” said he, returning.

“Woe the while,” said Windyman, apparently alarmed at the company he had got amongst, “that poor sheep should be straitened to wear the skin of the wolf for protection.”

The cottage-door opened, and a man, armed with sword and pistols, entered the cottage.

“Welcome, Ralph!” said Jonathan to Jellott, for it was the corporal himself; “welcome to the heron’s nest; the birds are now fledg’d, and only need a conductor to bend their wings against the sun.”

“Are ye friend or foe, corporal Jel-lott?” said old Solomon in astonishment.

“Would a foe seek shelter in the lion’s mouth?” replied Jonathan: “he’s as firm and forward in the good cause, as any man here: I answer for him, soul and body.”

“Speak for yourself, soldier,” said Windyman cautiously; “what cause have ye for your desertion?”

“Desertion!” replied the corporal: “I dinna desert; little profit would I reap from that; I have been wronged villanously, and I seek revenge.”

“Hath the malignant lord wronged you?” said the preacher.

“No matter, mayster; his major has, and it’s all one.”

“What are your grievances?”

“Dinna madden me to tell them: he has set over me a fause French papist; he has disgraced me in the guard-room, and reversed my arms; he has heaped shame on my head, and toil upon my shoulders, without strike or stint; and I

swear by the Lone End witch, I will repay him, without meet or measure."

"What have ye resolved on?"

"Are ye here all sworn and banded friends?"

"To the death," cried Jonathan; "proceed."

"Few of ye, if any, know, that there is a passage cut through the rock, from the castle to the Peak cavern."

"Who asserts it?" said Solomon.

"I do," replied Jellott; "none of the household servants know it, the Baron being fearful it should be blown abroad: but each night it is straitly guarded by two soldiers."

"And through this pass," said Windyman, "I conceive it to be your intention to admit our brethren."

"Ay; and they may murder the whole troop in their beds, and fire the castle, before it be known who are the enemy."

"Ay, ay," said Windyman, "this is glorious; this is a sanctification; this is as it should be; I say unto ye, spare not,

but root out that Antichristian and Babylonish sect ; that malignant party, which say of Jerusalem, down with it to the ground. Cut off those workers of iniquity ; those facinorous papists ; those worshippers of Antichrist ; whose religion is rebellion, whose faith is faction, whose practice is murdering both body and soul. Let them be plucked up root and branch, as plants, which the Lord hath not planted ; let them be utterly destroyed, as the tares, which are a poison to the good and wholesome crops of wheat. Spare not, I command ye, for fear nor favour, friendship nor affection ; they are all spawns of the arch fiend ; the best of them is as a brier ; the most upright is sharper than a thorn-hedge ; the day of thy watchmen and thy visitation cometh ; now shall be their perplexity."

"The Lord hath given them over," said old Solomon, "he hath abandoned them to the spoiler ; the young lions roar upon them, and yell, and they make their

lands waste ; their cities they burn without inhabitant."

" Behold a whirlwind of the Lord is gone forth in fury," said Never-lack, continuing the denunciation, " even a grievous whirlwind ; it shall fall grievously upon the heads of the wicked. Is not my word like a fire ? and like a hammer, that breaketh the rock in pieces ? Even all people shall say, wherefore hath the Lord done this unto this land ? what meaneth the heat of this great anger ?"

" Because," repeated all the elders in chorus, " they have abandoned thy way, and have forsaken the covenant of the Lord their God."

When they had thus sanctified their treason against their lord, the murder of his garrison, and the destruction of his house and family, by the misapplication of the Holy Scriptures ; they began to plot the surest and safest way of carrying their scheme of iniquity into execution. It was at length concluded to defer their attack until the morrow even-

ing, when it would be Jellott's turn to mount guard upon the pass.

“The hour of midnight,” said Jonathan, “shall be the knell of departure to the souls of the garrison; we will have our men assembled in the cavern mouth.”

“What must we do with the women?” said Jellot.

“Nay,” replied the preacher, “but utterly destroy all that are in the place; man and woman, young and old, ox and sheep, horse and ass, with the edge of the sword; let not any living thing escape.”

“What!” said Ralph, horror-struck; “murder women and children! If ye mean so, take the castle who can, ye shall never have it for me. The men may and will defend themselves, but women, poor helpless, fearful women.”

“May the coward that would harm a female,” said Jonathan, interrupting him, “want a soft hand to smooth his dying brow; there is no man in our company, that would execute such orders; and if

he would, I would throw him o'er the Heron crag : our worthy pastor meant not what he uttered ; the Jews had divine command for their justification, and so must we, before we forget our nature."

The preacher was preparing to frame an exhortation in confirmation of his former advice, when Jonathan, perceiving his intention, stooped down to his ear.

"Your mad doctrine will ruin my plans ; if I succeed not, your soul and body quickly part ; look to it, I threaten not twice."

The soul of the minister seemed now ready to forsake its mortal tenement ; for the colour vanished from his face, and he shook like an aspen. He looked upon the savage countenance of the mountaineer, who examined the locks of his pistols, and the edge of his drawn broadsword, and concluded from its character of remorseless resolution, that he would be as good as his word. It was the better way, he thought, to hold his peace.

Jellott and the elders now prepared to quit the cottage, and Jonathan to join the troop at drill in the Tor Dale.

“Ye will be faithful, Ralph?” said young Snell.

“May Doll Jordan witch and waste me, pine me and palsy me, roast me on a slow hearth, or burn me wi’ living coals, an’ I rest not in true faith and fealty to our compact.”

He had scarce ended, when three knocks were heard at the door, and before any one could answer, the following words were repeated in a harsh and squeaking tone :

“ Few be the hills, that be higher than Kinder ;
Few be the lakes, that be wider than Winder ;
Few be the pits, that be deeper than Eldon ;
The like o’ the peak-hole, ye will see seldom ;
Ower the deer hill roams not a ranger
Lealer than Jellott, and faster i’ danger.”

Jonathan immediately burst open the door, crying, “ The witch ;” and sought carefully all round the cottage, but she had either concealed herself, or flown off upon her broomstick ; he found no trace

of the female cabalist, not even the sulphureous smell usually accompanying the equipages of the society of sorcerers. No person but Windyman was surprised ; he, however, made up for the silence of the others by his enquiries.

“ Who is this horrible sorceress ? ” said he.

“ She is ca’d Doll Jordan,” replied Solomon, “ and owes her livelihood to the fear of the country. It is believed, that no one would live an hour, an he were to inform anenst her.”

“ Where dwelleth the witch ? ”

“ At the Lone End, beneath Mam Tor, she has a miserable cabin, where country-folk run to her for fortin-telling and wickeder purposes. That man is howden a foo’ who crosses her ; he’s sartain torue i’ body or goods. From her grey cladding, she’s got the name o’ the Grey Woman o’ the Lone End.”

“ But hath this second witch of Endor a familiar ? is she really gifted with power extraordinary ? ”

“ Well I wot,” replied Solomon, “ she can both mar and ban : mony a farmer has feed her na to blast his cattle and his crop ; mony a labouring woman has bought from her an easy birth, and a safe — ”

“ She is worthy of the fire,” said Neverlack.

“ Whisht, brother, whisht ! Doll’s a prime eaves-dropper ; an she was to overhear ye, the least ye must expect would be to be stricken wi’ the dead palsy.”

“ Heaven forefend ! ” replied Windyman, and immediately discontinued the conversation. Shortly after, they all quitted the cottage. The elders went homewards ; Jonathan up the dale, to the troop ; and Jellott a contrary way towards Banner Cross. Mr. Neverlack Windyman stayed with Solomon Snell, whose guest he was for some time to remain. When Jellott had emerged from the dale, and crossed the ridge of Mam Tor, he came to the Lone End, at the head of which stood a wretched hovel,

formed of mud, and partially thatched with straw, and pieces of shealing, gathered from the foot of Mam Tor. Of all situations in the country, this was the most dreary and desolate ; just beneath the mother rock, and blocked up by a hill, swelling higher than the cottage, on its other side, it had no view whatever ; and its want of prospect was not compensated by any local comforts ; not a tree grew to shelter it ; not a shrub fit for domestic purposes would grow upon the rocky ground ; a few gorse bushes, adorned with the heath-bell and fox-glove, throve scantily upon that part of rock where small patches of earth had accumulated : The road, which declined very steeply, turned off at the distance of fifty yards from the cottage. Here lived the famed witch, Doll Jordan, the Grey Woman o' the Lone End.

Jellott, when he came opposite to the cottage-door, stood for some time pondering on the event which had happened at the cottage of Snell ; and irresolute, whe-

ther to call upon Dame Jordan, or to pass on: he at length concluded to call, and advanced to the door, upon which he struck several times with the pommel of his broad sword.

He was soon answered by the woman from within, “ Ralph Jellott, what want ye ?”

The corporal started a pace backward, and clapped his hand upon his sword-hilt.

The door opened, and the Grey Woman presented herself. The sybil was about sixty years of age, with a face, not so remarkable for peculiar ugliness, as for its singular complexion of mingled brown and yellow, and its lines of blue wrinkles crossing the forehead and cheeks, like the marks of geographical limitation. The forehead was strikingly prominent, and her eye-brows, thick and matted, veiled in a degree the cutting fierceness of her sharp grey eyes ; her stature was below the common size ; and her whole appearance indicated the extremity of

pinching want: she was cloathed in grey, her dress consisting of a cloak, or roque-laure, wrapped close round her body, and girt with a hay-band, and her head, covered with a cloth cap of the same colour, from beneath the edge of which streamed the hag's scanty grey hair.

Such is an outline of her picture; the horror of which was now increased by the partial darkness.

“Will ye not visit my bonny house, Ralph?” said she. “Why knocked ye, an ye fear to enter?”

“Fear!” said Jellott, affecting a laugh. “I fear nought.”

“Marry, but ye do, Ralph Jellott; ye'd liever be now wi' yer worst foe at the sword's point, than talking to me here, at this dead hour. But fear not, ye're safe as my tabby cat, mon. Enter.”

The soldier followed her in, and she shut and barred the cottage-door. A few embers of a wood fire still glimmered on the hearth; near which sat the famed tabby cat, which, if the coun-

try people might be believed, was as great a witch, and worked as much mischief, as its ancient proprietor.

“ Sit, mon, sit ye down,” said Doll, pointing to a stool. When they were seated, she continued, “ I wot ye ca’d on me, to sken yer fortin on the morrow : heard ye ne’er the old prophecy ? —

‘ When the king is like to lose his crown,
Then must Banner Cross come down ;
When the king regains the throne,
Falconridge will get his own.’

I have spaed yer chances, and either Jonathan or ye must bite the ha’ dust.”

“ What devil betrayed to ye our design,” said the trooper.

“ Na matter ; ye note I ha’ your secret,” replied the hag.

“ An I feared ye would thwart us, spite o’ yer charms, and yer brood of devils, I wad send ye packing to yer doom’d prison.”

“ He who lays finger on me, had better drown in a sea of boiling sulphur ; the judgment of Cain shall be partial favour to his unheard-of penalty.”

“Threaten not me, ye doating witch ; threaten not a man, reckless and desperate ; call all yer imps from hell, I fear ye not, neither shall ye juggle me out o’ my life : what assurance have I, that ye go not to Banner Cross, and curry favour wi’ our sacrifice ?”

“That assurance,” replied the witch, “which binds ye to yer fellows, — hatred to the house of Falconridge.”

“Ye hate the family, and wherefore ?” said Jellott.

“I dinna know, Ralph ; save that my hatred may spring out of my wretchedness : it is nat’ral for the poor to hate the rich, for the miserable to detest the happy ; nay, must I declare it, for the wicked to seek the blood of the righteous. I pledge ye my soul, wi’ heart and hand, wi’ mind and body, will I join ye in this attempt ; and though some o’ ye may fa’ i’ the strife, yer purpose shall be accomplished.”

“This will not do ; I must be better satisfied ; ye must swear on the Bible.”

The hag burst into a loud laugh.
“ Think ye I mind yer book o’ superstition. I wad swear a thousand oaths, and break ’em as fast as I take ’em, for aught I fear.”

Jellott was struck with the wretch’s horrid impiety. “ How must I trust ye then, an ye despise the holy scriptures.”

“ Listen,” said the grey woman. —

“ By the moon that rides on high,
By each star that lights the sky,
True to ye I live and die.
By each season o’ the year,
By each month and week, I swear,
By each day, and hour, and minute,
Marking time and trouble in it,
By each charm, and charmed sign,
Known to me, and known to mine,
Wi’ yer fortin I will twine.
Faithless never will I sever,
I am yours for once and ever.
An I swerve from this my sermon,
May this curse be eke my guerdon:
Cursed be my living days,
Reft o’ pleasure, reft o’ praise;
Blighted i’ my body members,
Palsied, wasted, burnt to embers;
Fire and faggot, cross and halter,
Ruin seize me, an I falter.
Cursed even after death;
An I draw ’gainst ye my breath;

A' the fiends, and imps, and devils,
Tear me in their madd'ning revels;
Stab my limbs until they quiver,
Drown me in hell's burning river;
Ban I, curse I, e'en mysel,
An I prove not leal and well."

The woman, whilst she repeated this horrible malediction, seemed to forget her age, her sex, her apparent imbecility; she appeared to Jellott, who was horror-struck, one of the fiends she called upon; and he resolved, as soon as possible, to quit the cottage. When she had concluded, he said, "Well, dame, I'll trust ye; but remember this, more than your own curses, that an ye were even to betray me, and those who will attempt the castle, there will still be more than enow left to revenge our deaths: revenge is what we now seek; Jonathan pants for it; I am desperate for it; the prowling tiger is not more watchful for blood than I am for vengeance."

"Ye shall ha' it. — Have ye not been promised vengeance for years by the puritan, and who says he does na keep his

word? Remember ye not his saying, as ye came up the Castle Town from Betsy Norman's, when the French serjeant and ye crossed blades in her father's cottage?"

"Hell and fiends!" said the trooper. "howlearnt ye that? I guessed that story was known but to ourselves."

"Mind not, mon; I know a' yer very thoughts — ye shall ha' revenge, as deep and terrible as yer sad, sad injuries."

"The very words!" said Jellott, starting up. "I canna stay longer here, or ye will raise the devil. — Good night!" and he burst out of the cottage, and ran down the lane towards Banner Cross, the which he attained before he slackened his speed.

CHAP. VIII.

The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Second Part of Hen. VI.

[THE last chapter but one, our good readers will perceive, not only transported us over a vast tract of ground, but also over a long space of time, not less than almost two years : we must therefore apologize here, for what appears “ in manuscripto, quod quidem nos nacti sumus, abesse,” so far as it should relate to the *negotium* of the castle, for the narrative proceeds *consecutivè* from the foot of the last chapter. It is, therefore, left to the imagination of our worthy readers to form the conclusion, that no matter of importance transpired at Banner Cross during the period aforesaid ; but that,

under the special care of the worthy Major, all things proceeded in their regular routine. It may also be established, that Snell the younger had entirely seduced and won over the Corporal Jellott to his wicked and unprincipled views; and that, although the puritans had not hitherto broke out into open rebellion, yet that they only waited a fitting opportunity for doing so, and therefore continued their practice of nocturnal exercise.*]

The manuscript proceeds.

The next day (succeeding that of the meeting at Snell's cottage) was remarkably wet and stormy; a dreadful gust of wind tore the banner from the colour staff; all nature appeared to conspire with the puritans to ensure the destruction of this devoted castle. The Major too, who was a rigorous disciplinarian, while he was at breakfast with Lady Falconridge, Doctor Grostete, and Captain Gualter, ordered Jellott and a body

* Editorial interpolation. L. G.

of soldiers to prepare for carbine drill in the court-yard.

“For drill, Major,” said the lady, “What! in such a storm of wind and rain as this?”

“Yes, my lady, even so,” replied he, “the weather’s inclemency is my principal reason for to-day’s drill: it will harden the bodies of my men, and animate their souls.”

“It may, Major, to some desperate mutiny; that is the only apparent effect can result from it.”

“I concur with the Lady Falconridge,” said the Doctor, “that the day is too rigorous to turn a dog out of doors.”

“It is not my practice, Doctor,” replied Spandyke, “to drill dogs: when I do, I may apply to you for their capacity of feeling.”

“I meant not to offend, Major; but the safety of the Baroness demands the preservation of the soldiers’ respect.”

“And which of them, allow me to

ask, has dared to behave otherwise? Give me his name, and he shall meet instant death."

"Quarrel not, I beseech ye, gentlemen," said Lady Falconridge; "the Doctor but means, that the soldiers' duty should be ensured."

"It shall be, my honoured lady," said Spandyke; "I will ensure it; I have not been a child of war for twenty years, and know not to command my soldiers. If your Reverence can do it better, I shall willingly exchange my cuirass for your cassock."

The men were drawn out, and the Major joined them; for two hours, amidst rain, sleet, and gusts of wind, enough to blow them off their legs, did he drill them in the manual exercise; and, although they were all drenched to the skin, he would neither wear his own cloak, nor suffer a man to assume any kind of covering. This severity, as might be expected, occasioned many murmurs, and particularly from Jellott, who swore

he would rather be slave to a Turk, than remain under the command of an officer so inhuman. These words were reported to Spandyke, who ordered the corporal before him.

“ I am told, Sir,” said the Major, “ what I don’t wish to have confirmed, that you have expressed yourself in such a manner, with regard to my orders of the morning, as might subject your life to the marksman.—What say ye? Answer.”

Jellott stood stubborn without a reply.

“ Sith ye are obstinately mute, I must take this accusation as in part proven : you have long been a nettle of irritation ; but being advised that you were the son of worthy parents, I have forborne your punishment : I can do so no longer,” said Spandyke, tearing the marks of subaltern rank from the corporal’s talbot ; “ I degrade ye to the file, and ye deserve worse, ye little soldier. Though a gentleman, and superior to ye, as much in breeding as in courage, I have stood guard

in open trenches, with iron arms, for nights together ; and dare ye complain, ye dainty dotterel, for drilling two hours in a windy day ? Your comrades, I doubt not, will laugh ye to scorn. Let me advise ye to put on a woman's jerkin, and take to the castle scullery."

The blood came and went with great vivacity in the face of Jellott, who thought of striking his superior to the earth ; but, reflecting on the certainty of immediate death, he controlled himself with the hope of revenge on the coming night. The Major called to Picard, " Serjeant, take this fellow under your eye : let him stand guard on the pass all night without relief ; it may perhaps cool his fiery blood. —Go, sirrah, and mend your manners."

Jellott retired covered with shame, and burning with desire of vengeance. When he had quitted the witch's cottage on the preceding evening, he began to open his eyes upon the horrible wickedness of their intended treason, and the morning found him half resolved to give up the

attempt ; but the disgrace he had now received, banished repentance, and confirmed all his desperate and sanguinary resolutions.

The night came with all the fury of a northern March ; the rain had subsided, but the wind blew with tremendous gusts. The sentinel upon the ravelin dared not take his regular march, but was forced to shelter himself behind an angle of the wall, lest he should be blown down the rock ; the birds, which built their nests in the chinks of the Peak Cliff, responded to the wailing of the elements with their piercing and bitter shrieks. So great was the noise and uproar, that each sentinel could not hear the word of his fellow, however short the distance between them ; and even the castle-clock, which, as we have before noted, on a serene night could be heard over Hope Dale, could now only be distinguished by the soldiers on guard in those intervals when the storm ceased for a moment from clamour.

About the hour of eleven, Jonathan Snell entered the peak cavern, and was shortly joined by his comrades, who, according to appointment, came singly, well armed, and without noise. They mustered one hundred men, the stoutest and boldest half of their troop, and awaited, with patient expectation, the concerted signal for their admission. Besides their arms, the puritans brought with them flambeaux, composed of ropes knotted and tarred, for the purpose of setting fire to the castle ; and cords with which they might bind their female prisoners, the males being doomed to annihilation. With the assistance of a dark lantern, and after a long search, Jonathan succeeded in discovering the outlet to the pass, which was in part blocked up with pieces of granite. These were silently removed, and he proceeded, followed by some of his comrades, up a flight of steps cut out of the rock, until their further advance was barred by an iron door. Here they listened, but could hear nothing dis-

tinctly, except the whistle of one of the sentinels. They had scarcely waited a minute, before the castle-clock struck twelve, which could be heard in the cavern beneath, loud and plain. The sound had just died away, when Jonathan putting his ear to the door, heard the footstep of one of the soldiers departing. A minute after, the bars were drawn back, and the door flew open, Jellott standing ready to receive them.

“We are here,” said Jonathan, springing forward, the whole band rushing after him. “Lead on.”

Jellott hesitated for a moment, and then struck his breast; “Revenge! revenge!” he cried, and led them up the stair. In a few moments, they emerged from the pass, and burst into the grand hall.

“Where is the Major?” cried Jonathan; “my sword must drink his life-blood. Comrades, do your work; fire the castle; the flames will drive out those who can move; let those who cannot, perish.” He then drew his sword,

and with his flambeau, which he lighted at the embers of the hall fire, set the tapestry in flames.

“Follow me,” cried Jellott. Jonathan and half a dozen of the puritans, each bearing a lighted flambeau, followed the traitor up a winding stair which opened into the Major’s chamber. He had heard the uproar below, and had just stepped from his bed, to enquire its occasion, when the door was burst in, and the villains rushed upon him. His naked sword and charged pistols were lying on a table by his bed-side ; in a moment he grasped them, and seeing at a glance that there was no chance of escape, he resolved to sell his life as dearly as he might. Jonathan was the first to attack him ; like a hungry tiger, he sprang upon the veteran ; but with one blow of his trusty weapon, Spandyke made the puritan reel round the chamber, and measure his length on the floor. Well was it for him that his scull cap was of proved metal ; he had else paid for his

treason with his life. However, the assailants were not dismayed; Jellott cried out, "Revenge! revenge! mark ye the morning; this is yer reward;" and assailed the Major with his broad sword, who, parrying his blows with one hand, with the other levelled a pistol at him, and shot him through the head. The blood gushed out of his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth, and he died, suffocated with his own gore. In an instant Jonathan was on his legs, and in his turn drawing a pistol, fired its contents into the Major's breast. His sword was at the moment up, in the act of descending, with terrible weight, on the head of one of the puritans; but his arm fell by his side, and the sword from his hand. The contest was over; Spandyke had received a mortal wound.

"Drag him down to the hall," cried the ruffian, at the same time setting fire to the bed and chamber. The ferocious fanatics grappled with the dying hero, and drew him, trailing along the stair.

case, into the blazing hall. Nothing was now heard but shrieks and cries, the discharge of fire arms, and the loud hollas of the rebels, who had beat the hall window out of its frame into the cavern ravine which lay beneath.

“What must we do with this bloody Cavalier?” said Jonathan.

He was answered by the witch, Doll Jordan, who, he perceived for the first time, had joined their band.

“A limb to the carrion crow;
A limb to the raven;
Ower the castle cliff,
Let him be haven.”

“Thrap him thorow the ha’ window;
he’ll find his way to the bottom o’ the cliff.”

Four of the Round-heads raised him up, and each took hold of an arm or leg.

“Now,” cried the witch—

“Once unto heaven for his dying bed prayer,
Once unto earth as his take leave o’ care,
Once unto hell, and he’ll quickly get there.”

With the concluding line, the remorse-

less wretches threw him out of the window : a dead silence ensued in the hall for a moment, and the wind ceased, as if to let them hear the body strike upon the cliff in its descent.

The uproar was renewed with a general huzza ; but the puritans, who were scattered about, without the expectation of resistance, now found themselves fiercely attacked.

Several volleys of shot were poured into the hall, before they could tell whence they were assailed. The soldiers had gathered, with Captain Gualter at their head, whilst the Round-heads were engaged in their detestable murder of the Major, and now threatened to revenge his death with tenfold severity. They blocked up each entrance to the hall, and whilst they could themselves abide the flames, they continued their fire upon the puritans. Picard, in the mean time, having learnt the death of his master, raged like a chafed bull, and vowed eternal vengeance upon the heads

of his murderers. He flew to the chambers of Lady Falconridge and Doctor Grostete, and with great difficulty conveyed them, by a back way, into the court-yard, and thence in safety to the Castle Town ; where the people, alarmed by the fire and the cries, were all up, and the men formed a guard for the protection of their lady and pastor.

But, to return to the puritans : Jonathan, setting himself at their head, had repeatedly endeavoured to cut his way through the soldiers stationed at the chief entrance to the hall ; but was each time repulsed by their steady fire, and the firm wall of pikes presented by the rear rank ; at length one part of the hall-roof gave way, and Gualter withdrew his troop, lest the men should be buried in the flaming ruins.

Snell took advantage of his retreat, and crying out, “ Follow me ; death or victory ! ” — pursued the Cavaliers into the court-yard. Gualter was already prepared to receive the puritans, and as

they moved out of the castle-porch, again poured upon them a close fire, and then fell in with broad sword and the butt-end of the carbine. This put an end to the contest; the Round-heads were utterly routed, and fled on all sides, as fast as their legs could carry them. Snell alone sustained his character for courage: he wielded his broad sword until all his party had cleared the court-yard, and then slowly retreated down the hill.

The whole Castle was now in flames,

——— And like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
I' th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

The wind, which still blew with unceasing fury, so fanned the flames, that no article of furniture, scarcely of apparel, could be rescued, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the soldiers could drag their horses from the stabling, to which the fire was now communicated. The different offices attached to the Castle, contained oil, wood, turf, and coals. These articles being

seized by the flames, (“*Ætnæ Vesuvii-que instar*,” says a learned author,) not only burnt in their own furnaces, but vomited, far and wide, fiery globes of matter, which conveyed the fire to other parts of the Castle hitherto unreachd by the furious element. Fortunately, the gunpowder of the garrison had been placed in the castle-vaults, dug out of the rock, and guarded with doors of fire-proof metal.

The inhabitants of the town, and the soldiers, gathered upon an eminence to see the progress of the flames. The Lady Falconridge, overwhelmed with grief, retired, attended by Doctor Gros-tete, to the house of the court steward, Mark Green.

The glare of the flames illuminated the whole air, and reflected a red light upon Mam Tor, and the more distant hills. Upon the former might be discerned a number of people, assembled to watch the portentous and awful conflagration, and among them could some-

times be perceived armed men, betrayed by the light glancing on their polished brigandines. These were of course the Puritans, who had retreated in that direction. The assembled people of the Castle Town now began to make enquiry into the circumstances of the attack: one said, that the devil, who was among the Puritans in propriâ personâ, had assisted them over the castle-wall, man by man, and then set the Castle in flames, with a flash of fire drawn direct from the cauldron of hell; and asserted that he saw the evil spirit protect the retreat of the Puritans, and stand singly opposed to the soldiers, until his friends had entirely withdrawn: the which report was confirmed by another, who swore that he heard the balls ring against his armour, and fall off guiltless of blood. "Na, na," said a third, "the devil had na hand direct i' this affair; but his prime agent and banded and sworn servant, Doll Jordan, wur among the Puritans, and helping 'em wi' her witchcraft

and devilment : she led 'em thorow an unknown cleft o' the peak rock, into the Castle, and there they murdered poor Ralph Jellott i' the first place, and then the witch charmed the Major to death, and called for fire from hell, and set the Castle in flames."

" But it was na the witch that fought so hard," said the first speaker ; and then appealed to one of the troopers ; " what say you, Marley Storer ? was it a woman that kept ye so long at the sword point i' the court-yard ? "

" It was the foul fiend himself," replied the horseman.

" I tow'd ye," said the querist, " mortal man ne'er had might nor mind to do what he did."

At this moment one of the towers fell with a horrid crash, and, in its fall, drew after it the eastern wall, and part of the southern tower, leaving one angle bare, and the whole court-yard exposed. The interior of the Castle could now be seen distinctly ; the windows were all burnt out, and through the apertures the flames

were observed, raging like hell itself, devouring every thing upon which their fury could make impression. The beams and timbers fell in every instant, adding new fuel and strength to the enemy which destroyed them: in a short time, however, having consumed all but the bare stones, the fire began to slacken, and when the day broke, nothing could be discovered of the once proud Castle of Banner Cross, but a vast heap of smouldering ashes and ruins. “*Sic transit gloria mundi*,” as the undertakers say.

When the decline of the fire would admit the ruins to be approached, Gualter, with a party of men, ascended the hill, intending to search for the body of Major Spandyke; but not being able to pass the rubbish, which had fallen down the hill, and was still ignited, they went round to the ravine, to get in by the cavern pass. Gualter, who led the way, had just entered the defile, when he perceived the corpse of a man, nearly naked,

lying beneath the cliff; upon examination, they found it to be the Major's; for although, in the fall from the window above, the body, in being dashed upon the rock, was much bruised, yet the head had received no injury, and was not in the least disfigured. Gualter ordered the remains of his superior to be conveyed to the Castle Town, for the purpose of being buried with military honours. As the soldiers were carrying the body to the town, they were overtaken by a mounted trooper, whom they soon recognized as one of their regiment, under the command of Colonel Sydenham: in fact, it was the express sent by Lord Falconridge with notice of his being at Wiberley: the hardy soldier could scarcely refrain from tears, as he surveyed the entire ruin of his Lord's house, and the piteous spectacle of his Major's mangled corse. He dismounted, and walked by the side of Captain Gualter, who enquired what were his tidings?

“ My Lord, and the Colonel,” he re-

plied, "are at Wibberley Castle : sorry welcome will this be to the Baron, on his return to Banner Cross.

The Captain, having placed the body of Spandyke at the Cross Inn, the only place of refreshment for travellers in the Castle Town, with a guard of two troopers for its protection and honour, went up to the steward's with the express. He there delivered letters from the Baron and Colonel to Lady Falconridge, which, in some measure, restored her spirits, though the fright had greatly affected her health. It was proposed by Doctor Grostete, with whom Lady Falconridge and Captain Gualter concurred, that this man should not now return to Wibberley, but that one of the garrison should set off instantly in his place, and inform Lord Falconridge and the Colonel of their present situation.

Letters were accordingly prepared, and a trooper, well armed, and mounted on the charger of the late governor, rode off from the Castle Town, on his way to

Wibberley, leaving the late inmates of Banner Cross in a situation by no means enviable. It is true, by the discipline and valour of the troopers, the Puritans had been routed; yet it was greatly feared by Lady Falconridge and the Doctor, that now they were sheltered by no defences, the Round-heads, whose numbers, it was apparent, far exceeded those of the Cavaliers, would renew their attack.

They communicated their thoughts to Gualter, who, although fearing nothing, was of their opinion, and he therefore concluded, to cast up defences at the only two entrances to the town. Under the direction of Picard, the soldiers and town's men employed themselves all day in raising breast-works of stone, bedded in mud, at each end of the street forming the Castle Town; and before night, completely blocked up the way, only leaving a wicket passage for one horseman at a time; which wicket they kept barred, and covered with furze and thorns. Gualter stationed two sentinels at each

breast-work, so that now they were pretty secure. It soon appeared that they had not taken unnecessary precaution ; for when night fell, the usual signal for trooping the Round-heads was heard earlier than was customary with them, and in an hour afterwards, they appeared in great force upon the western road. The sentinels fired their carbines, the drums beat to arms, and the soldiers under Gualter immediately turned out, and repaired to their posts, with a determination to defend themselves to the last man ; upon which the Puritans, having reconnoitred the defences, turned to the right about, and returned without firing a shot. Gualter and his comrades remained in arms all night, but were not again disturbed ; the enemy being too diffident of success to renew their attempt.

At the hour of seven the following morning, Lord Falconridge arrived at the Castle Town, attended by Lieutenant Armstrong and fifty troopers, to the great

satisfaction of the Baroness and Doctor Grostete, and the joy of the gallant garrison. Whatever the Baron might feel upon the ruin of his Castle, he kept to himself; and in order to assuage the grief of his Lady, said he was not only glad the hurt was no worse; but that he should not have thought himself a true Cavalier, if, in these unhappy times, he had not met with some mark of misfortune in his Majesty's service. "What should alone command our sorrow and indignation," continued he, "is the horrid and cowardly murder of Major Spandyke. I could have seen my Castle burned, my lands wasted, and then pitied the misguided rebels; but since they have drawn the first blood, be it on their heads, and let them answer their perverseness. Captain Gualter, to you and Armstrong I leave the regulation of the Major's obsequies: let them be fitting a gallant Cavalier, and my particular friend. When they are concluded, you shall return the Puritans their visit, as

they have been polite enough to pay their respects at Banner Cross."

"Shame wad it be," said Armstrong, "gin the Round-heads were surpassing in etiquette the King's noble Cavaliers."

"Your defence of the Castle, surprised and betrayed as you were, Captain Gualter," said the Baron, "deserves my warmest thanks, and the admiration of every soldier; and your judicious arrangements since, and care of my family, demand more substantial acknowledgments than words, however strong, can convey. By the King's commission, I had the power of nominating every officer in my own regiment; but as I have surrendered it to my son, he alone has that power now: however, I now take upon myself, certain that he will confirm my appointment, to confer upon you the rank of Major, in the turn of our late worthy and gallant friend, Spandyke."

The Captain would have excused himself, saying, that those who had seen more active service ought to be preferred.

“ I trow,” said Armstrong, “ there are no’ mony on us that hae seen service mair dangerous than that villanous betrayal : ye do yersel wrang, Sir, to be sae nice an’ modest ; gin it had been my practice to wait until preferment sought me, without seeking preferment, I might e’en now be trailing ae pike as volunteer under Lorrain, or hae had a sergeancy in the covenanting Scots army.”

“ But I have seen no service whatever,” replied Gualter ; “ and my station fitteth me not for so high a command, seeing that I am but the son of a yeoman.”

“ And where is there a prouder character,” said the Baron, “ than the loyal English yeoman ? Not upon earth, Gualter ; and if that be your defence, you shall not so disgrace the rank you spring from, as to refuse the majority.”

“ Talk ye of parentage ?” said the Scotsman ; “ why, mon, my father, an’ his fathers, frae time of memory, hae been Liddesdale moss-troopers, men of the saddle an’

spur, living frae hand to mouth ; an' their occupation may be my ain ere I die."

" And that is little better," said the Baron, laughing, " than actual theft and rapine."

" They were men abune ordinances," said Armstrong, " gin I may use the Puritan cant ;—reaving an' harrying were their lawful callings. It is true they were hang'd for it when caught ; but it munna be denied, that a' the moss-troopers o' the Border cried out against this illegal stretch o' authority in the Marchers."

" Doubtless you are correct," said Grostete, smiling.

" But I aver," pursued the Scot, " that whatever thought ony of my ancestors may hae had upon the greatness or sma'ness of their rank in society, not ane o' them wad hae thought himsel incompetent for the government of a troop, an' mair of an army. Indeed, ye may say, that modesty was ne'er a Borderer's characteristic."

" That I perfectly believe," said Lord

Falconridge, "no more than cowardice is an Englishman's, humility a Spaniard's, gravity a Frenchman's, or sobriety a German's."

"But may it not be added," said Grostete, "that honesty, any more than modesty, is no characteristic of the Scotch nation."

"There, Doctor, ye clap yer foot in it, for we were na talking of the Scots, but of the chieles o' the Border."

"Are they not Scottish men?"

"Why," said Armstrong, hesitating, "they are certainly ae kind of ae sort of ae Scottish people; that is to say, they are betwixt an' between, for they are owned by neither England nor Scotland: the Border is ca'd no man's country, an' stands out of protection, sae that the lads are obliged to protect themsels."

"And in so doing," said the Baron, "they plunder and oppress the whole neighbouring country."

"Not sae, my Lord," said Armstrong,

“not sae, gin they pay an’ disburse the regular mail.”

“Mail ! What’s that?”

“Black mail, that is to say, protection-money ; ae yearly tribute to buy off the reaving an’ harrying.”

“And by what right do they demand it ?” said the Doctor.

Armstrong pointed to his sword.

“A very legible commission !” said the Baron.

“An’ yet,” pursued Armstrong, “the moss-troopers hae a certain sort of honesty, for they never harry ane anither, but live o’ the strictest bands of brotherhood an’ friendship ; sae that ye may ken, there is nae sinner without ae saving.”

“I fear me,” said the Doctor, “there will be no saving for such sinners.”

“Though the saving of sinners is ae great saving,” continued the Scot.

“If the saving be a saving of sinners worth saving,” replied Grostete.

“Every saving of sinners maun be ae

worthy saving ; for sinners that are no' worth saving, wull ne'er be saved," said Armstrong.

" Then alack-a-day for your father's son," cried the Baron.

CHAP. IX.

The midnight clock has toll'd ; and, hark, the bell
Of death beats slow. — Heard ye the note profound ?
It pauses now ; and now with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.

MASON.

IT was fixed that the body of Major Spandyke should be buried at the same hour on which he met his death, namely, at midnight. The family-vault of the Lord Falconridge was to receive the remains of the gallant soldier ; and the Baron himself purposed to attend the ceremony as chief mourner. In the mean time, the funeralia were prepared with great dispatch, and were only completed when the hour arrived. The bell of the church had tolled unceasingly from the Baron's arrival, and a drake was discharged every half hour. The night was perfectly dark, and the torches of the

sentinels, who stood at the door of the inn where lay the body, served only to mark out to the spectators the point of interest, without dispelling the fearful gloominess. As the clock struck twelve, all the soldiers (except those on guard), with the Baron, Major Gualter, and Armstrong, at their head, marched up to the door clad in complete arms. The Doctor came from the steward's, attended by that officer, and the body was brought down, and laid upon a bier in the hall. A moiety of the soldiers were then formed, commanded by Armstrong, with their carbines reversed, and every fourth man bearing a flambeau, who advanced onwards about fifty paces; to these succeeded the Doctor, clothed in his pontificalibus; after him came the coffin, placed on the bier, borne by eight of the garrison soldiers. The coffin was shrouded by a pall of black velvet, over which were laid the cavalier's sword and spurs. Next was the Baron, habited in black, (being the only person, except Grostete,

unarmed); and immediately after, Picard, with his head bare, leading the charging horse of the Major, bearing his arms offensive and defensive. The rear was brought up by Major Gaulter, with the other moiety of the troopers, their arms reversed, and bearing torches as the van division. Part of the rear consisted of the regiment's military band of kettle-drums and trumpets, which, so soon as the word was given to set onwards, played a solemn dirge for the departed soul. They advanced at a pace exceedingly slow, and in a few minutes entered the church-yard; the aisle leading to the church was lined with the people, many of them bearing torches, and most of them clothed in black. The procession advanced in regular order up the middle aisle of the church to the family vault, and there let down the bier. Gualter and Armstrong fronted their men, who stood to their arms; the Baron entered his own pew; Dr. Grostete ascended the pulpit, and read the awfully

impressive service for the dead. The inhabitants of the Castle Town had followed the procession into the church, so that it was quite filled, and the light of their numerous flambeaux made a grand illumination : but all was still, silent, and solemn, as the death which they came to celebrate. When the ceremonies were concluded, and the coffin had been lowered into the vault, Major Guæ'ter selected a picquet of twelve men, whom he stationed around it: they fired three vollies of honour over the grave of the veteran Spandyke, an able soldier, and stedfast cavalier. After the Restoration, a tablet was erected by the Lord Falconridge * to the memory of his Major, upon which was engraven the following epitaph :

“ Si gloria, fides, virtutis gratia, sensus,
Nobilitas mentis, possent obsistere morti,
Non foret extinctus, Spandykus qui jacet intus.”

Early the next morning, the horse brought from Wibberley by Lord Falcon-

* The present Colonel Sydenham.

ridge were armed and mounted, under the command of Gualter and Armstrong, for the purpose of exploring the neighbouring hills. Lord Falconridge remained at the Castle Town with his lady and the Doctor, retaining the garrison soldiers for their protection.

Gualter advanced across the Dale towards Mam Tor, and in half an hour, arrived at the Lone End under the ridge, where stood the witch's cottage. As they were mounting the hill, the Major ordered one of the troop to spur forward, and knock at the door.

"I dare not dispute yer Honour's orders," said the man; "but yer Honour knows she's a witch, and may mark me out for her vengeance."

"Oh, ye've ae witch here, hae ye?" said Armstrong. "I'm the best mon in the wide warl to deal wi' witches; I'm part of ae wizard mysel."

He galloped up to the door, and struck upon it with his sword blade.

"Hollo! Goody! Come forth, come

out, an' troll ae magic round wi' the northern wizard. I am Nostrodamus, Albertus Magnus, Doctor Faustus, the deil kens wha, ye auld freckle-faced gypsey :

‘ Come forth, come forth !
The Wizard o’ the North,
Frae the Firth o’ Forth,
Brings ye tidings o’ worth.’

Nae, an’ ye weel na answer, I maun e’en beat in yer castle-gate, Goody.”

He wheeled his horse round, until his haunches nearly touched the cottage-door, and then, by an application of his thumb to the croup, caused him to kick violently. In a couple of kicks, the horse knocked the door from the hinges, and left the cottage bare. The spectacle within was, to the last degree, loathsome and disgusting; on a lock of straw, in the midst of the hovel, lay the hag, half-naked, extended at length; her body was partially covered with her grey cloak, but her neck and shoulders, more yellow than parchment, were entirely naked, and her head (without any cover-

ing) “shew’d all its grizzled honours thin upon it.” Without attending to the noise without, she had lain still and unheeding; but when the Lieutenant’s charger had batter’d in her door, she rose from her strawy couch, and infuriate with passion, ask’d who they were that “dared to disturb her rest?”

“Wha?” said the Scotsman, drily; “dinna ye ken wha’ I am, ye gyre carline? I am yer foster-father the de’il, come for yer damned soul.”

“The fiend’s curse light on thee, for thy pains,” said the malignant wretch; “ruin and rout gather about, and hang on thee; want and woe, and bitter misery, be yer portion: may ye never lie down wi’ the hope o’ rising; may ye never rise wi’ the trust o’ lying down to rest; a curse may ye be to yer friends, a scorn and laughing stock to yer foes. May ye want a friend, and miss him at yer last need; may ye die like a dog in a ditch, and feed the imps o’ hell wi’ yer curst spirit.”

“Ha’ ye done, Goody?” said Armstrong, calmly, when the witch made a stop. “Ha ye now done, because it’s my turn neist. May ye wish to become young an’ bonnie, an’ handsome; may ye wish to ha’ riches, an’ power, an’ respect; may ye fa’ frae the evil o’ yer ways, an’ desire to be guid, holy, an’ virtuous. I swear, comrades,” said he, turning to his friends, “that before to-day, I hae ever judged the being of a witch as fause as the bleid of St. Bride; but I now ken my error; ye maun be a witch, Goody, or ye could never hae changed ae ramping, roaring cavalier until ae preacher o’ morality.”

“It is stated, woman,” said Gualter, “that you were among the rebels who fired the Castle. Answer, and answer truly, at your life’s peril; were ye there, or no?”

“Who is my accuser?” replied the impudent hag.

“It matters not; answer yea or nay.”

“Yea, but it doth matter, for the foul liar should be blistered i’ tongue, as he

is blistered i' heart; he should be leprous i' body, as he is spotted i' soul. He that accuses me, may count upon earthly pain and hellish torment. Who is my accuser?"

"I am," said Armstrong. "I ken'd ye and auld Sootie, cheek by jowl, lilting ower the castle wa'."

"Ye're a fause-hearted coward," replied the witch; "the liar's mark is branded on yer bloody brow. Ye seed me i' the castle! marry, I trow, spite o' yer glittering mail, and plumed helmet, ye dare as soon ha' come where I was that neet, as ha' thrown yersel headlong from the cliff above," and she pointed to the highest part of the mother rock, with her skinny finger.

"Wha doubts now?" said Armstrong, turning to the Major; "wha doubts now, whether Goody was at the firing o' the castle? ae varra plain confession; an' therefore, we hae nowt to do, but pass judgment, an' gang till execution."

"And who made you a judge, ye

flinty malignant?" cried the hag. "Where is yer warrant and commission?"

Armstrong, as usual with him, held forth his naked broad sword: "This is my commission, an' wha shall dispute it? It has borne me out in mony a doubtful deed, an' I dinna fear wull continue trusty. Comrades, what shall we do wi' this hag o' the de'il; maun we hack her till pieces wi' our swords, or lug her up till the Heaugh-head there, an' pitch her till the corbies."

"Whoso lays hond o' me," cried the witch, in a fearful tone, "will curse the hour o' his birth: this feeble auld body may fa', but the spirit will live to haunt my murtherers. It shall watch him i' the neet, and drive sleep from his eyelids; it shall tent him i' the day, and banish pleasure from his footsteps; i' the hour o' battle, it shall sit upon his airm, and weigh down the might o' his strength; his foe shall conquer him i' the strife, yet he shall seek death, and not find it; his marrow shall waste i' his bones; his flesh

fa' away, and leave him as the dying candle-snuff, or the wasted embers. Who will dare lay hand o' me?"

"I wull," said Armstrong, dismounting, and giving his rein to a trooper; "I wull; an' sae, Goody, gabble ower yer prayers, for yer time's come. I ken the dead thraw's upon ye now."

"Tremble, ye mon o' blood!" cried she; "tremble for my curses!"

"Hoot awa, woman; mind yer ainsel, while I dispose o' yer finishing stroke.—Rightly, the witch, according to a' laws, customs, an' constitutions, should be burnt wi' fire, but ye'll a' bear me witness that there is na as muckle fire here as wad roast a louse."

"The wrath o' power be upo' you; the vengeance o' the fiend overtake ye, an' ye pursue yer bloody purpose," cried Doll Jordan.

"Aweel, woman, aweel, so be it; rest i' peace, while I mak' the necessary dispositions; an' sae, cummers, ye ken, as we canna burn the hag, we maun put

her to death i' some ither way. I wad willingly let out her bleid wi' my broad sword; but, ye ken, it wad stain the noble steel wi' vile an' felon gore. — The only choice there is left, then, is to leap fra' the Heaugh-head or be stranglit, an' I leave the whether to yer ain sel, Goody."

"I choose na', murtherer! my blood be o' yer head."

The Scotsman sought about the cottage, and at length found a rope.

"This," cried he, "is ae sent gift; yer auld coadjutor, Nickie, put this i' the way o' purpose that he may hae yer soul the sooner."

At this moment he spied the old tabby cat, which he forthwith griped in his iron glove till her joints cracked.

"We'll first try the strength o' the rope on this imp o' hell," said he, twisting it round the cat's neck.

"Hurt her not! harm her not! she's more than ye thinken," said the woman; "he'll no go scot-free wha robs her o' life."

“ I’ll try, howe’er, Goody, whether the Scot minna gang free for killing ae witch i’ the shape of a cat ; but mind yersel, yer turn ’ll come i’ ae minute’s pass.”

He then, with great coolness, drew the cord tight, by the extension of his arms, leaving Grimalkin to dance upon nothing ; which sort of voltigeurism soon put an end to her cries and struggles.

“ Now, woman,” said he, “ down on yer marrow bones, an’ stretch out yer weasan.”

“ Villain ! murtherer !” cried the witch.

“ Down wi’ ye,” said the Scot, resolutely, and clapping the point of his sword to her arm-pit : “ down wi’ ye, or I’ll dig a grave in ye for Baudron’s burial.”

“ Mercy, mercy,” cried she at length, overpowered with fear.

“ Down, ye doited hag, or I’ll hack ye in atoms.”

The witch knelt down, but presently

fell prostrate on the hovel floor. Armstrong waited some time for her recovery; but finding her swoon continue, he threw the rope upon her, and mounted his horse.

“She has been punished enough, by my troth,” said he, “for her lying witcheries; but an’ she really assisted the puritans, she deserves death as a rebel.”

“It is not certainly known,” said Gualter; “the reports are contradictory; but at best this creature’s death would assist our cause but little. On, comrades; let us leave her to her misery.”

The soldiers, spurring onwards, wound up the eastern side of Mam Tor, and came on high ground; they rode on until they arrived at the entrance of the Tor Dale; when, at the further extremity, they saw a body of men, in number about two hundred, well armed, and observing regular discipline. On the appearance of the troopers, a shot was discharged by an advanced sentinel, who retired to the main body.

“Form for speed,” cried Armstrong.

“Trumpets, blow a charge.”

“Easy, easy,” said Gualter; “they won’t run; they mean to stand us.”

They rode gently on, until they came within the distance of two musket shots; the Round-heads were drawn up in four companies, with a small interval between each, and kept their ground in excellent order; their front ranks were armed with pikes, the rear with carbines, and it was evident they thought themselves a match for the Cavaliers; their leader was soon recognised by the Major to be Jonathan Snell, who was either too ignorant of the art military, to understand the disadvantages of drawing up his men on plain ground against horse; or (as was more probably the case) too desperate and confident of his own strength to calculate upon chances. He himself stood at the head of the front rank, with a long and heavy partizan in his hand, and armed also, as were his

whole troop, with brigandine and head-piece, sword and pistols.

Armstrong, to whom, from his knowledge of service, the Major conceded the form of attack, drew up his men in haste, and told them, laughing, that he was afraid they should not have the honour, that day, of getting broken heads : “ A posse of millers on horseback, wi’ flour bags for braid swords, wad beat yon gallant troop out o’ the field,” said he : “ I need na’ remind ye of Keinton nor Roundway ; ye had there sodgers to deal wi’ ; but de’il ae sodger wad ha’ set out his troop i’ this fashion. Close files. Trumpets, a charge.”

The two trumpets of the squadron blew a charge ; the Major and Lieutenant set themselves at the head of their respective troops, and led them on against the enemy. Armstrong, and the head of his troop, instead of charging on the front of the line, as the Round-heads had expected, galloped into the intervals, and intersected the several divisions, in which

manœuvre being well seconded by the Major, in a few minutes, the puritans were routed with great slaughter, one half of their number being killed upon the place and in their flight to the rocky passes of the Heron's nest, whither they fled for shelter. The Cavaliers pursued them to their retreat, and Major Gualter, (who had more courage than conduct,) not content with the victory they had so easily obtained, (for the Cavaliers had not lost a man,) galloped towards a defile, where Snell and about twenty of his associates had taken refuge, and attempted to force his way up the rock; but in this attempt he met with a check. Snell, who still held in his hand the partizan we have mentioned, in a moment elevated it, and brought it down with such weight upon the Major's head-piece, that he not only clove it in twain, but beat him out of his saddle to the ground. He was preparing to put an end to Gualter with his pistol, when Armstrong, resolving to bring off his

colleague, or perish, charged with several of the troopers up the rock. This bold action saved the Major, but was fatal to two of the Cavaliers, who, with their horses, fell dead in the defile, and Armstrong himself received a ball in the fleshy part of his thigh. The Major recovered his horse, and then drew off the men, finding it impracticable to pursue the Round-heads further.

They rode slowly back to the scene of action, without interruption from the puritans; and part of the troopers were ordered to dismount, and strip from the dead bodies of the Round-heads their defensive armour, which, with their weapons of offence, were bundled up, and carried off the field by the Cavaliers. As they passed the cottage of Snell, several of the troopers cried out to fire it.

Armstrong enquired to whom it belonged, and upon learning the name of the proprietor, advanced with a part of his troop, and broke open the door. The place was now void, but had ap-

parently been inhabited that day; for the fire, though very low, was not quite out, and the different utensils adapted to culinary purposes were still spread upon the board. Armstrong stirred the fire, and increased it by the addition of dried peat, and sticks, (which were placed in a corner of the cottage for fuel,) until it began to crackle and blaze with great vigour. The soldiers then threw the whole stock upon the hearth, and made a bonfire which reached to the roof. Not content with this, they stuck fiery staves into the thatch, tore the door from the hinges, and hurled it into the flames, beat the windows in, and destroyed every article of ornament or utility in the place. Whilst one party of the troopers was busy in the destruction of the cottage, another amused themselves with leaping their horses over the garden wall, and galloping among the mould, until the whole was more cut up than the common highway. When they had completed their work of ravage and

ruin, Armstrong and his troop followed their companions, who, being laden with the arms of the puritans, had proceeded slowly. They called in their way at the witch's cottage, but she had fled, and they marched on to the Castle Town. The inhabitants had heard the firing very distinctly; and the Baron, alarmed, and anxious for the return of his friends, had even thought of sending out the garrison to their assistance; but their return, crowned with victory, silenced his fears for the present, and all apprehension for the future; it being apparent that the puritans would not now, after such a defeat, dare to renew their attack upon the Castle Town. Upon consultation between Lord Falconridge and the officers, respecting the plan to be laid down for the future defence of the Castle Town, it was resolved, that as Banner Cross could not, in the present troubles, be rebuilt and refitted for the family's occupation, the Baron and Lady Falconridge should continue to reside

with the steward Green; that the warlike stores, now in the castle-vaults, should be brought thence into the town; and that the old garrison should remain for its protection, which was to be increased by the formation of a volunteer company of fifty foot, to be raised out of the tenants living in the town: the Major was to have the command of the whole. In consequence of these resolutions, several days were spent in removing the gunpowder from the castle-vaults into the town; and, as a place of the greatest security, they deposited it in the church, as their ammunition store, together with their extra arms and accoutrements. The drakes and sakers, mounted upon the castle-bastions, were taken to form two small batteries, of four cannon each, at the several ends of the town; and, in order to strengthen the mud walls they had raised, trenches were cut, several yards in width, into which the Baron caused a stream (running from the Peak Cavern) to be turned,

first planting the graff with sharpened stakes. All things being perfected, Lord Falconridge wrote an account of his measures to his son, which he confided to Armstrong, and that officer returned with his squadron to Wibberley.

CHAP. X.

Pursue the traitor, you that are for Yorke :
Tho' he take refuge in a sanctuary,
And grasp the altar with his bloody hands,
Chop them away : like Joab he shall die.

Old Contention of York and Lancaster.

IT may, perhaps, be as proper to proceed here with some notice of the puritans, as defer it to a later period ; and, in order to possess ourselves of those particulars which will developé their proceedings, we must return to Snell's cottage. The whole of the day preceding the night on which Banner Cross was destroyed, was spent in conference between the pastor Windyman, the elder Snell, his grandson, and several other resolute puritans. It was there resolved, that if their plan succeeded upon the castle, a messenger should immediately be sent to the parliamentary commissioners at Bullock Smithy, (a straggling town, about

fifteen miles distant, which had been fortified by the parliament,) with an offer of raising a body of men for the service of the state. With the night the puritans assembled in all their strength, forming a company of between two and three hundred men, well armed, and burning with enthusiasm. From these Snell selected one hundred, the most resolute and desperate in their combination. Before they left the Dale, Neverlack expounded a text of Scripture, which was from Jeremiah : “ Also the children of Noph and Tahapanes have broken the crown of thy head. — Hast thou not procured this unto thyself, in that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, when he led thee by the way.” This text he averred to be prophetic of their success, and the downfall of Banner Cross. “ I say unto ye, go forth and conquer; the flaming sword of the cherubims shall go before, and ye shall conquer in the might of the spirit. Are ye not the elect? the chosen? sons of the promise, and chil-

dren of the covenant? How long will ye blindly lie under the cross? How long will ye tamely submit to the dominion of antichrist? The irresistible grace of the Most High sheddeth itself upon ye, and ye may not, ye cannot, ye shall not gainsay it. Against whom do ye go up to battle? Is it against the righteous? Is it against one who loveth justice and feareth God? Is it against one ye can greet with the right hand of fellowship? No, brethren; it is against the cursed, the malignant, the immitigate prelatist; the patron of Morrice dances and May games; the supporter of Whitson-ales, Clerk-ales, and Bid-ales, wakes, revels, and feasts of dedication. Well might the Lord cast off his altar: well might He abhor his sanctuary. He hath given into your hands the walls of the palaces; yea, He hath given them into your hands to spoil and consume with fire." He then formally blessed the faithful select, and they prepared to depart. They were conducted across the Tor Dale by the

minister, elders, and the remainder of their friends, who prayed aloud for their success. As they proceeded, Windyman exhorted Jonathan to fortitude and steadfastness. "Put your trust in the spirit, and ye will be both firm and fortunate."

"I put my trust," said the puritan, "in this strong arm, and this stout heart; in my brigandine and skull-cap, broad sword and pistols. I will forgive him that over-matches me."

"Trust not to the arm of flesh, or ye are undone," said the preacher; "put your faith in the assistance of heaven alone."

"Then, I trow, we need not stir further; ye can as well kneel down on the mother rock, and call for heaven's fire upon the Castle, as we do it under the peak."

This reply put Neverlack to a nonplus for some moments; but he gathered his recollection, and said, "Be not froward and vain, as our enemies; but patient,

humble, and meek, as the lambs of Christ, the saints of the New Jerusalem. I meant not that ye should stand idle, expecting the ruin of the strong hold by miraculous interposition; but that your courage should sustain itself by faith in the Lord, by a confidence in his support, and not by that foolish and heathenish insensibility, which our enemies call honour and glory.”

Jonathan smiled, but the smile was one of deep contempt; he turned upon his heel, and joined his troop. They had now arrived at the Lone End; the select filed off down the lane, leaving the preacher and the others on the ridge of Mam Tor, who were resolved there to await the issue of the attempt. That they might pass their time in a way of edification, Mr. Windyman proposed that all present should join in a psalm; in which proposal the elders warmly concurred: and having groped out a large stone, (for it was too dark to see any thing distinctly,) the preacher took his

seat upon it, and his congregation gathered around. After a few haws and hems, Mr. Neverlack gave the 79th psalm, out of the old puritanical version, as follows :

“ The heathen now with bow and spear,
Thy people do oppress ;
Yea, all thy saints, provok'd by fear,
Cry out for quick redress.”

The whole assembly joined in the chant of this psalm. There were about two hundred people, and as they sang with all their might, being restrained by no considerations of art or method, they produced a most astounding chorus; the young puritans particularly, (who, perhaps, even in the focus of crabbed and melancholy fanaticism, could not throw off the exhilaration and buoyancy of youth,) roared out with terrible emulation; and even Neverlack himself, (accustomed as he was to intense enunciation,) was obliged to turn away his ear from the strong lungs of a middle-aged man, who shouted directly into it. In-

deed it was necessary for them to exert themselves. A March night, on a hill side, with the wind blowing in its uttermost fury, requires extraordinary exercise to defy its rigours, and they were too good mountaineers not to know the benefit of exertion.

When the psalm was ended, old Snell begged that the pastor would pursue his pious labours with a prayer for the success of the departed band, to which he willingly consented. He therefore knelt down, with the stone, on which he had been sitting, for a pulpit-rest; and his congregation followed his example. He then held forth for at least an hour, crying (to use his scriptural expression) like the young raven in the wilderness. He craved a blessing upon the expedition, and begged that the Lord would testify in their favour, by crowning the enterprise with success. He intreated the Omnipotent to pour forth his wrath upon the heathen that had not known him, and upon those who had not called upon

his name ; and trusted that the fire of heaven would consume those who, having neglected the true worship, had gone a whoring after false gods. “ We have been a reproach,” said he, “ to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us ; but do thou, we beseech thee, render unto our neighbours seven-fold in their bosoms, the reproach, and the scorn, and the derision, where-with they have reproached, and scorned, and derided us. Know we not thy power, most Omnipotent Father ? Know we not the fierceness of thine anger, and the dreadfulness of thy wrath ? Who is equal to the God of battles ? to the Lord of hosts ?”

Having made an end of the prayer, Mr. Neverlack rose up ; the clock was striking twelve ; a gust of wind bore the sound over Mam Tor, and startled the roe-buck as he peered over the Heron crag.

“ Think ye the brethren will succeed,” said Snell, to the preacher.

“ Doubt it not,” replied Windyman ;

“the contrary would be a fountain of bitter waters unto the land, and a darkening of the light in the heavens thereof: we have not deserved such a reproof.”

At this moment a strong glare of light shot athwart the sky; and those of the puritans who were highest on the ridge, cried out, that the castle was in flames.

“The Lord hath heard us,” said the pastor; “he hath delivered the enemy into our hands.”

They now all ascended the highest point of Mam Tor, and thence easily discerned the flames and smoke rolling out of the castle windows. Whilst they were anxiously watching this awful but grand spectacle, the report of fire-arms reached them, and even, at times, the shouts and halloos of the combatants, and the shrieks of the women. The pastor raised his arms, and, like another Moses, continually repeated, “God, God of Jacob.”

As each part of the castle was invaded by the fire, and the roofs of the different

apartments fell in, the light became stronger and more steady, and the puritans could now plainly see their brethren and the soldiers engaged : one party fled, but which it was they could not distinguish ; however, the firing ceased, and, in a short time, their friends came straggling by two's and three's over the ridge. These were surrounded, and a hundred questions put to them ; but they were either too much ashamed, or too much wearied to answer ; their only reply was, that if Jonathan survived, he could tell them all better than they could ; and with this, Mr. Neverlack and his brethren were necessitated to be content. In about half an hour, the sound of a bugle was heard at the Lone End, and the voice of Jonathan, calling to his comrades, " Come on, forward." — He mounted the rock, and advanced to the pastor and his grandfather.

" Worthy are ye," said the pastor, " to fight the Lord's battles ; yon blazing tower is a testimony, and a burnt-offer-

ing, and a sweet-smelling savour, unto heaven; it is a light to enlighten the saints, and a warning to admonish the malignants. Well have ye, and all of ye deserved, and crowns of real glory shall ye gather, for this meet and acceptable service: but relate, brother; inform us of the particulars."

"The deed is but half done," replied the fierce mountaineer; "but one has met his fate, and his life was bought with a score of ours: ye speak falsely and foolishly when ye say we have all deserved well; there be many of us that deserve to be pitched from this rock; had each man performed his best, yon blazing tower would have been a bed of fire for the whole garrison."

"But they did na' see ye fly," said a dreadful voice from behind; "they did na' drive ye from the blazing ruin; marked I ye well, foaming like the brindled boar, grinding like the spotted libbard; or the lion at bay wi' the dogs around him. — Speak, ye men o' fear,

who guarded your flight at his life's peril? Who came the last down the castle-rock, stopping the bloody Cavaliers with his single sword?"

It was the witch, Doll Jordan, who, with a naked knife in her hand, now stood in the midst of the circle, to the manifest terror of the whole company, except Jonathan. Mr. Windyman, in particular, drew back, horror-struck at her appearance; for she, as well as the subject of her panegyric, was covered with blood, and her grey hair, streaming with the wind, gave her the look of a maniac.

"Why stay ye here," she pursued, "when ye may gain a cheap victory?—return ye to the fight—gather up your strength, and set on again—tak' pattern o' yer leader: the foe is now stricken; a fright is upon him—ye are ten times their number. I promise ye victory: return and conquer, or die like men."

The witch in vain endeavoured to animate the puritans; they had been too

effectually beaten to tempt their fate again. They required time to gather their courage and strength, before they would dare to meet the victorious Cavaliers, however exceeding them in numbers.

“It wonnot be, Doll,” said Jonathan; “they are craven and cow’d; I must wait an opportunity.”

“An’ ye let this’n pass, ye’ll seek a fitter, and find it never,” said the grey woman.

“Your thought is mine,” replied the leader; “but it wonnot be; a half dozen Cavaliers would set the troop fleeing; they dare sooner climb the shivering front, than return once more to attack yon castle.”

“The darkened dule o’ their coward hearts!” cried she; “may they hap of a fight where they canna flee. Fare ye well; I have my own work;” and she walked quickly over the ridge.

The puritans then drew homeward, the pastor returning with old Snell to

the cottage. Jonathan, with the rest of the troop, retreated further into the hills, to their usual places of concealment. A meeting of the leading puritans had been appointed to be holden on the following day at Snell's cottage, whither, at mid-day, many of them convened. It was here debated upon the propriety of renewing their attack, and each person delivered his opinion warmly and stubbornly upon the side he espoused.

The preacher, Windyman, was for a vigorous prosecution of their designs. "The spirit was upon me," said he, "and I prophesied that the malignants were delivered into your hands. The Lord hath deserted them, as he did Ahab the son of Omri, because they are an abomination; because they are, and shall be, a hissing and a curse before the Lord our God. Their joints shall strew the earth, and the dogs shall lick up their blood, for they do persecute our Saviour in his members, and do reject and despise him, in rejecting and despising those labourers,

who, at the prayer of the faithful, the Lord hath sent forth into the harvest. Tarry not, then, brethren, but gird on every man his harness, and set yourselves in battle array: smite the heathen with the edge of the sword, and let the malignants perish as the enemies of the Lord."

Old Snell was of this opinion, or, out of deference to the preacher, pretended so to be. "Ye shall gather much glory," said he, "i' your pious undertakings.—Go up, brethren, go up against this Hazor: ye shall shoot at them, and destroy them, from the rising o' the sun, until the going down thereof; they shall perish from Dan unto Beersheba, yea unto Nophah, which reacheth unto Medeba. Like unto Dathan and Abiram, like unto Korah the son of Izhar, the son of Kohath, the son of Levi, shall the malignants perish in their iniquity."

"There's no remedy for shedden milk," said Jonathan; "else last night's action, fairly fought, would have left little need

of to-day's meeting : the Cavaliers cannot now much exceed twenty men ; they have no defences, and, moreover, since the Major's death, are without head or conduct : I am for instant battle, and will pledge my soul's safety for our success."

"What ca' ye Gualter?" said one of the armed puritans; "has he neither head nor conduct? an' he had na,' we should ha' brought off twenty men the more last neet."

"He's little to be feared," replied Jonathan, contemptuously; "I'll undertake for him."

"We doubt ye not, Jonathan," said the last speaker; "but the brethren were last neet panic-stricken, and they dinna so quickly recover; besides, the Cavaliers are a' mounted troopers, and wad play a desperate game, an we were to gi' em warning of our attack; it is better counsel, to my mind, to wait for dark, and then set upon 'em at unawares."

Most of the brethren agreed with this

advice, but Jonathan loudly exclaimed against it. "Ye will teach the brethren," said he, "that they are no match for the Cavaliers, though ten times their number. What if the malignants be horsed, they cannot stand before the fire of a hundred carbines, and the push of a hundred pikes. Are we not mailed and guarded as well as they are? And is it not a shame to confess, that we want pluck and courage, when we have two hundred men to twenty? The Cavaliers must surely have some truth in their saying we have a bad cause, or we should not have so much fear to defend it."

"The Cavaliers," said the man who spoke before, "may lie till they're black i' the face; it'll neither hurt our cause nor our courage; but ye wrong us i' saying we wad bring fear to the brethren. We stand fast i' the Lord: we put our trust i' his strength; and we neither faint nor fail when he says, go forth."

“ He has said,” replied the preacher, spying an encroachment upon his authority and calling, “ he has spoken by my mouth, ‘ Go up to battle, and he will deliver the enemy into your hands.’ ”

“ We deny the ca’,” replied the puritan : “ Hearken not unto the words of the prophets, saith the Scripture, that do prophesy unto you ; they make you vain, they speak a vision of their own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord.”

“ Ye utter blasphemies,” said Neverlack.”

“ Behold,” continued the puritan, “ I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that steal my words every one from his neighbour ; against the prophets, who use their own tongues, and say, He saith.”

“ Is your pastor a laughing-stock ?” cried Windyman. “ Is he a man of straw ? Do not my gifts prove the rectitude of my call, and the sacredness of my appointment ? What would ye more of evidence ?”

“ We wad ha’ conviction spiritually,” replied his opponent: “ an ye prophesied of a sure spirit, the Lord wad enlighten our hearts to receive his commandment.”

“ I will withdraw to prayer,” said the preacher: “ peradventure my suit may procure ye an enlightening grace. The spirit of apostolic concord be among ye.”

He withdrew, and was followed by the elder Snell. Jonathan immediately rose up, and said, “ If ye think not fit to follow my counsel, he shall be leader that will. I quit myself of yer company, and yer cowardice.”

“ Cowardice !” said the other, laying his hand on his sword.

“ Ay, cowardice, Robert Ford ;” shouted the mountaineer; “ to your teeth, rank coward fear. Ye need not lay your hand on yer weapon, nor look so big, unless ye could better make yer sword support yer bullying.”

“ This is the roof o’ yer fathers,” said his antagonist, “ or, by my hope o’

safety, I'd make the floor drink yer blood."

"Two strides will bring us on fair ground, if ye dare make yer words good," replied Snell.

"May I be ca'd coward, and spit upon, an I dinna," said Ford, rushing towards the cottage-door.

He was followed by Snell, and they both drew their swords, eager for each other's blood; but the Puritans who stood by, seeing the inequality of the combat, in which Ford would assuredly be the victim, interposed; and Jonathan, perceiving he had been too hasty, consented to a reconciliation. However, he still persisted in throwing up his command, and neither the elders nor the pastor could bend the stubbornness of his resolution.

"I will seek my fortune," said he, "with men like myself, who will peril all to gain all; who will either have victory or death."

At night, the troop met in arms seve-

ral hours before their usual time, and it was resolved to attempt a surprise of the Castle Town, whither, they had learnt, the inhabitants of Banner Cross were retired.

The issue of this attempt we have before seen ; for the conduct of the enterprise being left to Ford, and those of his party, who were too cautious to risk any thing, an attack was not made upon the town, and they retired as they came. This failure drew upon Ford such cutting sarcasms and reproaches from Jonathan, that they again came to the sword's point, but were again separated ; and the Puritans, finding they should gain little renown under their more pacific leader, prayed Snell to resume his station. He consented, on condition that they would take the first opportunity, which should present itself, of redeeming their reputation by an engagement with the enemy ; to which they gladly agreed, and the mountaineer once more became the head of their company.

He assembled them early the next morning, with a fixed resolution of attacking the Castle Town. He had formed his men, and they had begun their march across the dale, when their advanced-guard fired a shot. They hastened forward with the expectation of meeting an enemy mounting the ridge of Mam Tor; but when they arrived at the point of the cliff, whence they had a view over Hope Dale, they descried a large squadron of horse emerging from the pass of the Wingates, slowly moving towards the Castle Town. These were the Lord Falconridge, Lieutenant Armstrong, and the squadron under his command, whose appearance put a stop to the further advance of the Puritans. Snell watched the Cavaliers into the town, and drew back his men into the dale. After an exhortation to them to be stedfast and courageous, and reminding them of their covenant to seize the first opportunity of engaging the enemy, "which," said he, "if yon Ca-

valiers be the men I take 'em for, ye will not long await ;" he dismissed the Puritans, with a request that they would assemble early on the morrow.

The morrow came, and beheld Snell with his band of enthusiasts hard at exercise at an early hour. Each man was completely accoutred ; they wore the arms of dragoons, fitted to act on horse-back or on foot, for the purchase of which all the mountaineers of the Puritan or Parliamentary faction had liberally contributed. They had not been an hour on the ground, when they were informed by their outpost of the advance of the Cavaliers towards the Tor Dale.

" They are welcome," said Jonathan. " I heard the raven crow loudly this morning ; he had the scent of blood. — Now, brothers, ye have yer hearts' wish ; for the honour of the hills, strike deep, and deadly."

He formed the whole body into four companies, with a little interval between each, and assigned to four of the most

desperate of his friends the command of the divisions, himself intending to act the part of general-in-chief. Military men may probably condemn Snell's arrangement, particularly his endeavouring to keep the open field against horse ; but we have known many instances where foot have repelled the chivalry in "aperto Marte" in ancient and modern times ; nay, it is a fact, that both the Greeks and Romans placed all their dependance upon the foot ; for although we sometimes hear of the " turba equitatus," yet the phalanx and legion were the soul of the respective armies. But to come nearer modern times, do we not hear of the Swiss companies, who were so formidable to France and Italy in the beginning of the sixteenth century ? They consisted entirely of foot : and a reference to Guicciardini will show that the knights and men at arms, and among them the precise Chevalier Bayard, could make no impression upon the close-wedged masses of those redoubtable in-

fantry. We are not sure that the Puritan was acquainted with these examples, that he understood the military tactics of Greece or Rome, or of the Swiss companies ; indeed, any tactics at all : but it is certain, that he had that sort of desperate courage which despises difficulties, and which generally surmounts them ; and had he been seconded by his fellows, with a resolution equal to his own, it is not to be doubted but he would have vanquished the Cavaliers on the ensuing fight. When the enemy appeared on the height of the ridge, the out-post fired his carbine, and retreated to their main body. Jonathan carefully instructed his men not to give fire until the enemy came close upon them, and they should be certain to do execution. “ See the white of their eyes, brethren,” said he, “ ere ye fire a shot.”

However, the charge of Armstrong and his troop was so rapid and overpowering, that the puritans were thrown into confusion, before they could make resistance.

We need not here recapitulate the event of the combat ; our readers will recollect that Snell and his confederates were routed, and retreated to the defiles of the Heron's nest, where they remained, (surveying, with indignation, the spoliation of their dead comrades, and the destruction of the elder's cottage,) until the Cavaliers had quitted the Tor Dale.

They then descended ; and in a short time were joined by the elders, the pastor, and many women and children who had retired into the hills for safety. By this fatal action, many of the latter found themselves widows and orphans. To the cry of battle, and the thunder of fire-arms succeeded the wailing of desolation, and lamentation for the dead : widows threw themselves on the bodies of their husbands, and tore their hair, and beat their breasts, in the extremity of affliction ; the children shrieked at the despair of their mothers, and even fanatic fury unbent itself at the sight of conjugal affliction. The stern soul of Jona-

than was alone unsoftened ; but if it could not feel pity, it burnt with revenge. He swore, by the cross of Christ, to revenge the deaths of his brethren, or meet his own ; and in any future fight, that he would neither receive quarter nor give it. The pastor and elders used all their endeavours to console the sorrowing friends of the departed, and for that purpose, assembled them together to prayer, whilst the men dug their graves. When every thing was ready for the interment, the relatives of the dead took of them their last leave, and they were inhumed amidst renewed lamentations, and cries of sorrow. Mr. Windyman preached a funeral discourse of several hours' length, and the puritans retired to their homes.

“ But whither will ye retire ? ” said Jonathan to his grandsire. “ Ye have now neither house nor harbour. The red deer springs ower the hill, and hies him to his rushy lair ; the yarn and eagle soar to their nests in the mountain crag ; but

ye, old man, ye have no covert wherein to hide yer white head from the storm."

"I dinna fear, boy," said Solomon; "my hope is anchored on a rock; I cling to the Lord, and he winna forsake me. What talk ye o' yon blazin cabin? what doth it contain so precious, that we need grieve for it? I have my sole treasure here," holding up his pocket bible; "let the rest perish, I shall sorrow little.

One of the brethren, however, came up, and invited the old man to go with him to the woodlands; to which he was persuaded by Jonathan to consent. It was fixed among the principal leaders of the puritans, that, with the morning's dawn, their leader Snell, and the pastor Windyman, should set off to the commissioners of the parliament at Bullock Smithy, in pursuance of their former resolution; and for that purpose, at day-break, horses were prepared, accoutred with the caparisons of those troopers who had fallen in the defile, and out of their

armour, Snell made such additions to his own defences as he thought conducive to his personal protection. His steed was a huge brown horse, (of that sort now termed the carriage breed,) of great sinew and strength, but yet not unwieldy, and was every way adapted to his rider's bulk of body : the preacher rode a shuffling nag, which had formerly been used in the drudgery of carrying lime-stone panniers; which service had soabated his mettle, (if he ever had any,) that he was now as perfectly passive, as if he had been all his days at the university. He was moreover a religious nag, for he very often put his rider in mind of his calling by sinking upon his knees; so that before they had gone a mile, Mr. Neverlack could have sworn the poney was a rank prelatist, he made so many bows and genuflexions. The travellers made a circuit to get into the main road, and in about two hours reached the town of Chapel-en-le-Frith, where the puritans had many adherents. The preacher was

so much heated, and wearied with their hilly ride, that he was here forced to stay and bait. The inn was kept by a puritan, who, when he found out the party of his guests, pressed them warmly to dismount, and refresh themselves; but the mountaineer refused, and drank his pint of ale as he sat on horseback. However, Mr. Neverlack voided his saddle whilst he took his dram of brandy; a dose which seemed, by the smack of his lips, to be mighty agreeable to the holy man.

“Will ye ha’ a mouth’ll o’ bread an’ cheese?” said the innkeeper: “I’ll bring it before ye can say nay.

“Nay,” replied Jonathan, “we must eat the road, for our business is more than of life or death.”

“Nevertheless, if it be for our necessary support,” said the pastor, “I aver there is no harm in satisfying the creature.”

“What, man,” said the mountaineer, “ye have scarce ridden a half dozen

miles, and left a strapping breakfast a two hours, but yer maw crieth cupboard? Ye can neither be faint, nor fast-bitten, and we have but ten miles further to ride."

"Ten miles!" answered Neverlack; "I should be starved into a weasel, were I to wait the end of our destination. Tarry a minute, brother: I will make a good meal in a short time; and I promise ye to bait only once more on our way to the Smithy for Bullocks."

"Once more!" cried Snell, in a passion: "here, landlord, bring him a loaf and cheese, and lend him a knife, he can stuff himself as he rides along. I'll wait no longer."

"Nay, brother," said Windyman, with his mouth full of the landlord's commendatory articles: "nay, but tarry."

"Tarry; whoo!" said Jonathan, laughing.

"Ye see I use great expedition; I nearly choke myself, out of my wish to expedite," said Neverlack.

“Come, ye’ve surely done now,” said Snell; “ye’ve eaten half the loaf, and gobbled a mountain of cheese.”

“Nay, but one more mouthful,” said the preacher.

Snell happened to turn his head the way they came. “A hundred thousand curses o’ yer mouthfuls,” said he; “here are a troop of Cavaliers.” He plunged his spurs into his horse’s sides, and rode off at full speed. The Cavaliers, observing an armed man fly with such haste, immediately concluded him to be an enemy, and spurred on their horses with great rapidity. Arriving at the inn door, they found the preacher, and perceived his occupation from his methodical dress, and cropped head. Armstrong, who was in the van of the squadron, told a corporal to “follow with that Round-head, and he would pursue his companion.”

They pushed forward, and soon came in sight of the Puritan, who was mounting one hill as they descended another: they gained ground upon him, although

he rode as fast as his horse could gallop ; but as their chargers were better adapted to the road, they made more way than he. Snell often thought of dashing into the woods on either side of the road, but the fear of detection urged him forward ; his horse was nearly spent, and he heard the “ halloos of the avengers ” close behind him, when he arrived at the bridge of Waily, the river of which name separates Derbyshire from Cheshire. It had been increased by the late rains, and the torrent now ran so strong, that had not the bridge been there, it had been impassable. It was a draw of wood, but instead of hoisting with chains, was turned by means of a rudder at the opposite side. Snell knew this bridge well, and concluded he should be safe, if he could pass it before the arrival of the enemy. He spurred his weary steed, and reached the other side in safety. In a moment he sprung from his horse ; the Cavaliers were at hand ; but he pushed the rudder with all his might, until the bridge gave

way, and wheeled to that side of the river on which he stood. The enraged Cavaliers saluted him with a volley from their pistols ; but he sprung upon his horse, and rode gently forward, setting their threats and fire at defiance ; and leaving them to wait for the next passenger to restore the bridge to its former situation.

CHAP. XI.

What have I done that I am thus intreated ?
Am I a robber or a murtherer,
That thus ye hold me like a beast at bay ?
Women and gownsmen were till now excused,
Nor held to suffer the disquiets of war :
Belike your courage is of that nice form,
Which rather with a woman or a priest,
Would match in combat, than an iron man ?

Old Contention of York and Lancaster.

AN inn stood on the Derby side of the river, at which Armstrong and his troop dismounted, intending to regale themselves until the arrival of the preacher and his guard, and they could pass the river. They waited not long, Windy-man arrived, and the driver of a waggon, who came to the bridge on the other side, moved it round to its proper station. Armstrong blew to horse, the Cavaliers remounted, and passed the bridge, taking their way across the country towards

Stockport. The preacher rode between Armstrong and a corporal, and, as he moved along, exclaimed lustily against the former, for impelling his poney to a trot by the application of his sword-point to its croup.

This novel manner of incitation was highly resented even by the patient nag himself, and he testified his wrath by frequent kicks and plunges, which, to the preacher, who was not so good an equestrian as his late companion, proved extremely unpleasant.

“ I know not,” said Neverlack, “ that it is given ye in charge to distress your prisoners after this ungodly manner. I am loth to complain ; but it is as certain as Urim and Thummim, that my thighs are rudely excoriated ; and so bruised am I, with the kicking of this animal, occasioned by your cruel laceration, that I am one compound of piebald jelly.”

“ Pooh,” said the Scot ; “ wad ye be a’ day i’ ganging ae dozen miles ? I think ye hae been wi’ Doll Jordan, and she

has witched yer tit. He gangs as though he had his legs shackled."

"Truly I was bewitched to venture myself on the back of such a creature as this," said Neverlack.

"He gangs as if he had St. Vitus's dance, or the double staggers," said the Lieutenant; "perhaps ye gied him ower muckle o' the brandy ye were drinkin', and its got intill his head."

"The little refreshment I took," replied Windyman, "was not in breach of our ordinances, but for the support of feeble nature."

"Ye hae the cast of ae feeble creature, by my cross, an' troth: are na ye abune ordinances, Mr. Lie till ye're black i' the face Gripegut?"

"If ye wish not for my rebuke, call me not bald-head," said Neverlack.

"Nae mair I did, I'll be sworn," replied the trooper; "I ca'd ye Gripegut."

"It's the same thing; a nickname's a nickname," said the preacher; "and ye

will not fail of punishment, if ye cry out upon the servants of God."

"Ye wear na his livery," said the soldier; "I could never ken ye for ae church parson."

"And why not?" said Windyman. "Is it because I am not disguised in a white surplice? Is it because I wear not a corner cap, a filthy cope, and a beastly hood? Is it because I disdain the fashion of antichrist, the pope, that man of sin, that child of perdition, and all his rabble of miscreants and shavelings, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and abolish with the brightness of his coming?—away with such idolatrous gear; away with the relics of the Amorites; we are not Jews, that we should be clad in the garments of Aaron, neither are we papists, that we should be defiled with the stage-playing mummary of the Romish beast. Can there not be a church without an altar? without organ-piping, and the singing, ringing, and trowling of psalms, from one side of the

choir to the other? without the squeaking of chanting choristers? Alack-a-day! the people cry out for bread, and ye give them stones; they entreat for the word of God, and ye would satisfy them with the inventions of the devil. I will not beautify with my countenance these filthy rags, which bring the heavenly word of the Eternal into bondage, subjection, and slavery. Avoid all unclean things: touch not, taste not, handle not."

"How are your thighs," said the trooper, when he paused.

"Very sore, in faith," replied Never-lack.

"And yer mouth also?" said the Lieutenant.

"Nay, my mouth aileth nothing."

"Is it not sore in faith?"

"It may speak sore things in matters of faith," said the preacher.

"In faith, then, is it sore," answered the Scotsman.

"Ye speak as a Jesuit, casting about

to lie in wait for my poor soul ; but I defy the devil and all his operations.”

“ May it please yer reverence to inform me wha was the stalwart chiel, that consorted wi’ ye, an’ barred our passage ower the brig.”

“ Who mean ye?” replied Windyman.

“ Can thy impudent face pretend ignorance?” said Armstrong. “ I mean the armed man wha left ye in the lurch, and saved himsel wi’ the speed of his horse.”

“ There were many travellers,” said Neverlack, “ at the inn whilst I refreshed there, and my memory is not so good as it wont to be ; but I do recollect a soldier coming up to the door, whom I took for a Cavalier, and therefore, according to the adage, ‘ I kept myself to myself,’ in fear that he would insult me.”

“ An’ ye ken naething mair?” said the Lieutenant.

“ O ! yea, I must not speak falsely ; I heard him call for a pint of ale, which he drank on horseback, and when he had

ended it, galloped off at his full speed, which, if I mistake not, was about the time of your coming up."

"Ay, marry was it," said Armstrong; "an' gin I mistak not, ye ken mair o' that man than ye care to avouch; see that ye speak na' fausely, or, by the maker o' the mountains, I'll hang ye up as a scarecrow till lying Round-heads."

"Little honour is it to you," said the preacher, "to put threats on a man of my calling."

"I threaten ye wi' justice," replied Armstrong; "an' ye shall hae the full measure gin I find ye tricksey."

"Behold, I am in your hands," replied Neverlack, from Scripture: "Behold, I am in your hands, to do with me whatsoever seemeth good unto you; but know you this, that if you put me to death, you shall bring innocent blood upon your own hands and upon the land."

"Ye are ae spy, or worse!" said Armstrong: "I can see traitor written i' yer canting puritanical phiz."

“ You abuse me,” replied the preacher.

“ Unless the de’il assist ye at ae pinch, I foresee the gibbet rope notched round yer scrag’d gullet,” said the Scot.

“ The Lord forefend !” ejaculated the puritan, applying his thumb and finger to his neck, and shaking his head with wistful woe.

“ Or ma’ be ye’d prefer bein’ shot, or cut intill pieces wi’ ae battle-brand,” said Armstrong, striking the preacher on the back with the flat side of his broad sword. The puritan, at this stroke, drew his face into so many horrible and yet ludicrous contortions, that Armstrong and the troopers about him could not refrain from a burst of laughter.

“ Ye might be stranglin’ now, ye pitiful callant,” said the Lieutenant: “ what gars ye pu’ sae mony faces ?”

The preacher took no notice of this question, but exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, “ Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce ; and their wrath, for it was cruel. O my soul ! come not thou into their

secret, but let God divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel !”

“ Peace, ye spawn o’ the covenant, or I’ll hae ye drawn at my horse’s tail; I wull mak’ thy tongue cleave till the roof of thy mouth,” said Armstrong, affecting the scriptural cant of the preacher; “ and thou shalt be dumb, an’ shalt not be untill us ae reprover, for we are not ae rebellious house.”

“ Fie upon it !” said Windyman; “ ye garble and rend the Holy Scriptures : it is a truth, that ye cannot find any text applicable to your works, or ye would not belie the true Gospel.”

“ Gin ye utter anither word, foul or fair, fause or faithful, by the honour of arms, I’ll gar ye ride the rest o’ the way wi’ yer face to the tail, ye haffling splutter spight.”

This threat clapped a padlock upon the mouth of Windyman, and they rode a considerable way in perfect silence. The puritan elevated his eyes, and affected to pray inwardly; but his medita-

tions were frequently interrupted by the stumbling of his Rosinante, or the kicks which that jewel of palfreys returned to the renewed pastime of the Lieutenant. At length they reached the brow of a hill, upon which stood a small village called Mellor, whence they had a perfect view of Wibberley Chase, and the castle, enveloped in smoke from the fire of the besieged, with the camp of Sydenham before it, and the small town of Marple about a mile on this side, the river Mersey winding through the midst.

“ There,” said Armstrong, pointing with his sword towards Wibberley, “ there, neighbour Gripegut, is the goal o’ yer race : ye shall hae ae new halter, an’ an oaken tree, as I’m ae gentleman. The tree shall be the highest we can find, that ye may hae ae gradely view o’ this fine country.”

They could now distinctly hear the fire of the contending parties at Wibberley, and distinguish, amid volumes of smoke, the flashes of the guns. Windy-

man began to pray audibly, with the utmost horror appearing in his countenance, at their approach to the scene of action. He, at length, ventured to ask Armstrong if they were going near to the castle.

“Near, mon!” said the Scot; “we’re ganging intill the intrenchment before it.”

“What!” replied the preacher; “whence your party do fire?”

“Ay, just aehint the guns.”

“Then Lord have mercy on me a sinner!” said the puritan; “I shall be murdered; I shall be destroyed as a man of blood. Woe is me, for my sins are many! The light of grace is departed from me! Woe is me, that I have lived with Ahithophel, and have consorted with Shimei!”

“An’ shall be hanged like Haman,” said the Scotsman.

“Dust are we all,” pursued the puritan, “and unto dust shall we return. Prone to error, and fallible in judgment, are thy saints; yet have we not called

upon thee, saying, O thou sword of the Lord! how long will it be, ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself in thy scabbard; rest, and be still; and yet thou hast borne testimony against this wicked race! — Thou hast plagued them with fire and sword, and hast dug a pitfall under their feet, for the chastisement of their iniquities.”

“Peace, ye blaspheming traitor!” said Armstrong; “peace, or ye shall be pounded intill ammunition for ae mortar, and thrown intill the castle. I’ll hae ye posted up for ae mark, whereby the enemy may practise their carbines, ye doited Round-head.”

“I did but unburthen myself unto Heaven, and thus am I treated; but I take comfort; there never was saint without his suffering.”

“There ne’er was rebel without his reward,” replied the Lieutenant; “an’ unless my second sight be clean departed, ye’re as near yours as ma’es nae matter.”

“ I wait my trial,” said Windyman ;
“ my crimes must be proven.”

“ O ! ye shall hae a fair hearing ; the halberts shall be yer bar, a cat-and-twelve tails yer upright jury, a drummer shall be judge, an’ I trow ye’ll mak’ yersell loudly heard i’ the bail court.”

“ Am I to be tortured, and afterwards put to death ?” said the preacher.

“ Ye shall be scourged wi’ thorns,” replied Armstrong, “ an’ crown’d wi’ ae circlet o’ fire, ye vile traitor ; but nae, that wad do ye too muckle honour : ye shall be drown’d i’ ae stagnant horse-pond, or trampled till ye’re dead by the hoofs o’ our horses. Muckle do I suspect ye were at the firing o’ Banner Cross.”

“ No, verily,” exclaimed the preacher, “ as I hope to be saved.”

“ Ye maun prove where ye were o’ that night,” said Armstrong, “ or yer assertion will stand ye i’ little stead.”

They now entered the small town of

Marple, situate on the north-western bank of the Mersey, and passing the bridge, ascended a hill towards the camp. Another quarter of an hour brought them to the Lodge, at the entrance of Wibberley Chase, where a picket of dragoons was on guard; and Armstrong was informed by the subaltern, that the Colonel had vigorously cannonaded the castle for several days, but had not hitherto succeeded in forming a stormable breach. The enemy had made a desperate resistance, and still held their purpose of resisting to the last; the pride of the governor increasing with the duration of the siege. Having informed himself of these particulars, the Lieutenant proceeded across the Chase, and passing the Mersey, entered the camp by the rear entrenchment. He found Colonel Sydenham busily engaged in superintending the fire of his bastions, which kept up a terrible bombardment against the castle; and the besieged, re-

solving not to be outdone in compliments of this kind, returned the battery with twenty pieces of cannon. Several of the officers had been carried off dangerously wounded, but their loss only inclined Sydenham to supply their places by his personal activity, and he exposed himself to the fire, not only of their cannon, but of their musketry.

“ You’re come in the nick of time, my good fellow,” said he to Armstrong, when he saw him. “ Paulet’s killed, the Major disabled, Conadyne has a shot in the thigh, and Marcet is just taken away with a dangerous wound. I have, for the last two hours, been my own colonel, major, horse-lieutenant, adjutant of artillery, and engineer.”

“ The governor keeps his word like a stout officer,” said Armstrong.

“ Yea, he is the bravest Round-head I have met with. We shall batter down the wall to-day, and we will then endeavour to save their blood by another par-

ley.—But what news from Banner Cross? Is the castle wholly destroyed?”

“There is scarcely ae stane standing,” replied Armstrong. “The fire an’ the puritans did their work wi’ ae sure hand; but ye are pratty weel revenged.”

“How so?” said Sydenham.

Major Gualter and mysel, wi’ my squadron, took ae peep among the hills. We came upon ae troop o’ the Round-heads near the shivering rock, an’ in a few minutes we turn’d about ae hundred of them upon their backs.”

A musquet-ball struck upon the Lieutenant’s head-piece, but glancing off, did him no damage. He raised his arm, and cried out—

“Oh! ye ken me, do ye, callants; I’ll gie ye proof o’ my return, when I’ve bolted my bannocks.”

He delivered the letters with which he was charged by the Baron and Lady Falconridge to the Colonel, and they retired to his tent; the gunners of the bastions kept up their fire, and at length

beat down a part of the wall adjoining the portal ; and a linked shot cutting through the chains of the draw-bridge, it fell, and formed a passage over the moat for the assailants. The Colonel, upon notice of this success, formed a body of men, and led them on to the attack : they had taken possession of the bridge, and were mounting the breach, when the enemy beat a parley. Armstrong, who led the forlorn hope, cried out, that the place was their own, and that no attention should be paid to the signal ; but Sydenham ordering the firing to cease, demanded their meaning.

The governor Purefoy then came to the breach, and consented to capitulate upon terms ; but, upon explanation, his demands proved so exorbitant, that Sydenham grew enraged. “ Ye shall either surrender upon mercy, or abide the storm ; choose ye whether quickly, for my men are in a heat.”

“ Nay, but Colonel,” said the Round-head, “ peradventure we can make good,

with the Lord's assistance, those ramparts, which we have kept so long."

"Then stand to your arms," cried Sydenham. "I can delay no longer."

"Nay, nay, but Colonel Sydenham," said Purefoy, "it is that we may put an end to the effusion of Christian blood, and to avoid the destruction of our near and dear friend, Mr. Francis Bradshaw and his family, who are now within, that we consent to surrender, and not for the fear of our own unprofitable lives. The Lord might render the good and glorious cause, for which we have foughten, and for which we will fight, as much service by our deaths, as by our services in the land; and blessed—"

"I have not time, Sir," said Sydenham, "to hear sermons now; in a word, battle, or absolute surrender."

"I have but three reasons," replied Purefoy, "against the latter, the first whereof—"

"I tell ye, Sir, I neither can nor will listen to your reasons; and since you seem

merely to amuse us—Comrades,” said he, elevating his sword, “à la mort, death or victory.”

The soldiers pressed onward, when Purefoy, snatching a white flag from one of his officers, held it out as a signal of surrender. He then delivered his sword to Sydenham, who immediately returned it; the portal was thrown open, and the Cavaliers marched into the court-yard: the garrison (amounting to about fifty men) was already drawn up, and on Sydenham's appearance laid down their arms. Purefoy walked up to them, and said, “The Lord's will be done: we are conquered, but not disgraced. Had we been possessed of another barrel of powder, Colonel Sydenham, ye would have been a little more plagued, before ye had captivated us.”

“I bear witness, ye have done your duty,” replied the Colonel.

“So do our consciences, which are better evidences than mortal testimony,” cried Purefoy.

The Cavaliers busied themselves in striking their camp, and removing their cannon and equipages into the castle : the prisoners were set upon the reparation of the fortifications, and the intrenchments levelled under the eye of Armstrong. All the horses found excellent accommodations in the castle : indeed nothing had been wanting, but ammunition, to render Wibberley impregnable. The Round-heads, in the hope of frightening their adversaries, had fired away so vast a quantity of powder and shot, that from having at first a good magazine, they had not, as their governor said, one barrel of powder left when the Cavaliers were mounting the breach.

The castle and beautiful demesne of Wibberley were, at the period we are now commemorating, the property and inheritance of Francis Bradshaw, Esquire, brother of the celebrated republican serjeant John Bradshaw, afterwards lord president of the High Court of Justice, which condemned the unfortunate

Charles to the scaffold. The serjeant was now attending the long parliament, among the members of which he had a great name, and almost unlimited power; but his brother, the proprietor, together with his family, consisting of a wife, and one daughter of the age of twelve years, his chaplain and servants, were in the castle during the siege. Francis Bradshaw was, as well as his brother, of the presbyterian party, (though not a republican,) and had consented to receive a garrison, into his fortified mansion, of parliamentary soldiers. The families of Falconridge and Bradshaw were not entirely unacquainted; for the latter had another estate, near Chapel-en-le-Frith, at which they frequently resided; and at those times had used (previous to the commencement of the unhappy troubles) to keep up good neighbourhood with the surrounding families of distinction.

When Colonel Sydenham had finished his orders, he desired Captain Purefoy to conduct him to Mr. Bradshaw. The

family occupied the back part of the castle, which was wholly sheltered from the fire of the besiegers ; but they were much straitened for room, having only one hall or sitting-place for daily accommodation.

Purefoy was entering the hall, without knock or signal ; but Sydenham laid his hand upon his shoulder. “ Let us enquire,” said he, “ if Mr. Bradshaw be disengaged ; if he be not ready to receive me, my business is not so urgent but I can wait a fitter opportunity.” Although the puritan captain did not well understand this kind of etiquette, yet he complied with the humour of the Cavalier, and struck upon the oaken door, but in so rough a manner, that it might have been his intention to destroy it.

A servant answered their appeal, and Sydenham, taking the word from his companion, begged to enquire if Mr. Bradshaw would allow him the honour of paying a visit. Mr. Bradshaw was

near the door, and indeed had heard all that passed; he advanced, and bowing to the young Colonel, requested he would enter the apartment. His wife, a plainly dressed lady of forty, sat at the upper end of the hall; and her daughter, a second Hebe in beauty of face and loveliness of figure, stood at her elbow. She rose to receive Sydenham, who again marked the contrast between the manners of the Cavalier and those of the Round-head, by pulling off his morion and gauntlets; an example which Purefoy thought it unnecessary to follow. After the usual compliments, in which, according to the court-fashion of the times, Sydenham saluted the blushing cheek of the young maiden, Mr. Bradshaw said, gravely, “It was not thus, Mr. Sydenham, our friends were used to meet: times have been, when the houses of Falconridge and Bradshaw have met in silken garments, and wreaths of pleasure, instead of suits of steel, and scenes of battle.”

“ May they quickly return to their ancient unanimity,” said the Colonel. “ My reason for demanding this interview did not originate in formal ceremony ; I feel, as a man of honour, that I have an explanation and an apology to make. Had it been known to me, that Mr. Bradshaw and his family were in the castle, I should have exerted every intreaty that could have induced them to quit it. I tremble to think unto what dangers you, my good madam, and your lovely daughter were exposed.

“ They were in the Lord’s keeping,” said Purefoy. “ He shielded them with the wing of his mercy, and protected them with the armour of his righteousness.”

“ Were you not righteous,” said Sydenham, smiling, “ that you were forced to surrender ?”

“ Assuredly the balls which did batter down the breach were weighted with the heaviness of our sins,” said the Captain : “ we have trusted too much to

the arm of flesh ; not remembering, that He who made, can destroy with the breath of his mouth, and with the smoke of his nostrils."

Sydenham recollected the orations of Doctor Grostete, and was apprehensive of a sermon in a different style. He turned to the daughter of Mr. Bradshaw, and said, "And were not you terrified at the firing, Miss Esther? were you not alarmed at the thunder of the cannon?"

She blushed deeply at this address, and with great hesitation softly articulated, "that with her parents she could fear nothing."

"She has a greater spirit," said her father, smiling, "than, from her bashfulness, you might guess at; we have had no complaints, no fears that were perceptible, since your sitting down before the house: I believe your presence has terrified her more than your guns did." The scarlet now suffused her face and neck, and she leaned upon her mother's shoulder to hide her blushes.

“My presence?” said Sydenham : “am I so unfortunate?” He advanced and took her hand : “Am I really a cause of fear to ye, Miss Esther?”

She answered not.

“Fear me not,” he continued ; “think I am your brother ; when I have laid aside my armour, I will play with ye at merry draw, or rushen cap.”

“Look up, child,” said her mother ; “ye have seen Mr. Sydenham before this day ; and although we do not now meet as at other times, yet we blame the cause, and not those who are unfortunately led from the way, with their eyes darkened : let us pray that they may be restored to the light, that they may be recovered to the true path of their duty.”

“Alack-a-day,” thought Sydenham, “this is to live in a puritan family : prayer morning ; prayer noon ; prayer night ; their common speech is prayer ; and they cannot discourse on the most trivial subjects without the introduction

of that form of speech, which should be hallowed to the peculiar service of God, or dedicated to the support of the wretched, and the consolation of the dying." Sydenham was too polite to enter into a controversy with the Lady, on the justice of either cause; but replied, to her observations, "that he might be wrong, though he could scarcely think it, in the service of his Sovereign; yet," said he, "the ruin of our house were enough to set me in a flame against our enemies, though before disposed to peace: misfortune now binds our family to the King, and common suffering makes lasting friends."

"The ruin of your house, Mr. Sydenham!" said Mr. Bradshaw. "What misfortune hath befallen you?"

"Heard ye not," replied Sydenham, "that, during our absence, Banner Cross hath been betrayed, fired, and burnt to the ground; the governor, Major Spandyke, cruelly murdered, my mother escaping only with her life?"

“ Not a syllable of it.”

“ And who are the incendiaries?” enquired Mrs. Bradshaw.

“ The men of the moors, shepherds of the Tor Dale, and cottagers of the Woodlands : they have renounced their fealty, and applied burning brands to the abode of their liege lord.”

“ And where are your parents now?” said Mr. Bradshaw.

“ The handful of gallant men who formed our garrison,” replied Sydenham, “ after defeating the enemy, who were ten times their number, abandoned the fiery ruins, and retired into the Castle Town. Thither my mother had been conveyed ; my father has since joined her ; and the soldiers have thrown up works of defence, sufficient to sustain themselves against the unskilful rebels : they there wait for better days.”

“ The destruction of royalty,” said Purefoy, “ will extinguish all the evils of civil war ; the deposition of kings will be a healing salve unto all misfortunes.”

“ May ours be gangrened, then,” replied Sydenham, “ if the full measure of treason be their only cure.”

“ Captain Purefoy,” said Mr. Bradshaw, “ although the Colonel, out of the nicety of his honour, may not choose to take offence at the words of his prisoner; yet I am not under the like restriction; and I must be plain enough to tell you, that the sentiments you have just advanced are neither pleasing to me, nor to your masters, the assembled parliament: we detest, and will fight unto the last drop of blood against a tyrant; but you might have known, that we respect and will support the person of our prince: when he returns to his duty as a protecting sovereign, we shall receive him with open arms, as loving and obedient subjects.”

“ What saith the Scripture ?” exclaimed Purefoy: “ Execute ye judgment and righteousness, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor. What can speak plainer than the divine texts ?

If the Lord say it, is it not fixed? If he bid ye execute judgment, who upon earth may stand up and arrest it? Is it for you, or for me, or for any one to rebuke the Most Great, I say, and tell him, thus far shall he go, and no further? We must act by his inspiration, as did the man after his own heart; and not after the carnal light of our own vain and insufficient reason."

"I am not much skilled in this kind of argument," said Sydenham.

"So much the worse for your poor soul," replied Purefoy.

"But this I am sure of," pursued the Cavalier, "that my honour and duty teach me to be true and loyal to my Sovereign, having to him sworn loyalty and obedience; and I must be pardoned for saying, that those who can so easily dispense with their oaths, are not only traitors to the King, but blasphemously defy that glorious God, whose vengeance they have invoked upon their breach of allegiance."

“ Mercy upon us ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Bradshaw.

“ And it appears to me,” said Sydenham, who was rather heated, “ that your friends at Westminster, instead of seeking to restore that liberty, which is their pretended idol, go about to establish a tyranny ten thousand times more galling, because more ignominious, than that which they complained of in his Majesty ; but the sword hangs over their heads suspended by a hair. Let them look to their safety ; the day of vengeance is at hand.”

“ We act according to our lights,” said Purefoy.

“ Your lantern is bad,” replied Sydenham ; “ ye will be breaking your noses against the wall.”

“ The spirit of inspiration may be obtained by prayer,” rejoined the puritan captain ; “ and such an enlightening grace cannot err.”

“ Ye mistake the fumes of your fanaticism,” said the Colonel, “ for the light

of inspiration. I never heard before that this gift was conferred on any, save the prophets and teachers of God's word."

"Nay," replied Purefoy, "are we not all Christians? why may not a layman preach as faithfully as a man of the church."

Here he touched upon the conscience of Mr. Bradshaw, who being a rigid presbyterian, held the doctrine of laypreaching in great abhorrence.

"Because," replied that gentleman, "ye are not consecrated, nor set apart for divine functions; and the Colonel sayeth truly, that none but teachers of God's word may make or meddle with the expounding thereof, nor lay claim to the gift of inspiration, which is the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost. Ye have no lawful call. How doth Paul write unto the Romans? Why, even thus: 'Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the gospel of God.' Ye must be separated from the laity; ye

must be called unto the work and service of the gospel, or ye have no lawful call, and are unfit and unworthy to take upon yourselves the conversion of sinners.”

The authority of the apostle stopped the captain's mouth, and shortly afterwards Sydenham withdrew. The time which had been taken up in the above discussion, had been fully occupied by Armstrong in cantoning out the different quarters of the troops, and conveying the sick and wounded into their respective chambers. In these dispositions he had been greatly assisted by the chaplain and officers of the garrison ; and before nightfall every thing was regulated with such precision, and accommodated with such order and comfort, that the Cavaliers might have been the inhabitants of Wibberley for months antecedent.

Mr. Neverlack Windyman, who had remained since morning in the tent of Armstrong, was lodged by the Lieutenant in a spare room, until, as he said, there should be time for his examination,

which the preacher prayed might be speedy, "for, as ye have nothing to allege against me," said he, "ye do me wrong to detain me, who was lawfully journeying on my own occasions."

"Yer ordeal shall be soon an' straight, Mr. Gripegut," replied Armstrong; "an' ye maun show ae clean face to get yersel o' the tow."

"I will show an innocent conscience," said Neverlack; "and that's more than most men can do."

"Nae reflection, sir," said the Scot, "an ye value that bag o' banes o' yer ain. It's fou' jesting wi' an armed man; an' ye hae little claim to my face or favour."

"Alack a-day!" said the puritan, "I am wronged, I am rebuked; and yet must I not say my soul's my own."

"Yer soul!" cried Armstrong; "na, that's the de'il's mony ae day bygone. I shall now quit ye to this chamber, leaving ye on parole and without guard; sae see ye dinna be thinkin' yer body's yer

ain, Maister Gripegut, for it's mine by conquest. Gin I tack ye hankering after an escape, I'll hang ye ower the lift o' the draw-brig, as ae terror to a' word-breakin' crop-ears."

He then quitted the room, leaving Neverlack to his meditations.

CHAP. XII.

Now, by my soul, which hopes Heaven's pardoning mercy,
Were not my hands by stubborn honour tied,
And thou dar'st beard me with that foul aspersion,
I'd rive the lie from out thy sland'rous heart,
Or thou should'st deal me death with thy sword point.

Old Contention of Yorke and Lancaster.

AT the close of the year 1643, the affairs of King Charles were in a condition so prosperous, and those of his adversaries (the parliament) in a dilemma so unpromising, that it was the opinion of all indifferent persons, the members at Westminster would be forced to submit. Of their inadequacy to maintain the war singly against the king, the parliament was as well informed as any person; and yet they knew equally well that they had gone too far in the struggle, they had embarked too deeply in their designs against his Majesty's person and autho-

city, ever to expect a safe and perfect reconciliation. They resolved, therefore, at all hazards to carry on the contest, in which determination they steered by the old maxim, “ *se ipsum deserere turpissimum est* ;” no longer professing the continuance of the war to be for the defence of the nation’s liberties, but for the safety of their own lives, and the protection of their acquired power. The want they most laboured under, and which was not easily to be surmounted, was their scarcity of money ; “ *thesaurus est pacis vinculum et bellorum nervi* ;” but by frequent exactions and talliations, they had drained all their friends to the dregs, and were now at their last shift. In this extremity, it was proposed by some of the most desperate in the house, to call in their Scottish brethren to their assistance, and, after some discussion, this scheme was adopted. Accordingly, commissioners were dispatched into Scotland, entreating their aid and co-operation in the great and glorious work of beating

down that force, which, if triumphant, would again open the sluices of popery, prelacy, Arminianism, and all those other scandals and abominations, for the destruction of which alone they had hitherto fought and suffered. These were convincing arguments with the Scottish presbyterians, who assented to the demands of the English Parliament, with one proviso, and that was, the passing a solemn league and covenant between the two nations, for the establishment of presbytery as the national church, and the regulating the ecclesiastical discipline of England, in as near affinity and unison with that of the sister kingdom as might possibly be effected.

The members at Westminster swallowed this nauseous morceau with a very bad grace; but as there was no alternative, and as many of them took it with a reservation of dispensing with the covenant when times would permit, it did pass, and the Scots opened the campaign of 1644 with an army of twenty-two thou-

sand men, under their old General Lesley, instructed to co-operate with the northern parliamentary generals.

But let us return from our northern tour to Wibberley. The day following the capture of the castle, Sydenham dispatched a courier to the King, to know his pleasure, both in regard to the prisoners taken, and to the future disposition of the force under his command.

He also sent a messenger to his father, communicating his success, and his intention to visit Banner Cross as soon as a relaxation from duty should enable him.

In a short time the courier returned, with letters from his Majesty, replete with thanks for the Colonel's eminent services, and directing him to convey the late garrison to Chester, as prisoners of war; the other persons captured were at his own disposal; and concluding with an order to act under the command of the Marquis of Newcastle, the King's Lieutenant-general of the Northern

counties. Sydenham, in pursuance of his instructions, without loss of time, sent the private parliamentary soldiers under a guard to Chester Castle, and took the parole of the officers for appearing there in a week's time.

“ I give ye my word,” said Purefoy ; “ and my word's as good as my bond, Colonel Sydenham. Honour's a Jack-o'-lantern, and mostly leads his followers into a quagmire ; but as I am a soldier and a saint, I will surrender myself at Chester on this day sevensnight.”

“ Enough, enough, Captain Purefoy,” replied the Cavalier ; “ I don't doubt ye : the word of a soldier is surety enough for me : ye may go when you please.”

“ But allow me,” said the Captain, “ in return for your politeness, to give ye a little advice : David was advised by Jonathan, and was the better for it.”

“ But be speedy, and I will listen,” said the Colonel.

“ Sage counsel,” replied the puritan,

“is not given in a breath. If ye wish to profit, attend patiently.”

“I am waiting to hear ye,” said Sydenham.

“Nay, but ye seem to fret and churn with impatience. Mind ye, he that refuseth instruction, despiseth his own soul; but he that heareth reproof, getteth understanding.”

“As I am a gentleman,” said the Colonel, “I am now ready to listen to your counsel, if ye will but begin it.”

“Nay, marry,” said Purefoy, “my conscience beareth me witness that I have been ready to begin from the first, but ye have not that staid and fitting frame of mind, capable of receiving instruction from the advice of your counsellor.”

“My time is precious,” said the Colonel, “and not at my own disposal; throw blame on my avocations, not upon my temper.”

“Your temper, Colonel,” replied Purefoy, “is as a fierce flame; and there

is more hope of a fool, than of a man hasty in his words."

"Captain Purefoy!" said Sydenham.

"Nay," interrupted the puritan, "he that is slow to wrath is of great understanding, but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly."

"Do ye intend to bait me, Sir," said the Colonel, fiercely, "as if I were a beast?"

"No such matter," replied Purefoy. "What I have said is for your edification, and what I shall say—"

"I trust you will say quickly," interrupted Sydenham.

"Well then," said the Captain, "in short, it is this: your temper, Colonel—"

"Enough on that subject," said the Colonel.

"Nay," answered his persecutor, "ye mistake me clean: I say your temper, although hot and hasty, proud and passionate, is yet leavened with a great share of generosity and good nature."

"Captain Purefoy!"

“Nay, interrupt me not; I perceive your meaning, but I despise flattery. I only note the fair side of your character, to let you more fully into its darkness and defects.”

“Of those, Sir,” said Sydenham, “I am sufficiently informed; so that you need give yourself no further trouble in their discussion.”

“But,” pursued Purefoy, without attending to the Colonel’s interruption, “your good-nature is the very thing you have most to complain of: a man in your situation should be close and cunning, prudent and penetrating, deep and designing.”

The brow of Sydenham began to blacken; but Purefoy went on, without noticing it.

“Instead whereof, ye are naked and unsuspecting as the unweaned lambkin; ye are soft and simple as the stalled calf: with fair words ye may be led to destruction; and the knave may command ye, with the strength of his knavery.”

“ I prefer being the character you represent me to be,” said Sydenham, “ to that which you have recommended as a model for my adoption.”

“ Yea, but,” replied Purefoy, “ the simple inherit folly ; but the prudent are crowned with knowledge. What availeth all your strength, and all your courage, if ye be overcome as Sampson in the snares of a Dalilah ?”

“ Pray, Captain Purefoy,” said Sydenham, “ may I request to be informed, what is your object in favouring me with the lecture ?”

“ My object is to repay you, in some measure, for your easy credit of my parol,” replied the Captain.

“ And yet, according to your advice, I should demand better security.”

“ Why, it is a proverb,” said Purefoy, “ that the simple believeth every word ; but the prudent man looketh well to his going ; nevertheless —”

“ Nevertheless,” said Sydenham, “ I am willing and happy to take the parol

of a brave officer, as you are, Captain Purefoy; and that's all I can say about the matter."

"Nay, but I see now," said Purefoy, "that if ye will not abide flattery yerself, ye know how to lay it on, Colonel. That trick o' the devil smells of Oxford."

"I cannot listen to remarks of this sort; and therefore, Captain, I wish ye a pleasant journey, and a good morning."

"But, Colonel," cried Purefoy, "one word, ye man of haste: that impudent Scot, your Lieutenant, on his way hither from Banner Cross, took up a poor but saintly preacher, and brought him far out of his way to the castle."

"What of him?" said Sydenham.

"I but learnt his captivity on the last evening; and he hath prayed me to beg his release."

"His release is more than I have power to grant," said Sydenham; "you know, Captain Purefoy, that in these times of trouble, each man's captive is his

won spoil, for death, or ransom. Ye must make terms with Armstrong."

"He's a Jew; he'd skin a louse for the sake of the hide and tallow," said Purefoy. "I fear me the preacher may lay up his rest."

"I'll be moderator between ye," said Sydenham, "with all my heart."

He called to a soldier who was in the court, and ordered him to send Armstrong and his prisoner, Windyman, to him directly. In a short time, the Lieutenant and his captive made their appearance.

"Armstrong," said the Colonel, "Captain Purefoy wishes to bargain with you, for the ransoming your prisoner."

"Aweel," said the Scot, "an he proffer like ae guid chapman, I am na unwilling. What'll your excellency pay down for the crop-ear's ransom?"

"It becometh ye not to give honest people names of derision," said Purefoy.

"An I can ca' him any thing waur

than his ain," replied Armstrong, "ye shall hae him for naething."

"What is your appellation, good man?" said Sydenham.

"My name is Neverlack-in-God's-praise Windyman," said the preacher.

"And a very evangelical name ye have," said Purefoy. "But what price, Lieutenant Armstrong, do ye set upon your captive? Consider well the circumstances; he is poverty itself; and I, who am far from rich, redeem him for charity and christian love."

"Ye'll no say that five hundred marks is ae plack too muckle," said the Scot.

Sydenham turned on his heel, lest his laughter should be discovered; whilst Purefoy held up his hands, and the preacher stared with astonishment. At length Purefoy recovered the use of his speech,

"Five hundred marks! what, for the ransom of a poor preacher? Ye could not have asked more for a landed gentleman. I said, before ye came, ye were a Jew;

but never trust my solemn word, if there's any Jew in Germany so horribly exorbitant."

"Weel; but let that pass, Governor Purefoy. Whatwull ye gie for the chiel?"

"Why, a twenty marks should not have been failing for his redemption; but more I cannot advance," said the Captain.

"Twenty marks!" said Armstrong, turning up his nose; "I can get double the sum gin I sell him till the plantations."

"Sell me to the plantations!" cried Windyman, "what! a christian preacher? Remember ye, he that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house. The robbery of the wicked shall destroy them; because they refuse to do judgment."

"Do ye threaten, ye fause prophet?" said Armstrong; "ye maybe thankful yer life is saved."

"Even now, I know not my crime," replied the preacher.

"Wear ye not the badge o' the Round-heads?" said Armstrong, laying his hand

on his head ; “ is there need of ae mark more distinguishing ? Wad ony man tak’ ye for ae cavalier ? ” and he laughed heartily, to the great mortification of the puritans.

“ Will you not reduce your ransom, Sir ? ” said Purefoy.

“ Will ye not increase yer offer, Captain ? ” said Armstrong.

“ Yea, I will give thirty marks ; and that is the most.”

“ An’ I wull tak’ a hundred marks, an’ that is the least.”

“ Let me arbitrate,” said Sydenham, “ and perhaps I may settle the matter to your satisfaction ; are ye content ? ”

“ Weel,” said the Scot.

“ Right heartily,” said the puritans.

“ Well then, Armstrong,” proceeded Sydenham, “ you shall accept fifty marks, which the Captain shall pay you down.”

“ That sum will cover horse and man,” said Windyman. “ The nag I came hither upon — ”

“Is lang syne converted into what it was only fitted for — dog’s meat!” replied the Lieutenant.

“Then ye should abate somewhat,” said Purefoy.

“Not ae Dutch stiver, gin it wad save ye baith frae ae hempen neckcloth,” answered the Scot.

At length Purefoy paid the money, which Armstrong narrowly scrutinized.

“Ye don’t suspect me to be a forger and coiner?” said Purefoy.

“Na, na,” said the Lieutenant, “but gin ony part o’ the gowd were bad, I dinna ken how I might mak’ ye exchange it, an I wer na’ to tell it now.

“Ay, ay, its a’ right; ye may gang yer ways till the muckle de’il himsel, an ye list.”

“I hope you are satisfied?” said Sydenham to Purefoy.

“Yea, I am quite,” replied the Captain; “for I believe your arbitration hath made this moss-trooping officer of yours take the half of his demand, when, if it

had been persisted in, we should have given the whole."

"I wish I had ken'd ye better," said Armstrong; "it 'll e'en be ae lesson till me for the future: but think na' I grumble; for ye may rest assured, that had ye refused to gie me ae cross for this round-headed grunt i' the spirit, I wad na' hae disgraced my quarters wi' his keeping. Sae I count these fifty guid marks as recovered spoil, ye ken."

"Ye had not your lights burning, Captain," said Sydenham: "he has overreached ye."

"He's far north," said Purefoy. "A Scot would drive a bargain with the great enemy himself."

"An' weel may then wi' his foster-children," cried Armstrong.

"A day of reckoning," said Purefoy gravely, "will overtake ye, Lieutenant Armstrong, for all the insults ye have laid upon my back: I have not forgot your conduct when ye were sent with a trumpet to summon us; ye have com-

menced with me a personal quarrel, and ye will assuredly meet with your reward."

"And for what, Captain Purefoy," replied the Scot, "should I be afraid of yer anger? for why should I care for yer malice? Are ye a mon of sae great mettle that there's nae touching ye? if ye be, its ne'er come to my knowledge; an' I am in doubt, do ye ken, whether it ever wull."

"Ye shall have full proof," said the Captain, "and soon."

"The suner the better," said Armstrong; "when ae thing maun be done, it's best to do it speedily."

"Ye take advantage of your situation, Sir, to sprinkle your gibes and jeers upon your prisoners, who are better men than yourself is ever like to be."

"Do ye ken me at a', Captain Purefoy?" said the Lieutenant.

"I enter not the seats of the scornful," replied Purefoy.

"I am William Armstrong, lineally descended frae the king of the border,

an' were I now on Liddesdale, I could raise mair guid men wi' the wind of my bugle, than ye, or any of your kith, kin, or allies, are ever likely to command. Sae muckle for my parentage: an' for myself, Captain Purefoy; I maun be bauld to tell ye, that sae far frae taking ae handle of yer distress to jeer an' insult ye, it is yer present situation, Sir, that forbids me to punish ye for sae vile ae calumny."

"Punish me!" cried the Captain, laying his hand on his sword.

"Ay, punish ye;" shouted Armstrong: "had ye been free, an' dared to lay this to me, by my saul I'd hae cleav'd yer brainpan for the damned lie."

"It is his own work," cried Purefoy; "a fate is upon him; he hath pulled the sword of destruction upon his own head."

With these words he drew his weapon, and made a desperate attack upon Armstrong, who received and returned it with great alacrity. Sydenham was at first in

doubt what course to take, whether to part, or suffer them to fight it out. However, Windyman having began to cry out, and the garrison gathering around, he ordered them to desist. The puritan took no notice, but continued his assault upon Armstrong, who was obliged to defend himself for his own protection. At length Sydenham grew warm : he drew his own sword, and striking up those of the combatants, cried out, “Desist, ye brawlers. Captain Purefoy, at your life’s peril, hold your hand.”

The Captain, however, was blind with rage, and crying out, “The sword of the Lord and of Gideon,” assaulted the Colonel, supposing him to be Armstrong ; but he quickly met with a check ; for Sydenham, who was a perfect master of the sword, by an adroit pressure upon the feeble part of his adversary’s blade, made it fly several yards from his grasp, leaving the puritan with his arm extended as in the act of a home-thrust.”

The disarm brought Purefoy to his

senses ; he rubbed his eyes, and appeared as if just risen from a heavy sleep.

“ Colonel Sydenham !” said he.

“ Captain Purefoy !” replied the Colonel.

The ludicrous appearance cut by this Joab, was a cause of great merriment to the cavaliers of the garrison, who by this time had surrounded the place of combat ; and when Purefoy began to stammer out an apology, for assaulting the Colonel, they broke out into a roar of laughter ; this unpolite eclat again raised the settling rage of the puritan.

“ Mock on,” he cried ; “ mock on, ye children of perdition : there is not one of ye, by whom the saints are mocked, who will not wish that a millstone had been hanged round his neck, and that he had been drowned in the depth of the sea, before the hour of his mockery.”

This prophetic warning increased the mirth of the soldiery ; some of whom cried out, “ A Paul ! a second Paul !” and one of the troopers called to another,

“Hither, Stourton, hither; come and touch the holy man for your evil, and ye will be straitly healed?” At this exclamation the soldiers set up three cheers; and Purefoy, finding he had little chance of being heard, took up his sword, and walked sturdily into the castle, followed by Neverlack Windyman.

A short time sufficed them to prepare for their departure; and in the afternoon they left Wibberley, and proceeded to Marple, where they hired horses for their further journey; but instead of taking the road to Chester, according to his parol, the pious Captain, with all his officers, immediately joined the regiment, their troops being made up by new recruits.

From the intercourse between Sydenham and the family of Mr. Bradshaw, all reserve had worn off. The generous and open character of the young Cavalier won upon the puritan gentleman and his pious lady; and his gentleness and fraternal attention quickly made him and the

young Esther staunch friends. He undertook to be to her, what the Doctor had been to himself, an interpreter of legendary lore; and, in the course of his relations, not only acquainted her with all the romances of the Doctor's store-house, but many others which he had learned from Picard.

There was one especially, which greatly caught her fancy, translated by our hero from the French: He gave it her first in plain prose, but as she wished to retain it, he turned it into the following metrical ballad:

1.

Ah! hold your hands, ye cruel men, the fair Bianca
cried;

Ah! hold your hands for Mary's sake, and his who for
ye died:

Ah! Father, will ye murder him, whose breast hath
been your shield,

And guarded you from death and shame in many a bloody
field.

2.

I swear by holy Mary, replied the haughty Baron,
And him who died upon the cross, to death he shall be
done.

What guerdon suits that simple fool, who mates his
shallow blood
With that of those whose gilded brows have ages crested
stood?

3.

But yet, but yet, oh ! spare him, my honour'd dreaded
Lord,
And though I die, yet he shall fly, far far from Perigord ;
And I will swear by holy Pierre, him never will I see,
Whilst he doth walk upon the earth, and I in Christientee.

4.

De Perigord's red-wrathful eyes flash'd deep and deadly
fire,
As he look'd upon the youthful knight, whose love had
rais'd his ire ;
But he who stood in jeopardy, with courage calm and
proud,
Awaits his fate, and smiling bows to all the pitying crowd.

5.

With young Bianca no French maid might ever hope
to vie,
Such softened grace shone in her face, such lustre fir'd
her eye ;
Than Justin de Montmorenci no braver Knight might be,
And seldom, for a manly form, his equal ye would see.

6.

The maiden then, with hectic cheek, hung anxious on her
father,
From whose bent brow and eye malign no comfort she
might gather ;
But to the skies she rais'd her eyes, and inwardly did
pray,
That Justin might escape the death, and part in peace
away.

7.

De Perigord at length cried out, Now, Justin, come ye
hither;
There's yet a way to win the girl, and all my comté
with her;
Though thou art but of simple blood, and she's of noble
line,
Yet here I swear, if try ye dare, my daughter shall be
thine.

8.

Yon mountain side is rough and steep, its brow is hard
to gain;
To many a man of stalwart span it costs both tug and
strain;
If to the top without a stop, you can your mistress carry,
I vow ye shall have Perigord — Bianca ye shall marry.

9.

With joyful eye Montmorenci took his mistress in his
arms,
With many a press and soft caress he hush'd her fond
alarms,
And up the mountain side he ran, with wond'rous glee
and speed,
As if no burthen he had borne, his progress to impede.

10.

Fly not so fast, Bianca cried; oh Justin, gently go;
Bethink ye now the mountain's brow is neither near nor
low;
It's naked head I see with dread, far, far above us yet;
Alas! alas! my Justin! we never there shall get.

11.

The youth press'd on with ardour, he clasp'd his mistress
to his breast,
He clamber'd up the mountain side without a pause or
rest ;
He clamber'd up the mountain side, which rough and
steep did grow,
But in the race with wearied pace he tottering went and
slow.

12.

Ah, Justin ! thou wilt fail yet ; thy limbs are tir'd and
weak ;
Thy labouring heart doth beat and throb, as it were like
to break ;
Thine eye is dark and overcast, forespent art thou with
toil ;
Oh Justin ! Justin ! set me down, and rest a little while.

13.

Montmorenci replied not, but onward bore the maid,
For respite or for needful rest he neither stopt nor stay'd ;
The brow at last the lovers past ; the wond'ring crowd
do cry,
Long live our lovely lady, and the brave Montmorenci.

When Sydenham had finished this bagatelle, he gave it to his pupil, and said,
“ What would you think, Esther, if I should turn Justin, and claim you for my Bianca ? ”

“ I should think,” replied she, laughing,
“ that you were witless ; for instead of a prize, you would indeed get a burthen.

Montmorenci would not have toil'd so hard for a creature so helpless and strengthless as I am."

"Well," said Sydenham, "ye Mad-cap, would you have a woman muscular and masculine, capable of wielding sword or spear, or managing a battle-horse?"

"No, not I," said Miss Bradshaw, "but I would have her able, in time of need, to rely upon her own strength, to count upon her own courage; to fear no danger, tho' when it came, it might crush her in its course."

"And pray, my young philosopher," said the Colonel, "who was it that taught ye these heroic notions?"

"I blush," said she reddening, "to confess, that these heroic notions, as you call them, are only acquired; my uncle, Serjeant Bradshaw, was my instructor."

"Does he often visit you?" enquired Sydenham.

"Until the last two years, he spent all his leisure time in our family; I am his favourite, and he usually calls me his mountain daisy."

“ And because you are his mountain daisy,” said the Colonel, “he would teach you to abide the storm : But what need has a woman of strength of body, or courage of soul, when she has a protector who would defend her to his last gasp ?”

“ Why, Sir,” replied the damsel, “ it is when her protector may have gasped his last, that she will need both ; and the time may come —”

“ Not for you,” replied Sydenham passionately, “whilst I can wield a sword : your protection shall be my care ; your safety my nearest concern ; put your whole faith in me, and on the word of a Cavalier —”

“ Of a Cavalier !” exclaimed Miss Bradshaw. “ What am I ?”

“ On the word of a soldier, of a gentleman,” continued Sydenham, “ I’ll fail ye not, whilst I have life and liberty.”

“ Ye may well profess,” said Esther, “ when I have not an opportunity of proving ye ?”

“Have you not?” replied the Colonel: “it grieves me to remind you, that the fortune of war made the inhabitants of Wibberley my unarticled prisoners.”

“You need not have told me so plain a truth, Colonel Sydenham,” said Miss Bradshaw, “whilst her eyes filled with tears.”

“I deemed it my duty,” pursued Sydenham, “to leave the disposition of the captives to his Majesty; but he has graciously committed to me the direction of all, save the military; and the first use I make of my power —”

“Is to remind the unfortunate of their miserable situation,” cried the maiden.

“Dear Esther,” said Sydenham, catching her hand with violence, “how can ye be so wilful? No, it is to set your parents and their household at liberty; and you shall be my avant-courier with the tidings.”

Her face cleared up in an instant; her eyes sparkled with pleasure; and she was flying away with the speed of a gazelle,

when Sydenham, retaining her by the hand, said, "Ye unthankful flibbergib, are ye running away without so much as a kiss for thanks?"

"I'll thank ye plentifully another time," replied Esther, "but I can't stay now."

"I'll not detain ye long," said Sydenham, wrapping her in his arms, and kissing her with ardour. She at length got released, and sprung away on the tip-toe of delight to her mother's chamber. Shortly after, Mr. Bradshaw sought Sydenham for a confirmation of his message, and to return him thanks for his eminent generosity. "But what sum," said the puritan, "do you fix for our ransom, Colonel Sydenham? for although you are willing, out of your bounty, to allow us our liberty, yet can we not expect so great a favour in these times, but upon terms of redemption."

"The terms of your ransom, Mr. Bradshaw," replied the Colonel, "will

be heavy enough, without adding to them by further exactions. Your persons are free to go whither and when may best suit your convenience. Wibberley must remain in our hands ; and as we live but on free quarter, you will suffer greatly in a licence which even I cannot repress. The soldier will live, if the rest of the world famishes with hunger.”

“ I know it,” said Mr. Bradshaw ; “ it hath ever been so ; I shall blame you not. Be the blame and shame on the heads of the strife-workers. To-morrow, I and my family will retire to the hall near Chapel-en-le-Frith ; a little house will better suit my lessened fortunes.”

“ It was my intention to visit Banner Cross,” said Sydenham, “ and if you will allow me, Sir, I will give ye safe conduct with a troop of horse.”

“ You have my thanks, Colonel Sydenham,” replied the puritan, “ for your politeness. I have no fears for myself ; but as the soldiers of both parties are marching in all directions, my wife

and daughter will be safer with the countenance of a guard. I would thank you a thousand times, Mr. Sydenham," he continued, "were not thanks bootless, for the interest you have taken in me and mine; for your humanity, where you might have shewn insult; for your care, where you might have caused sorrow and bitterness of spirit. That we ~~have~~ fallen into your hands, ought to be by us accounted a saving mercy; and far ought we to be from repining at the chance of war, which hath made us your prisoners. Where we expected a foe, we have met a friend; and where we have looked for death or a dungeon, we have found life and liberty, happiness and honour."

"You think too much, my good Sir," said Sydenham, "of so small a favour. I trust every Cavalier in the service would have acted as I have done; and I hope, for the honour of arms, there are few of the opposite party who would have behaved worse, were the case reversed."

“ I fear me,” replied Mr. Bradshaw, “ your hopes are better than the reality. The sins of the land are great, and have brought down these deserved castigations, that the foulness of our ways may be cleansed, and we may renew our faith in the Lord.”

Sydenham, fearing a sermon was about to be launched by the zealous covenant-ter, made some apology for a retreat, and left him to his lucubrations.

CHAP. XIII.

The next that came in was a friar,
He sat himself down by the fire ;
He told the landlord to his face,
That the chimney corner should be his place,
Among the jolly crew.

Old Song.

It was now the month of April, and the budding trees and hedges, “pranked out in brightest green,” declared the departure of winter, and the incipency of spring. Sydenham (having nominated Lieutenant Armstrong to be his deputy during his absence from Wibberley) on the following morning set out with Mr. Bradshaw, and his lady and daughter, attended by their male domestics, and guarded by a troop of horse. Miss Bradshaw, seated on a well-managed mountain pony, of sure and swift foot, ambled along merrily between her father’s roadster and

the charging horse of the colonel ; whilst her mother, on a dun palfrey of large proportions, stalked steadily at the off-side of her husband : the serving-men (who were all, as their master, precisians) wore a livery of a sober and sad colour, and preserved a solemn and staid deportment, scarcely speaking a word during their march ; but the troopers who brought up the rear amused themselves with the sanctity and sedateness of the puritans, and, with the glee of true cavaliers, laughed and sung the whole of their journey. Some of them cracked their jokes upon the Round-heads, with the intention of inducing them to reply ; but their opponents preserved an unbroken silence.

“ Ye will have been at the barber’s lately,” said a trooper in the first rank, leaning over his horse’s head, and displacing the cap of one of the servants with his broad sword ; “ ye will have been at the barber’s, by the close cropping of yer round-head.”

“ Round head !” exclaimed another ;
“ his head’s more like a drappen turnip.”

“ Cromwell would give ten pounds a-man bounty,” said the first speaker,
“ for such likely chaps as these ; and his regiment has need of recruits.”

“ Ay,” said another, “ these fellows are formed to his hand, for they have seen service.”

“ Ay,” cried the corporal of the troop,
“ the service of trencher-scraping — ye did not get so fat with cheese-parings, Mr. Mumble-tooth.”

The man, to whom the subaltern addressed himself, turned round upon his horse, and looked placidly in his face as if moved to speak ; but without doing so, recovered his position, and the troopers burst into a loud laugh.

“ Saw ye ever,” said the corporal,
“ such a troop of dumb dogs ; an’ they were in godly company, they would talk fast enow.”

One of the servants glanced upon the

THE CAVALIER.

subaltern with that kind of smile which implies a confirmation, and then looking at one of his fellows, they raised their eyes to heaven, as if deprecating the eternal vengeance for being in such company.

“Whate’er may be said of these lads,” said the corporal, “I’ll pawn my head-piece they have an affection for us cavaliers. They know well enow we are roaring blades ; and if they are sober in public, they’ll tell ye another tale in a corner. — Who likes not a pretty girl and a pint of sack ? Hey, my masters.”

The domestics with one accord turned upon the profane trooper eyes of horror and indignation, and, to the infinite amusement of the soldiers, groaned deeply in the spirit.

The corporal proceeded.—“I say, Jernighan, was it not you that saw Jedediah Cram-well dead drunk at the Stag’s-head in Marple ?” He tipped Jernighan the wink, who easily comprehended his drift. “Ay, and more than that,”

said the trooper, "this babe o' grace challenged every man in the house at wrestling and back-sword; and he would not be said nay, till we had kick'd him out of the door."

"Pooh!" cried the corporal. "Cromwell! ye were born a cavalier; and I doubt not, an ye will list, that ye exceed your next-door neighbour, Cromwell, in all deeds of fame."

This cooked-up anecdote occasioned another concert of groaning among the puritans, who now fancied themselves haunted by devils in the shape of troopers, and they began to pray by way of exorcism with great diligence.

But this would not do, for some of the servants prayed in a way half audible, but not distinct, upon which the corporal cried out, "Hark ye! hark ye! if these pious fellows are not damning us all to eternity, and yet pretend they never swear."

"Never swear?" said one of his companions; "why it was but when we were

mounting in the court, one of these Round-heads said, he'd be damn'd if he'd drunk above a pint o' brandy this morning. Did he not, you with the long riding-rod?"

The puritan turned round, with a screw'd up, pitiful face, and shook his head in sign of denial.

"Oh! the conscience o' these Round-heads!" cried the trooper: "ye may as well say I did not see ye kiss one of the serving-women, as she stood in the hall."

The puritan elevated his hands, as if to exonerate himself to Heaven; and the whole of the servants put their horses forward, that they might be nearer their master, and more closely under his protection; but the troopers stuck in their skirts, and kept close to their horses' tails. Nor did the proximity of the gentry make any difference; for the Corporal cried out, "What say ye, lads; will ye list? But ye should first know the advantages of our profession. In the first place, as ye'll get little wages, ye may have ten

times more than your due, by living at free quarter ; — secondly, ye may have what victual ye can get, which is always the best ye can find ; — thirdly, as all things are now in common, it's help yourself and welcome ; and so the lasses are as much your's as mine, and mine as your's ; and no man can justly say, this is my wife, or this is my daughter, or this is my gold, and that is my horse ; for the law is clean shouter'd out o' the country, and no law but Lob's law's left ; that is, take what ye can get, and keep what ye can hold ; and whilst ye have the sword on your side, the law may go packing to the devil with the lawyers. What say ye then, brothers ; will ye join our fellowship ?”

The puritans listened to him with the same terror and disgust that they would have heard the arch fiend.

“ What say ye ?” continued the military orator ; “ remember, there is no staying of stomachs in our quarters, with a damn'd long grace of a mile and a half ;

no warming of your hearts on a wet watch wi' your infernal psalm-singing, and prayer-jabbering; but your pistol, charged wi' brandy and usquebaugh, to keep the cold from your muscles, my jolly boys. Ye may talk of the benefit of prayer, and ye may sing your throat dry: but I know ye better; ye only follow the fashion, my hearts of steel; and care not a rush for either cross or covenant."

A thunderbolt from Heaven dropped at their feet would not have occasioned more alarm and horror to the puritans than did this licentious speech. They sat uneasy on their horses, and appeared as if seeking some way to escape from this horrible persecution; each man accounted himself a participator in that guilt, and blasphemous levity, which his ears could not refrain from hearing, and which he yet dared not openly to anathematize. They only groaned in the spirit, and the depth of their intonation proclaimed the acuteness of their mental sufferings.

The soldiers, finding they could obtain

no reply, commenced a new series of persecution, by imitating the spiritual groans of the Round-heads. But this manœuvre failing of effect, they cursed them for senseless blocks, and desisted from further molestation; thus suffering themselves to be conquered by the mere force of non-opposition.

They had now reached the bridge of Waily, where the puritan Snell escaped from Armstrong. Another half hour brought them in sight of Bradshaw Hall; it was a plain stone edifice, situate on the eastern side of a hill, built, like most houses of that time, in the form of a cross, having an embattled terrace on the roof, and surrounded with a massive stone wall of great thickness, enclosing a kind of court-yard, the outer sides of which were overshadowed by large fir-trees. The only entrance was through an arched portal, opening on the hilly side, adorned with the family arms cut on an escutcheon; and surmounted by a cross, bearing the name of its erector, "Francis Bradshaw," and the year "1620."

The ascent to the hall was by a rugged way, brought from the high road point-blank upon it; but as there was no entrance on this side, it wound round the wall to the portal at the back. Behind the hall rose a high mountain, called the Pike of Eccles, and before it a beautiful tract of hill and valley, with a fine lake, or mere, of half a mile over, beyond which a pile of moss and mountain filled up, with their blue summits, the extended horizon. This scenery, combining the romantic with the soft and harmonious, hath even been termed the Eden of Derbyshire; and he that is fond of nature, as she is drawn by the magic pencils of Salvator and Claude Lorraine, will not think the title improperly bestowed.

On their arrival at the gate, the cavalcade halted, and Sydenham received an invitation from Mr. Bradshaw to dismount and refresh himself and his troopers. He at first (as is usual with many gentlemen of the old school at this day*)

* Edit. interpol. L. G.

made several excuses ; but at length suffered himself to be overpowered by Esther, who indeed used many convincing arguments, that he had better recruit himself before he marched forward, than ride further on a hungry stomach.

“ I will stay an hour or two,” said Sydenham. “ Corporal, march on to Chapel, and there await my coming: ye may get what ye need, and I will pay when I come up. — Jernighan, halt with me.”

The trooper dismounted, and took the Colonel's horse, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw alighted, and delivered their steeds to the care of the servants. Sydenham lifted Esther from her saddle, and they proceeded slowly on foot up the road leading to the hall.

[We must here advertise our readers, that nothing of importance passed at this short visit of the Colonel's, which, however, was prolonged from two hours to six: at least we find nothing, “*in charta manifestè expressa*,” which hath a contrary tendency; and we shall, therefore, as we

have authority, quit the Colonel at Bradshaw Hall, and proceed with his troop to Chapel-en-le-Frith.*]

Corporal Sidebotham, of Colonel Sydenham's own regiment of horse, in a quarter of an hour from the time of his quitting his commander, entered the town of Chapel, his march being preceded by the sound of two trumpets. He dismounted his men at the inn, who found accommodations, in the first place, for their horses, by turning so many others out of the stables, as were a hindrance to the easy occupation thereof by their own steeds.

After a proper share of attention paid to the comforts of their quadruped companions, the troopers adjourned to the hall or kitchen of the inn, which occupied the whole of the ground floor : at the upper end was a recess, or, to speak plainer, a large chimney-nook, containing the hearth or fire-place, and surrounded with broad oaken settles, on which the

* Edit. interpol. L. G.

guests luxuriated in a winter evening with astonishing gusto.

The roof was supported by transversed beams, on which were hung gammons of bacon, salted beeves, and hams cured, together with oaten cakes or bannocks, and many other subjects of larderical economy. Tables or boards were fixed to the floor in several places, environed with wooden seats, and at each side of the hall were benches, covered with a sort of rush mat, which served the double purpose of a seat in the day, and a bed by night, for those poor wretches who could afford to purchase no better accommodation.

Sidebotham, on his entering the hall, ordered a clear hearth, and, with the usual insolence of soldiers in power, forcibly ejected all those from their seats who made the least opposition to his arbitrary commands. One woman, however, kept her station at the farthest part of the chimney, in spite of their attempts to remove her. One of the troopers took her by the shoulder, with the intention of handing her into the open hall; but

she started up, and holding forth her shrivelled arm, said, "Withered as mine be the arm o' the oppressor; may he that wad wrong woman be the first spoil o' death in a beaten field."

"Doll Jordan!" exclaimed the Corporal, "by all the devils!"

The name of the witch made the troopers congregate around, and presently all the inhabitants of the cabaret had surrounded the chimney-nook, where stood the grey woman, testifying by their low enquiries, and ardent examination of the woman's features and equipments, the fearful interest her recognized presence had excited.

"What brings ye so far from the Lone End, ye imp of Satan?" cried Sidebotham.

"The devil himself brought her here in a whirlwind," said one of the troopers; "for I trow she died when we were up the Tor Dale skirmishing wi' the Round-heads."

"May every lie ye utter," said the

witch, “prove a drap o’ hell’s brimstone on yer fause soul.”

“Peace, ye banning hag,” said the man, drawing a pistol from his belt, “or I’ll try whether your head’s harder than a brace of slugs.”

“Peace with ye,” cried Sidebotham, with an air of authority; “let us wet our whistles, ye may talk then till they’re dry again. Landlord! Shortmalt! bring us ale and brandy, my old cock; and don’t be as long o’er it, as if ye were going to London for’t.”

Shortmalt humm’d and ha’d, but made no haste to obey the Corporal’s order.

This roused his fury, and he cried out, “What the devil do ye wait for, ye lazy hound?”

“I only wait to be instructed,” said the innkeeper, “by whom the charge will be settled.

“The witch’s curse light on your covetous soul,” cried Sidebotham; “are we not gentlemen and cavaliers?”

“Yea,” replied Shortmalt; “but gentlemen and cavaliers do frequently get

into my debt, and then depart without satisfaction made."

"They serve ye right, ye puritanical scoundrel," said the subaltern. "Is it not in our will to take all ye have without query or question? and do ye dispute our honour, when we but ask ye for a dram? If this oakenboard," he continued, striking it with his gloved fist, "be not furnished in five minutes with beer and brandy, bread and beef, oaten bannocks, ham and cheese, and what not, by my rank and station, I'll give your house to the sacking."

This peremptory oath begat a marvellous alertness in mine host, and within the time specified, the table was set out to the satisfaction of the Corporal himself, who, pouring out a bumper of brandy, swore that Shortmalt should drink "Success to the Cavaliers, and a downfalling to the Parliament." The landlord made numberless excuses, that he never drank brandy, that he detested toast-drinking, that he was now distem-

pered with a pulmonary complaint, and drinking brandy would be as bad as drinking poison : but he disputed to no purpose ; the Corporal was absolute.

“ Ye lie sadly, Robin,” said Sidebotham ; “ for I have seen ye drink brandy a score times ; and what man o’ the peak does not remember, when ye were hostler at this very inn, your drinking the health of the widow Scorewell a dozen times a night ? whereby ye crapp’d into her graces, and she married ye to her fourth husband.”

“ Yea,” said Shortmalt, “ peradventure ye may be correct ; but bethink ye o’ the pulmary disorder.”

“ D—n the pulmary disorder,” said Sidebotham ; “ ye shall drink in defiance of it. And so, my knight of the bung-hole, lay to.”

“ I may die,” said the landlord, “ and my blood be on your head.”

“ Amen,” said the Corporal ; “ I’ll answer the sin. It’ll be doing the land a service to rid it of such a double-faced knave as thou art.”

“ I should like to know,” said Shortmalt ——

“ Why ye don’t drink ?” interrupted Sidebotham. “ Comrades, I fancy this brandy’s so bad, that the fellow fears to drink it himself.”

“ He shall,” exclaimed one of the troopers, “ an it were poison.”

“ Nay, gentlemen,” said Shortmalt, “ the liquor’s as good liquor as ever passed down the throat of a honest man.”

“ Then, why don’t ye drink ?” said Sidebotham.

“ If I do,” cried the innkeeper, “ I shall drink judgment unto myself; for although, when I was one of the profane, I did as the profane; yet now I am of the company of the godly, I do as they do, and abhor all toasts and health-drinkings.”

“ Heard ye ever such a canting hypocrite ?” said the subaltern. “ I have known this godly fellow, as he calls himself, drink fifteen bumpers at a sitting, and carol like a throstle all the while.”

“ And he shall do again,” cried the troopers.

“ Or suffer the strappado,” said the Corporal; “ choose ye whether, Robin Righteous.”

“ Ye have the sword in yer hands,” replied Shortmalt, “ and may do as ye list; but it is for the saints to suffer all, rather than wound their consciences.”

“ We shall soon see,” said the subaltern, “ how long ye will hold your stiffness. Doff his shoon, and clap him i’ the stocks.”

Several of the troopers seized upon the innkeeper, and forced him down on a settle; one of them drew off his shoes, whilst the others held up his legs with the soles of the feet flat, according to the ceremonial of the eastern bastinado.

“ Ye winna murther me?” cried Shortmalt. “ I have done no treason.”

“ Ay, marry, have ye,” said Sidebotham; “ in refusing to drink success to the Cavaliers, ye take part with the rebels.”

“ Not I,” cried the landlord, “ as I’m a living sinner.”

“ We mean to convert ye,” said the Corporal, “not to kill ye ; and, therefore, ye’d best submit without pain or punishment.”

“ My conscience will not let me,” said Shortmalt.

“ Yer conscience is not yer friend,” said Sidebotham. “ I shall now give ye the question. Will you, Robin Shortmalt, drink the toast ?”

“ I cannot,” replied he.

“ Hold up his feet. Will you, Robin Shortmalt, drink the toast ?”

“ It is against my conscience.”

“ Pearson, take your sword. Will you, Robin Shortmalt, drink the toast ?”

The innkeeper groaned, and shook his head.

“ Tell him his offence,” said Sidebotham.

The trooper Pearson unslung his heavy sheathed broad sword from his belt, and as some of his companions held up the feet of Shortmalt, struck them several smart blows with the flat side, repeat-

ing, at the same time, "Robin Shortmalt, you are guilty of a very scandalous offence, in refusing the test and toast of the Cavaliers. Answer, will ye drink or stink, tak' it or be thwacked; answer, answer, answer."

The three last words were accompanied by three hard thwacks; at which the landlord expressed, by his physiognomical contortions, the painfulness of the operation; but he still remained obstinate, and refused the toast.

"I see," said Sidebotham, "we must proceed to the extremity of the law. Give him a dozen."

At this order, Pearson gave his sword full sway, and struck upon the offender's feet with a mighty arm, repeating at each blow, "A scandalous offence!" When he had received four or five, Shortmalt, feeling the smart intolerable, cried out, "Craven!"

"Will ye drink the toast?" said the subaltern.

"Yea," replied Robin: "I may no

longer resist ; my toes are all in a jelly, and I dinna know but there are bones broken."

"Thank yerself," said Sidebotham ; "ye might have dreamed ye must come to at the upshot. Here, drink, man ; the brandy will cure all sores."

Shortmalt took the horn cup, and was mumbling over the toast ; but the Corporal cried, "Speak out, man, fair and freely ; ye need not be ashamed or afraid to utter that toast wherever the four winds blow."

At length he took it in the manner the troopers would have him, and got up to retire ; but Sidebotham pushed him back into his seat. "Ye are not going, my fine fellow ; your part is not half over ; sit ye still while the witch has her stoop. She shall drink the toast to keep ye in countenance."

The grey woman, during the foregoing scene, had gathered herself up into the corner, and could scarce be distinguished from the sooty back of the chimney, but by the reflection of the burning tobacco

in her pipe-bowl, upon her wrinkled and
sallow countenance. She spoke no word,
but sat attentively watching the dispute
before her. When the subaltern said she
should drink the toast, she rose up, and
advanced to the table. Sidebotham pour-
ed out a horn of brandy, and repeated
the toast. She took up the cup. " In-
stead o' the wish," said she, " I'll gi' ye
the will; instead o' the toast, I'll gi' ye the
truth : it came to me when I was sitting
on the ledge o' Kinder ; when the wind
blew, and the rain fell; the waging
stones rocked to the storm, and the tor-
rent roared down the fall, like the bel-
lowing of a thousand bulls; the eagle
and yarn screamed through the valley,
and the deer, stretching at fastest ower
the black moss, cried pitifully to the
whistling of the mountain breeze; the
hawk and raven left their eyries, and
sought in the clefts o' the rock for shel-
ter; flocks and herds fled from the mea-
dow, and ran stedward to avoid the
hurricane. Thus it came :

' He whose hand first drew the brand,
Shall be conquer'd, too, by the sword he drew ;
For blood must ha' blood, and it's just that he
Who caus'd the strife should its victim be.'

Who is that ?" said the witch.

" Ye mean the king," said Sidebotham.

" Listen," said the woman ; and she proceeded : —

" ' But long that blood shall not ha' down,
When they who rule shall be overthrown ;
And cross and covenant, cap and crown,
Shall a' be subject to one man's frown.'

" Who is he ?" said Sidebotham.

" Even I dinna know," replied the woman.

" ' But the time shall change when that one man's dead,
And the old cavalier may then raise his head,
And shout to the north, where his leader shall roam,
It's time now for Charley, our king, to come home.'

" Ye have been dealing with the devil," said Sidebotham, " an yer words prove true."

" They are not from hell," said the witch, " or may this brandy be my poison ;" and she tossed off the horn with the air of an accustomed dram-drinker.

Many of the troopers begged the witch to read their fortunes, for which they allowed her a full share of their refreshments. She prophesied to several, deaths by various chances; whilst to others she gave long life and good fortune.

“What ’ll be my fate, mother?” said Sidebotham.

“Ye’ve been a ranting lad,” replied the woman, “from yer days of childhood. Gi’ me yer hand.”

She pored over the Corporal’s palm for some time, and then surveyed his forehead with great scrupulosity.

“If I read right,” said Doll, “ye will soon win yer winding-sheet or a command. The lines cross, and I canna rightly tell which is uppermost; but yer death is sure, or yer fortin’s made.”

“Here’s to the whether,” said the Corporal, drinking off a bumper. “And now, Robin Shortmalt, let’s have one o’ those carols ye used to sing, when the liquor was in, and the wit was out, in the old time.”

“ Me sing !” said Shortmalt. “ Bless your heart, I ha’ not sung, but psalms, for many a year bye past.”

“ That excuse,” replied the subaltern, “ won’t down with me, my jewel ; ye must sing, or commit a scandalous offence ; and the stocks are ready.”

“ But what must I do ?” said Shortmalt, “ when the songs are banished clean from my memory ?”

“ A little bit of the strappado,” replied Sidebotham, “ will recall them from exile in a twinkling.”

“ But, bethink ye,” replied the inn-keeper, “ I shall be turned out of the eldership for singing profane ditties ; and what a disgrace for a man o’ my years !”

“ If ye get turned out o’ the eldership,” said the Corporal, “ ye must get entrance into the youngstership, for any thing I know to the contrary ; but sing ye must : that’s as fix’d as fate. Is it not, Doll ?”

“ I’ll sing ye a psalm,” said Shortmalt, “ and welcome.”

“ D—n yer psalm-singing,” cried Sidebotham ; “ keep it for yer dying hour ; ye’ll need it when the rope’s round yer neck.”

“ For what should I be hanged, Corporal Sidebotham ?” said the landlord.

“ For what ?” cried the trooper ; “ why, for a lousy, canting, puritanical, scaly Round-head. There is not a greater knave than Robin Shortmalt between Berwick and London ; ye’d pick a man’s pocket, and bid God bless him i’ the same moment. — But let’s not talk of your qualities ; they’re a d—d bad subject, old’n.”

“ But—” said Shortmalt.

“ None of your buts,” cried the Corporal, “ or I shall but ye with the butt-end o’ my pistol. Sing, ye covenanting beer-barrel, or ye shall undergo the punishment due to scandalous offences.”

“ I may choose my song ?” said the landlord.

“ O ! ay,” replied Sidebotham ; “ we’re not nice ; only give us a merry

tune, and thundering chorus. Silence, comrades, for the landlord's song."

After a short time spent in preparation, the innkeeper, with a glee and animation scarcely credible, his late professions considered, chaunted merrily the following roundelay : —

Your lord and knight, with gold bedight,
May puff and sweat in state ;
But if I may my truly say,
Merry man ne'er was great :
With potent sack let them, good lack !
Carouse unto the vicar ;
But brandy, boys, hath better joys,
It is the prince of liquor.

Sack ! sack ! is potent stuff,
But brandy, lads, for me ;
Let the can swim unto the brim ;
Let's drink till we can't see.

Fat rector goes, with pimpled nose,
And puffed paunch, I ween :
His gills do shine like rosy wine,
His fellow hath never been ;
For he hath quaft, at one long draught,
A mantling brandy bicker,
Enow to stound a horse to ground,
But rector hath grown wicker.
Sack, &c.

Your learned judge will wisely trudge
A three mile cast and back,

So he may drain that cure of pain,
A flask of cogniac ;
And soot the king would merrily sing,
An he mote taste our liquor ;
For brandy, boys ! hath best of joys,
For king, and judge, and vicar.
Sack, sack, &c.

The troopers loudly applauded Shortmalt's execution, and the Corporal swore he was now awaking from his stupid puritanical dream, and would quickly come round to his old standing.

"Is it not better," said Sidebotham, "to be a jolly boozier at the brandy bottle, than a starched, sober, queer-looking puritan ?"

"It may for those who are young and hearty," replied the landlord ; "but when a man is going down hill, it becomes him to put a lock-chain on his carnal appetites."

"Ye're a canting hypocrite," cried the subaltern ; "and after all your faces, I can see ye smack yer lips at the brandy cup wi' the same relish as ye did of old. But come, comrades, who shall sing next?"

“That will I,” cried the witch, who, with continued applications to the stoop of usquebaugh, had become perfectly fuddled.

“Ye sing !” cried Sidebotham ; “what the devil can you sing about, ye blinking ullart.”

“Ye shall ha’ as good a trowl,” replied Doll, “as ever was heard upo’ the blasted circle.” She then screamed out the following verses, in a tune, which, though discordant, had something of a pleasant jingle, accompanying her voice with strokes of her fist upon the board.

Merry is the old witch, who travels on a broomstick ;
Far, far away she gallops in a trice ;
Very many witcheries, and very many dooms thick,
Follow at her bidding, and gather at her voice.

Round about the circle, dance, dance merrily ;
Sprightly let us foot it, till the coming day ;
Mischief now is brewing, and accursed gramarye.
Hark, the crowing cock ! witches, haste away.

Merry is the old witch, whose fame is widely sounden ;
Sorrow she can dole ye, or pleasure at a word.
To her gree and for her gree, a’ the world is bounden ;
In a string she holds it, hopping like a bird.

Round about the circle, dance, dance merrily,
Sprightly let us foot it, till the coming day,
Mischief now is brewing, and accursed gramarye,
Hark, the crowing cock ! witches, haste away.

At the beginning of the last stanza the hag rose up, and seizing her broomstick, which was in the nook, began to dance to the song. Presently she was seconded by all the troopers, who joined in the chorus, making, with the strength of their lungs, and the rattling of their arms, a din perfectly infernal. This scene of confusion lasted until they were weary ; they then sat down to refresh their exhausted spirits.

“ By the mort, Doll,” said Sidebotham, “ ye’ve more pluck than I thought ye had. Who the devil would have fancied such a crazy-looking harridan as ye could have sung such a rattling ditty.”

“ Ye may swear she’s been a ballad-singer,” said one of the troopers ; “ she’s the true travelling twang.”

“ Ye’re a fause expounder, nevertheless,” said Doll. “ Ballads sung I never

as a calling; but that'n has been heard
mony a neet on the head o' Kinder Scout,
when there was no folk to watch, and
nowt to see, but the silver moon.

"Well, who sings now?" said Sidebotham."

"Ye ought," replied the witch, "as
ye're so sharp at ca'ing."

"We want Jellott here now," said the
corporal. "He was the lad for a stave."

The witch shrunk into her corner.

"Come, Pearson," cried Sidebotham,
"turn out 'The Cavalier.'

'Like the first dawn of summer, so bright and so gay.'—

Come, my bonny lad; it's the best song
after all."

Pearson mingled himself a horn of
brandy and ale, and swallowed it as a
clearer. He then, with a voice round and
mellow, though simple and unscienced,
sung ut sequitur.

Like the first dawn of summer, so bright and so gay,
Chasing winter's stern blasts and his horrors away;
Like the young summer sun to the soft op'ning year,
Is, to England, the sight of the gay Cavalier.

Each maid of the land, as she lies on her bed,
May sicken with fright at the close cropped head;
But she smileth with joy when before her appear
The long curled locks of the gay Cavalier.

The Round-head by preaching is hearten'd to fight;
He preacheth by day, and he preacheth by night;
But nothing can subject to sorrow or fear
The fine-temper'd soul of the gay Cavalier.

Of the country and laws do the puritans preach,
Though they practise one way, and another they teach;
But his King and his honour are ever most dear,
Save the girl that he loves, to the gay Cavalier.

Then strike up your drums! give your trumpets the air;
Let them breathe to the Round-heads the notes of despair.
Ay, strike up for Charles; the alarum is dear,
To the high-mettled soul of the gay Cavalier."

"Bravo," cried Sidebotham, seizing his cup: "here's to the Cavaliers!"

The toast was drunk by all the troopers standing. They had scarcely re-seated themselves, when they heard the trampling of horses, and in a minute, Colonel Sydenham, and his attendant, Jernighan, were at the inn-door. Sydenham was instantly attended by the landlord, who requested he would alight and refresh himself; but the Cavalier refused, and asked

Shortmalt what was to pay. This inquiry was very agreeable to the innkeeper, who had expected the troopers were at free quarters according to custom. The bill was settled with many thanks and bows, and the men, drawing out their horses, mounted, and rode off from Chapel-en-le-Frith.

END OF VOL. I.

Cavalier
Size 1/2 calf

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